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Collier's

October 7, 1939

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T T L WEEKLY ★

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JAMES WITTLIG

CORONADO FEVER

A Short Story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

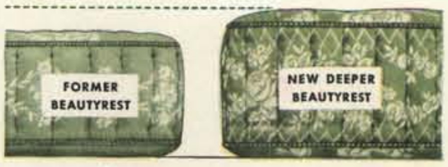
JW

Oct. 7, 1939

What a joy to relax in Beautyrest's "luxury comfort"! This New, Deeper Beautyrest truly affords you one of life's real pleasures. How gently it yields! What a joy to lie there as every tired inch of you surrenders to its luxurious "feel"! You drift off . . . into a night of sound, healthful slumber . . . to awaken rested and *relaxed*.

NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST!

"Luxury comfort" guaranteed for twice as long!



The "Unseen" reasons for Beautyrest's "luxury comfort." Most other mattresses have springs that are all *tied together* by wire. But the 837 pocketed springs inside the New, Deeper Beautyrest are *separated* from each other. Each is enclosed in its own cloth nest. Each yields *independently* to the slightest pressure. Lying still or moving, *every* part of your body receives exactly the right "give."

New Beautyrest edges never sag! Every New Beautyrest has patented sag-proof edges that don't break down! This patented feature brings "mid-mattress comfort" to the very edges of the bed.

New Beautyrest stays fresh inside! Each New Beautyrest has 8 real ventilators, not "false" ones. They expel stale air. So Beautyrest is always fresh and sanitary inside.

Less "turning" with New Beautyrest! Beautyrest doesn't get lumpy. After the padding has leveled, you turn it only 4 or 5 times a year. Think of the trouble this saves you!

Proof that New Beautyrest lasts longer! At Hoboken, N. J.—in the laboratories of the United States Testing Co., Inc., 10 different types of mattresses were battered by a 200-lb. Torture Machine. The New Beautyrest was the *only* mattress still in good sleeping condition after 489,000 poundings. No other mattress tested stood up even one-third as long. Therefore, we guarantee the New Beautyrest for 10 years' service, although under normal use it should last far longer.

LUXURY COMFORT FOR A PENNY A NIGHT WITH THE NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST

The Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with the New Beautyrest Mattress, is $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring at $19.75.

SIMMONS COMPANY

Chicago • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta

Why Beautyrest's "luxury comfort" costs less! Your New Beautyrest costs $39.50 (easy time-payments, of course). This price comes down to about a penny a night, based on our 10-year guarantee.

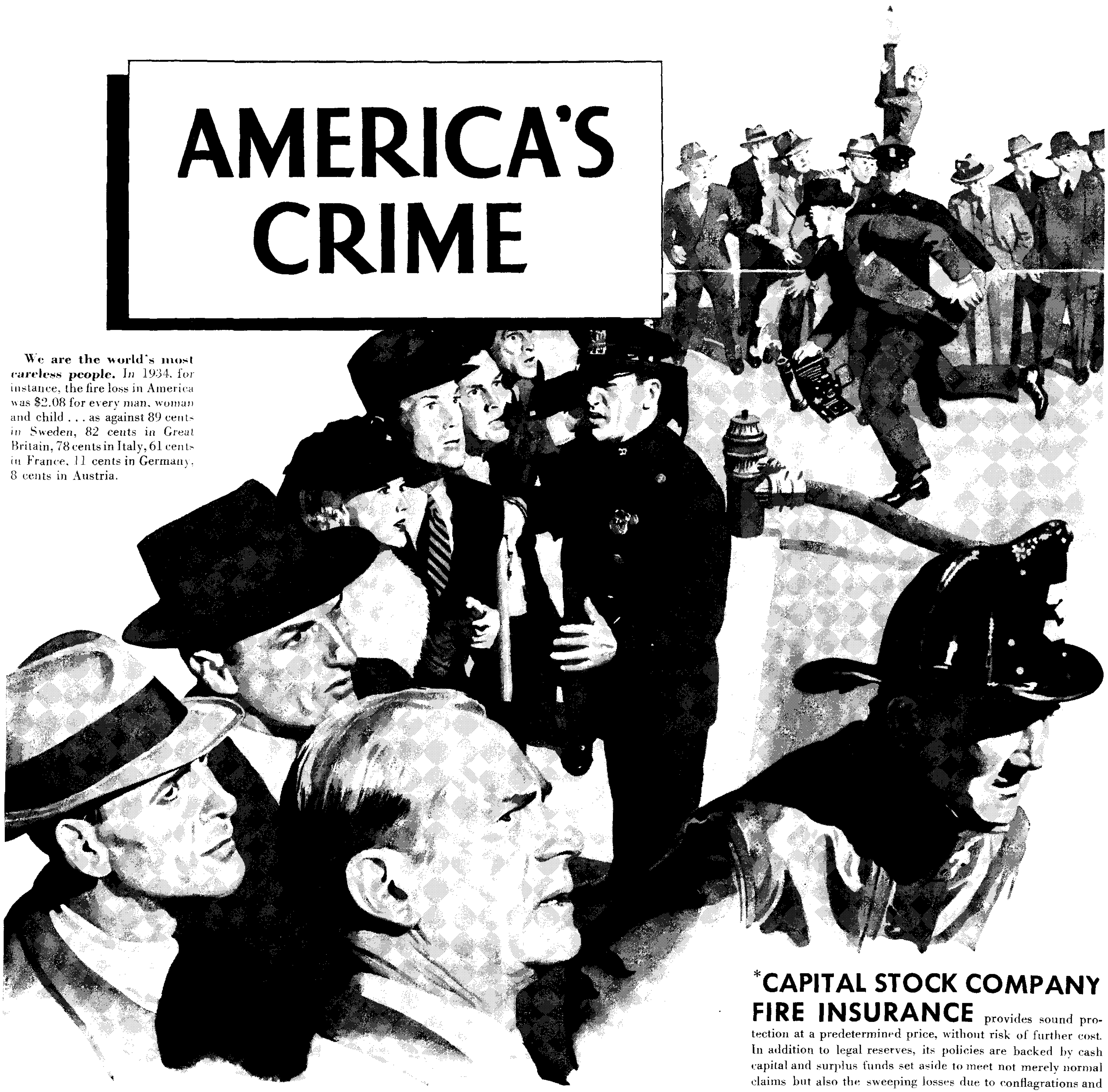
If Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer in a laboratory test, it's safe to say that it should last longer in your home, too . . . especially longer than "cheaper" mattresses. And it's safe to say, too, we think, that over the years, Beautyrest will cost you *less*...and give you far more glorious comfort in the bargain. See the New, Deeper Beautyrest at your furniture or department store today.

IMPORTANT: If you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember that no other mattress at any price has ALL the advantages of this New, Deeper Beautyrest.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
SIMMONS COMPANY

Beautyrest is made only by the Simmons Co. To be sure you get the genuine Beautyrest, insist upon seeing this label on the next mattress you buy.

AMERICA'S CRIME



We are the world's most careless people. In 1934, for instance, the fire loss in America was $2.08 for every man, woman and child . . . as against 89 cents in Sweden, 82 cents in Great Britain, 78 cents in Italy, 61 cents in France, 11 cents in Germany, 8 cents in Austria.

EVERY year America recklessly sacrifices thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars . . . to fire. The purpose of annual Fire Prevention Week (this year October 8 to 14) is to enlist everyone's co-operation against fire.

The easiest way to fight fire is to *prevent* it . . . to stop it *before* it starts. That is why 200 leading capital stock* fire insurance companies, working together through their own public-service organization, The National Board of Fire Underwriters, wage a nation-wide war of fire-*prevention.* Their campaign to save life and property includes systematic inspection of municipal waterworks, fire departments and fire alarm systems; formulation of safety standards for building construction, materials and equipment; promotion of better building laws; scientific testing of household appliances: inspection of schools, hospitals, hotels, churches and other public buildings; engineering service designed to eliminate fire hazards from industrial establishments; assisting police to apprehend "firebugs."

Lives have been saved, fire losses have been reduced . . . and the average fire insurance rate steadily lowered (40% in the last 30 years).

Calling all citizens! Will you *lend a hand* . . . by exercising reasonable care on your own premises?

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS
85 John Street, New York Est. 1866

***CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE** provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

You may know little about the many kinds of insurance available for your protection. Which of them should *you* have? Your local insurance Agent *does* know, and he's always glad to advise you without obligation.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

October 7, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

WE'VE all been confused, from time to time, by hotly conflicting claims concerning American military aviation. With Europe on the way to demonstrating, once and for all, the place of the plane in modern war, the important thing for us to know is exactly where we stand in this vital matter of air power. There's no need to guess. Out of twenty years of firsthand study of aviation, military and commercial, here and abroad, W. B. Courtney has assembled for you a comprehensive picture of America's fighting air force; its comparative strength, reserves, efficiency and potentialities. It's a dispassionate and informative appraisal of our fastest-growing military service that every American can read with pride.

WILL JENKINS has written many a rousing tale of ships and the men who sail them, all of them good and some of them magnificent. Who, for instance, having read "The Skipper" can ever forget it? We aren't inviting comparisons; we merely hope you will like his newest short story, "Old Flame," as well.

HOW Canada finds time nowadays to worry about her yellow peril is, for the moment, beyond us, but our job is to present facts. And the fact here is that Japan's peaceful invasion of Canada's western provinces is eliciting howls that have been heard all the way to Ottawa. What's being done about it, and why it has to be done, is Jim Marshall's assignment for the week.

YOU'LL enjoy meeting Mr. Ding-Dong Williams, who blew his brains out through a licorice stick and achieved, in consequence, the pinnacle of his profession. In Hollywood, of course. It's the newest of Richard English's classic chronicles of swing and swingsters, and you might as well turn back the rug.

FOR football fans Quentin Reynolds is in there punting. For variety, Grover Jones' wife, Sue, supplies all the essential facts concerning Mr. and Mrs. Schoonover's little girl, who, much to nobody's astonishment, turns out to be Gloria Jean, Hollywood's most hopeful hopeful—we hope.

RUNNING swiftly down the list, there's Ben Ames Williams describing "A Man of Parts;" there's a story by Daniel Fuchs and a Short Short by Pat Frank. And, just to make it more difficult for you to get anything at all done this week, the serials by John and Ward Hawkins and by Kathleen Norris. We'll settle for one nickel.

This Week

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ELIZABETH DUNN
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KATHLEEN NORRIS
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EDITORIAL
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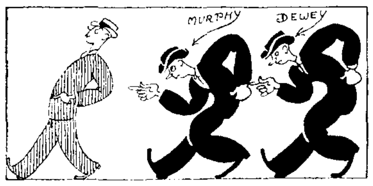
COVER JAMES WITTLIG

Any Week

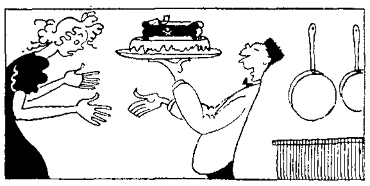
WE SUPPOSE that we should at this moment be writing something wise and pungent about Europe. We hear, however, that there are several columns dealing with that subject. In fact we read one which informed us that "all is not well in Europe today." What more can one say? Anyway, it leaves us practically alone in what manufacturers call the domestic field. And we've discovered, amid all that foreign din, that neither is all well at home. Uncanny of us.

FOR example, we've a letter from a lady in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, enclosing evidence that our own devoted profession is being gnawed at by termites. Some time ago the lady wrote a novelette. Like the Arkansas tenant farmer who suddenly found himself the owner of a kangaroo, she didn't know what to do about it. Someone fixed that—gave her the name of a literary agent in New York. She sent her manuscript to the agent who, like others, vary in character and methods. This one replied (and we have his letter) that she'd written a wow and that he had a publisher eager to give her book to a frenzied public. If, therefore, she sent him $450—in installments if she wished—the unnamed publisher would proceed to publish her story and the public would at once proceed to smash bookshop doors in its eagerness to buy. And naturally Hollywood would bid itself dizzy. The lady wanted our opinion.



NOTHING tickles us more than to have our opinion sought. In this case we urge the lady to get her manuscript back while there's any manuscript left. Above all send the chiseler no money. After that she might look up a good district attorney. District attorneys and public prosecutors are violently ambitious these days. This we have on the word of Mr. Joe Judgeman of Chicago, Illinois, who says that "Frank Murphy and Tom Dewey have just about ruined the prosecutor racket. Those boys are snatching folks right off the street and sending them to the nearest rock on general principles. Scores of hitherto tame prosecutors have caught the fever thinking maybe they'll get elected President or maybe to the Supreme Court. Even our judges are turning straight."

AND that, admittedly, is a dark tiding. If all crooks are chastened, and turn from their evil ways, we fear that they may take to legitimate means of earning their livelihoods, thereby increasing pure competition and reducing the profits of rectitude. Indeed, the reaction already is taking form. "When I was let alone," cries Mr. Herman Zengel of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "I used to make ten thousand dollars a year in my nice little business, but if we don't get a change in 1940 I'm quitting and going after one of those $5,000 government jobs where all you have to do is to tell businessmen how to keep from making any money. A guy can hold down one of those government jobs in peace because there isn't anybody to tell him how to run it."



RECENTLY and solemnly, Mr. Leigh Lucas of Sparta, New Jersey, went to a funeral. Another attendant, a lady, suggested that after the funeral the widow and mourners repair to her house for coffee and cake. Everybody accepted and the lady told her Chinese cook to make ready. Just before the cake was to be served, the lady went to the kitchen to inspect. And just in time too. Charlie Wing was about to appear bearing a masterpiece of a cake—a huge four-decker, white-iced and decorated on its expensive top with a large chocolate coffin in which he had etched in white icing a nice dramatic skeleton. The lady managed to stop Charlie and dismiss her guests. But, says Mr. Lucas, Charlie is more than ever certain that Occidentals have no humor.

AND while all this was going on we got ourself invited into a ten-cent poker game in Washington. The poker game got along fine until the time came for the banker to make his reckonings. Being an economist attached to one of the newest of the New Deal's appendages, he was suffering pretty acutely until the job was taken over by Mr. Harold Smith, the Director of the Budget. Mr. Smith worried the thing down to within five cents of the right answer. After considerable research this was found to be the nearest Washington had come to a balance in seven years.

OR EVER will? W. D.

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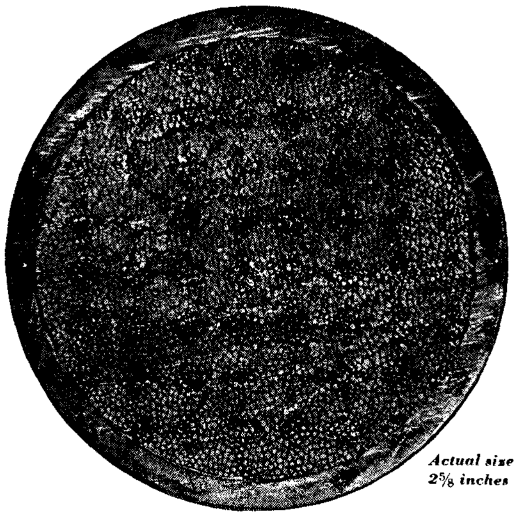
A telephone pole higher than the Trylon

. . . would be needed to carry the 4,242 wires that Western Electric packs into a telephone cable this size—



Actual size, 2⅝ inches diameter

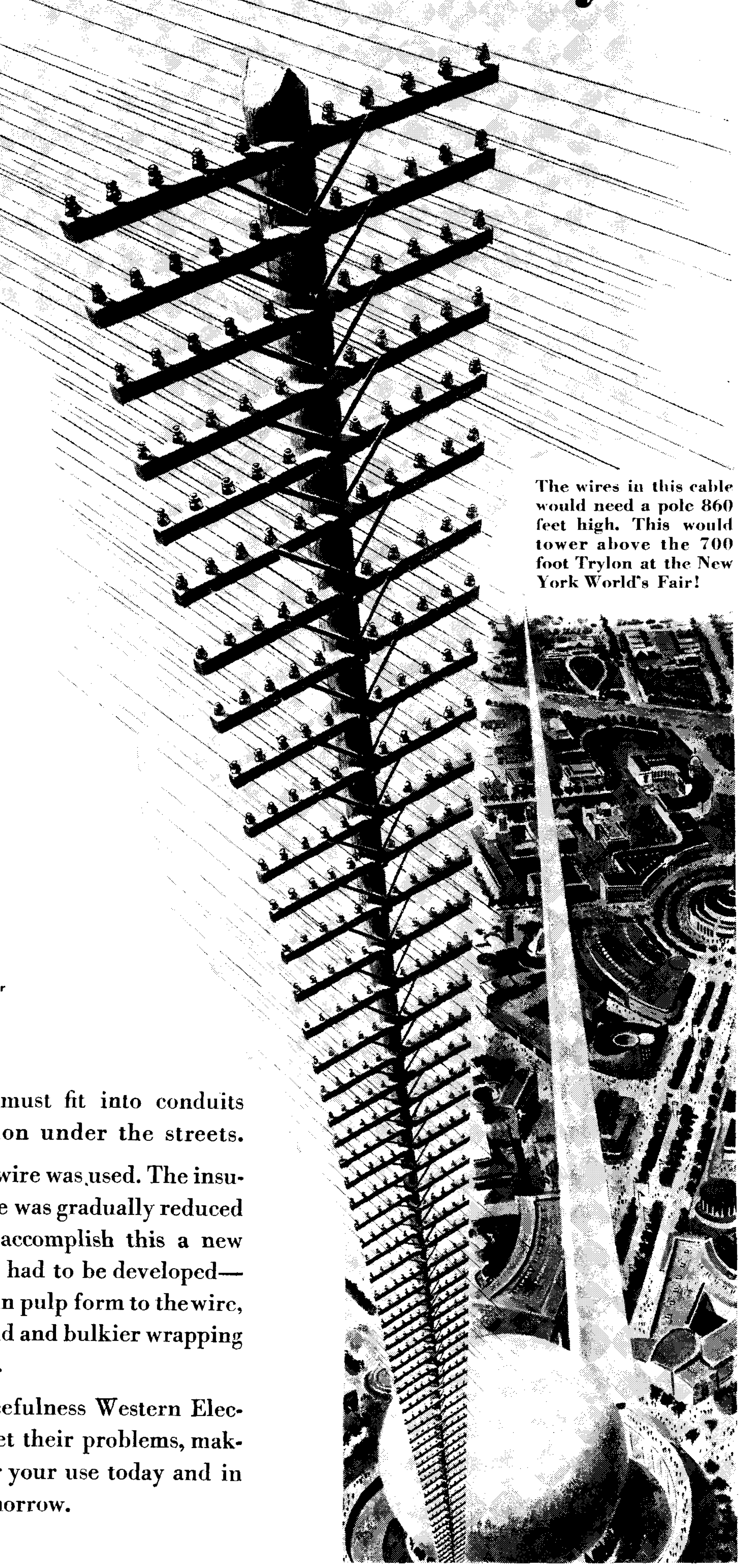
Either fantastically high poles would be needed—or many people who now have telephones would have to go without.

Streets couldn't hold enough poles for the telephone requirements of a modern city.

To handle the demand for service Western Electric's engineers in collaboration with Bell Telephone Laboratories' scientists have sought and found ways to make cable containing more and more wires, *without increasing the cable's diameter.* The need for compactness is because new cable must fit into conduits already in position under the streets.

Finer and finer wire was used. The insulation on each wire was gradually reduced in thickness. To accomplish this a new insulating process had to be developed—the paper applied in pulp form to the wire, instead of in the old and bulkier wrapping of a paper ribbon.

So with resourcefulness Western Electric engineers meet their problems, making telephones for your use today and in the World of Tomorrow.



The wires in this cable would need a pole 860 feet high. This would tower above the 700 foot Trylon at the New York World's Fair!

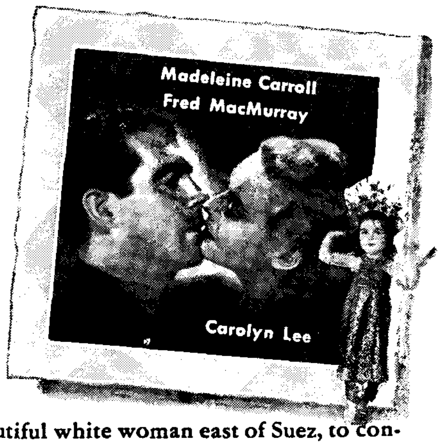
© NYWF

Western Electric *. . . made your* **BELL TELEPHONE**

ENJOY
these New PARAMOUNT hits!

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

But His Heart Belongs to Bali... Kiss in New York, propose in Nassau, honeymoon in Bali! That's lady killer Fred MacMurray's bright idea the moment he glimpses the golden beauty of that very successful New York career woman, enamorous Madeleine Carroll. But Madeleine happens to be surrounded by a very charming opera singer, Allan Jones. Fred himself has flaming Osa Massen, the most beautiful white woman east of Suez, to contend with, not to mention five (count 'em) Balinese ladies and one Balinese baby (sensational new starlet Carolyn Lee) who claim that Fred's heart belongs to Bali. Does Fred bring Madeleine back to Bali? You'll find the laughing and very loving answer in this smoothest of Paramount's romances, directed expertly by Edward H. Griffith, featuring popular Akim Tamiroff in a rousing comedy role.



THE NEW "BEAU GESTE"

The Grandest Adventure-Romance of them all... Of all the big outdoor adventure pictures to thunder from Hollywood this fall, critics and public alike cheer loudest for this new and thrilling version of Percival Christopher Wren's famous romance of the desert. Gary Cooper plays the role of "Beau," gentleman of fortune, gallant soldier of the French Foreign Legion who places honor above life itself. Ray Milland and young Robert Preston, fresh from his success in "Union Pacific," share starring honors with Gary. Brian Donlevy triumphs as the hard-boiled Sergeant Markoff. In Paramount's "Beau Geste," Producer-Director William A. Wellman has created another great Wellman hit.

Gary Cooper as "Beau" Geste

"$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN"

Raye! Raye! Raye!... Oh boy! Here they are. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye, the All-American Fun Team of the Century, in a roaring football comedy romance. What a laff! When Martha tries to be Joe's better half. You said a couple of mouthfuls... it's more fun than tearing down the goal-posts... more exciting than a pair of tickets on the fifty-yard line.

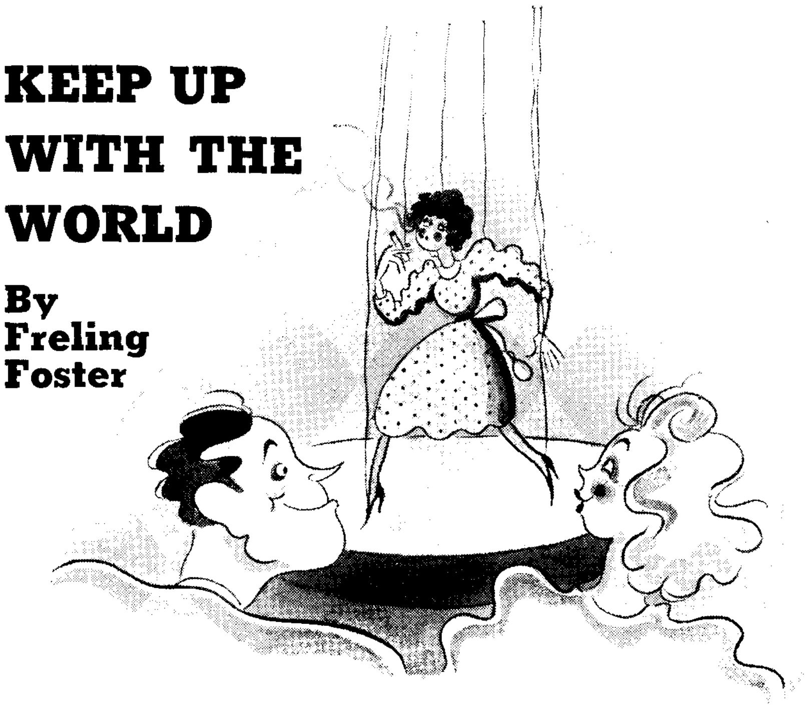
Martha Raye
Joe E. Brown

Paramount's Successes!
Don't miss "THE STAR MAKER"... with 99 Kids and Bing Crosby. Coming soon... Charles Laughton in "JAMAICA INN" and "WHAT A LIFE", the adventures of Henry Aldrich.

Ask your theatre when you can enjoy these
PARAMOUNT PICTURES!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



The latest trick in the puppet-show business is to make a marionette light a cigarette with a modern friction lighter and inhale and exhale the smoke as it moves the cigarette to and from its mouth.

As most of the private houses in the towns of Transylvania have no baths, the Rumanian government now runs "bath trains" through this section. Equipped with tubs, hot water, soap and towels, they offer free bathing facilities.

Bank clerks, pay-roll carriers and night watchmen may now call for help during a holdup, without endangering their lives by an alarming move, through a new radio transmitter that they wear under their shirts. Taking a deep breath closes the electric circuit which makes the set silently flash alarm signals to a central receiving station.

Positive identification of horses has been found practicable through photographs or gutta-percha molds of the roofs of their mouths, which are as distinctive and individual as human fingerprints.—*By Dr. Tevis M. Goldhaft, Vineland, New Jersey.*

The Chinese army awards a cash bonus, instead of stripes, to its soldiers when they are injured, privates getting $10, officers $40 and generals $100 for every wound.

Trees producing the white, milky latex that is the basis of rubber, gutta-percha and chicle are usually tapped only at intervals of from five to ten years, as they require that much time to renew themselves.

Geneva, Switzerland, has streetcars whose entire space is given over to restaurants in which the passengers eat and drink as they travel through the city.—*By David MacFarlane, London, England.*

Since the first parking meter was set up in Oklahoma City on July 16, 1935, approximately fifty thousand have been installed in some eighty-odd cities, the majority being the "sixty-minutes-for-five-cents" type. Portland, Oregon, has nearly eighteen hundred, which produce an annual revenue of about $180,000, exclusive of fines.

For "black-outs" during air raids, England has perfected highway and traffic lights, headlights and police uniforms that can be seen only by those on the ground.—*By Ethel E. Hickok, Eagle River, Wisconsin.*

New York City has on display a ninety-three-dial clock that is believed to contain the slowest-moving mechanical part ever developed, an indicator that requires 26,000 years to make one revolution.

Although somnambulists are invariably depicted with their arms extended to avoid bumping into objects, they never walk this way in their sleep.—*By W. W. La Rochelle, Woonsocket, Rhode Island.*

Three British publishing houses—The Amalgamated Press, George Newnes and the Odhams Press—control two hundred and forty newspapers and magazines in England, Scotland and Wales.

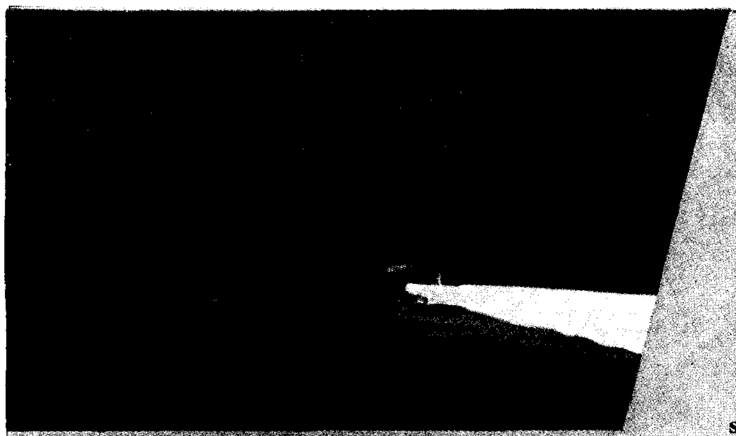
The largest single real-estate mortgage in America today is for $44,300,000 and covers a loan made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to Rockefeller Center in New York City.

While some states have not yet passed a workmen's compensation law, other states have been so liberal that they have granted workmen's compensation for such ailments as flat feet, writer's cramp and bedsores.—*By Stanley J. Garfinkle, Sacramento, California.*

A study of marital tendencies reveals that a much larger number of widowed and divorced men marry spinsters than widowed and divorced women marry bachelors.

The London Times is believed to be unique among the world's newspapers in that it can never become the property of any individual, its control being vested in a Trust Committee whose principal purpose is to see that its stock is widely distributed among reputable people.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



CRUISE IN QUIET . . . in perfect, relaxed comfort. Nash alone combines Super Shock-absorbers and Individual Front Wheel Springing to smooth the roughest road. New glareless Sealed Beam lights are 50% more powerful.

NEVER FEEL THE FROST or sudden changes in the weather. Nash's exclusive Weather Eye keeps "balanced" conditioned air comfort always in the car. . . . automatically! You ride in dustless, draft-free fresh air—more comfortable than home.

You Won't be Home Tonight

YOU'LL SEE IT pass like a ship in the night . . . a silent blur . . . a silver phantom. And you'll know by the sudden thump in your pulse—you've seen your first 1940 Nash!

You won't wait long.

But when you take the pilot's seat, hold on tight! For there's more power under this flashing hood than you've probably ever toed before.

A touch on the throttle . . . and the country outside becomes a crazy-quilt. Then a Fourth Speed Forward seems to shoot you forward on the giant shoulder of a wave . . . but here's something new:

When that car looms up ahead, give the throttle an extra nudge. You'll feel a spurt of power that leaves him in your wake a mile behind. It's Nash's new Automatic Overtake.

Exciting? Yes—but *wait!* Head for a road that's full of bumps. Then watch the hood ahead. See if you can make it bobble—try to feel a rise in that airy cushion beneath you.

With a baby's grip on the wheel, you can feather it around sharp curves . . . make it walk a chalk-line on loose gravel, or a soft shoulder.

Outside there's a frosty wind stripping the trees—but you don't feel it. Nor will you ever know cold, dust, or stuffy air again—thanks to the new wonders of the Weather Eye.

You're having your first Arrow-Flight Ride, and if you can't get that proud hood headed homeward tonight—

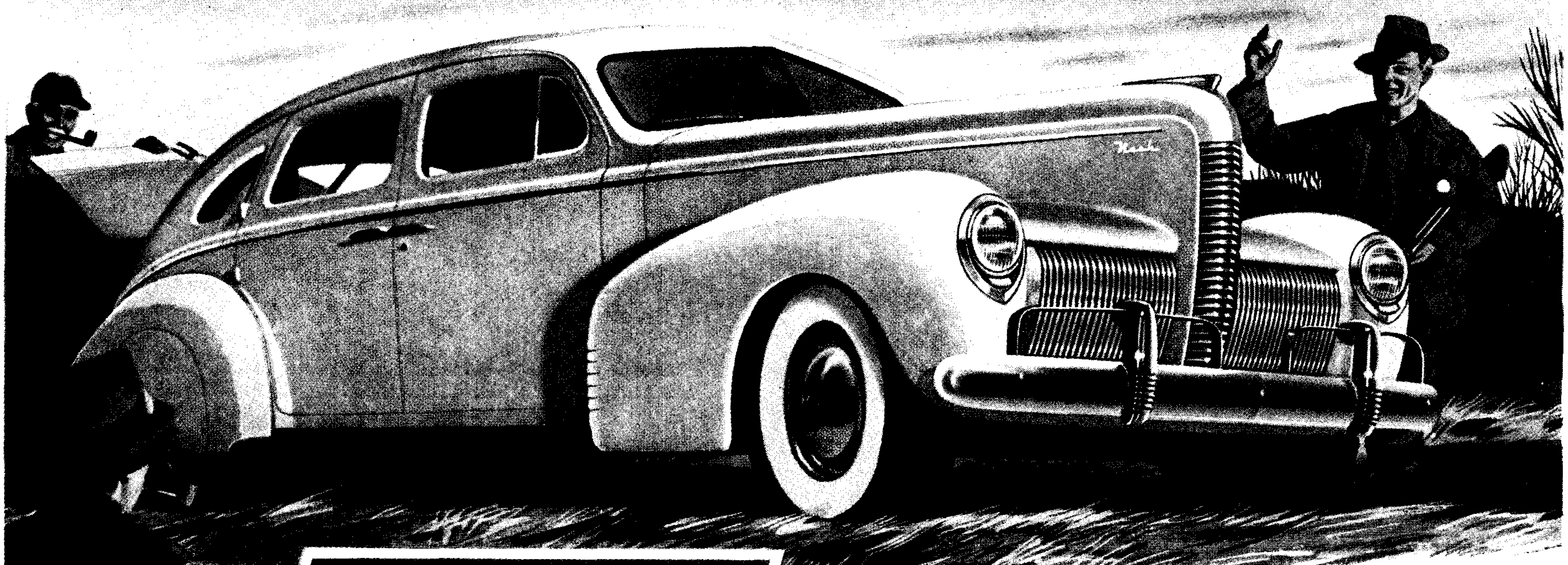
Just pull up—beneath a scarlet tree—and turn down your Nash convertible bed.

As a thousand stars wheel above, you'll forget about business and politics. You'll awake tomorrow with a new idea of what living on wheels can be like!

• • •

Five minutes in a new 1940 Nash is more fun than a lifetime in ordinary cars . . . yet a Nash is as easy to own as any. Big as it is, it's priced with the lowest, and powered by an engine that's a Gilmore-Yosemite economy winner.

Spend those five minutes in a Nash today!



EVEN LOWEST-PRICED models flash you from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds, high gear. Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 20% on gasoline. Nash long life means higher re-sale value; over 1800 Nash dealers offer nation-wide service.

Again... *IT'S THAT NEW* **NASH**

Copr. 1939, H. J. Heinz Co.

Spice Hunters

ZANZIBAR! Ceylon! Penang! Amboyna! What romantic pictures these ports of spices bring forth! Gripping legends studded with dusty caravans—brave sailing ships—shimmering silks—redolent incense—and ancient iron-bound chests.

The colorful thread of man's search for flavor is firmly woven throughout history. Daring men courted hunger, hardship and even death, seeking the riches that spices brought. Keels of ebony and teak plowed their course through uncharted seas to mark passages to new worlds. But these voyages were counted as failures unless they yielded precious spices actually worth their weight in silver in those days.

In spices, as in everything else, nothing is ever "good enough" for Heinz 57 Varieties. Heinz spice-buyers have travelled as much as 40,000 miles in a single year to secure rare, delightful savors. On the island of Amboyna they have found cloves so fine and pungent that the natives formerly used them for incense in the temples.

Today these same cloves lend their delicate carnation-like fragrance to Heinz Mixed Pickles, Ketchup, and Chili Sauce.

The fine hand of Heinz practices a subtle restraint in creating its magic in flavors. Centuries of spice lore have been tempered with seventy years of catering to the American appetite. So, there is never a harsh note in the taste-harmony of any Heinz product. A touch of this—a mere wisp of that—and a faint blessing of the other add the delicate bouquet and witchery that make food glow.

The wedding of pure spices and pure foods the Heinz way re-creates those boyhood tastes that men never forget. An aviator wrote that the air at 1,000 feet over one of our kitchens was heavy-laden with the tantalizing, mouth-watering scent of ketchup-making, and it recalled his own boyhood home-kitchen at ketchup time.

Heinz' hunt for flavor never ceases. We search the remote parts of the world for new delights. If there is a finer taste, we will discover it. That's why nothing else can ever taste quite like a Heinz product. That is why we have found our way to the hearts of men everywhere through the old familiar route—why the 57 Varieties have been guests at the best tables of the world for over 70 years.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Collier's The National Weekly for October 7, 1939

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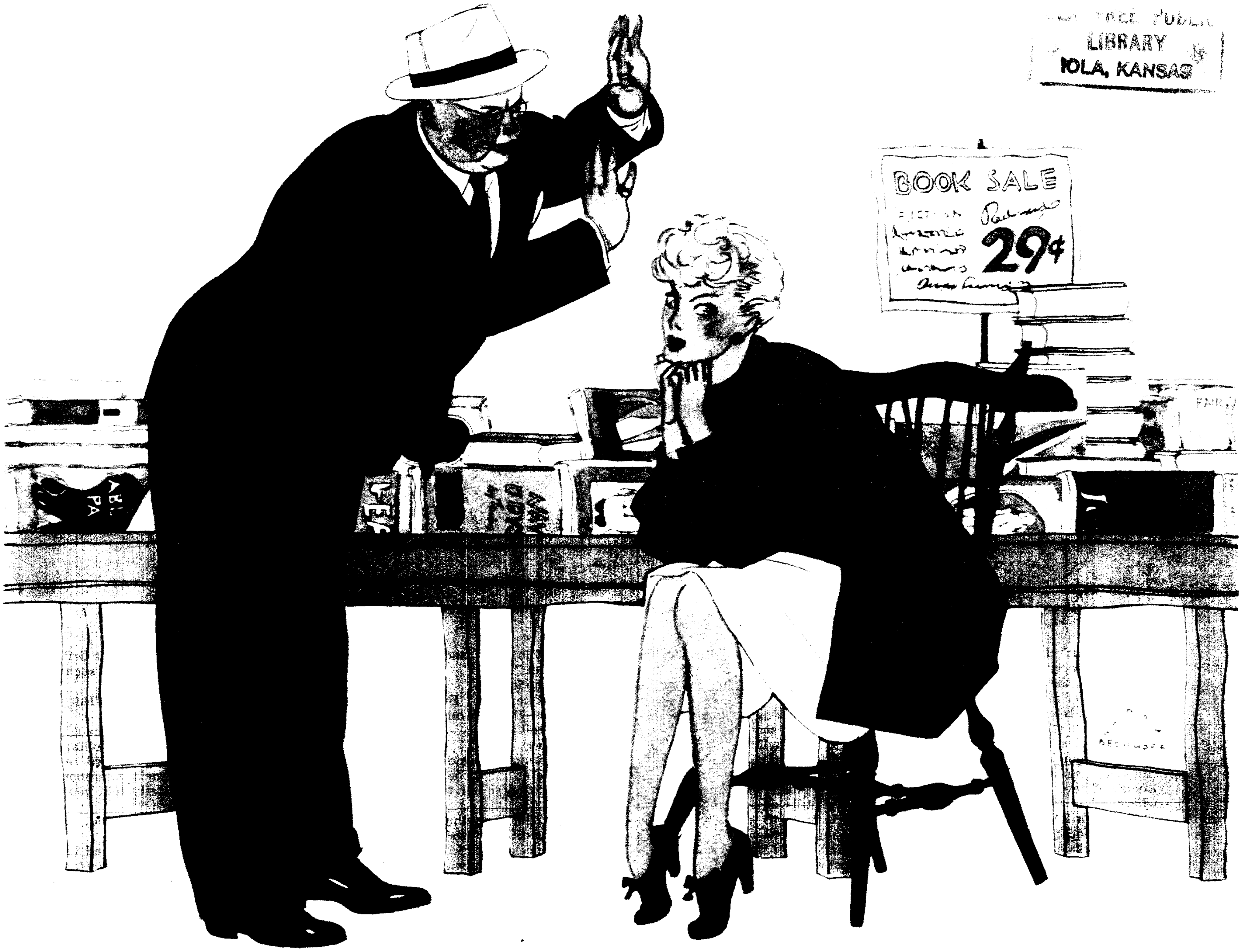


"You are just a cynical newspaperman," Phyllis said, "and you wouldn't know why I love the Navy"

Coronado Fever

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A naval officer learns there is more in life than the care and feeding of a five-inch gun

"I'M FALLING in love with the Navy," Phyllis said.

"Coronado Fever, they call it," I said. "Lasts about two months."

"This will be permanent, I think," Phyllis said.

"Be sure he's in Pay or the Supply Corps," I said. "They wear the same uniforms but stay home."

"You are just a cynical newspaperman," Phyllis said, "and you wouldn't know why I love the Navy."

"They call me Fatso," I said. "I relish my victuals and rest on my bed, with flint in my bosom and guts in my head."

"You're misquoting Housman and maligning yourself—a little," Phyllis said. "Now go away, please."

"If he's a flyer at North Island," I said, "be sure he hasn't let his insurance lapse."

"He's not," Phyllis said. "Now, out that door before I do call you Fatso!"

So I left young Phyllis sitting there in her simple green smock with a stack of rental romance in front of her. She had her blond hair piled up almost in Gibson-girl fashion and she was wearing a small gold cross suspended from a chain around her neck. Phyllis does not remember Clara Bow; Phyllis would look upon the short-skirted, hoydenish cavortings of the mad twenties with gentle but definite disapproval. St. Cecilia at the Organ is the pattern now—for girls like Phyllis, anyway.

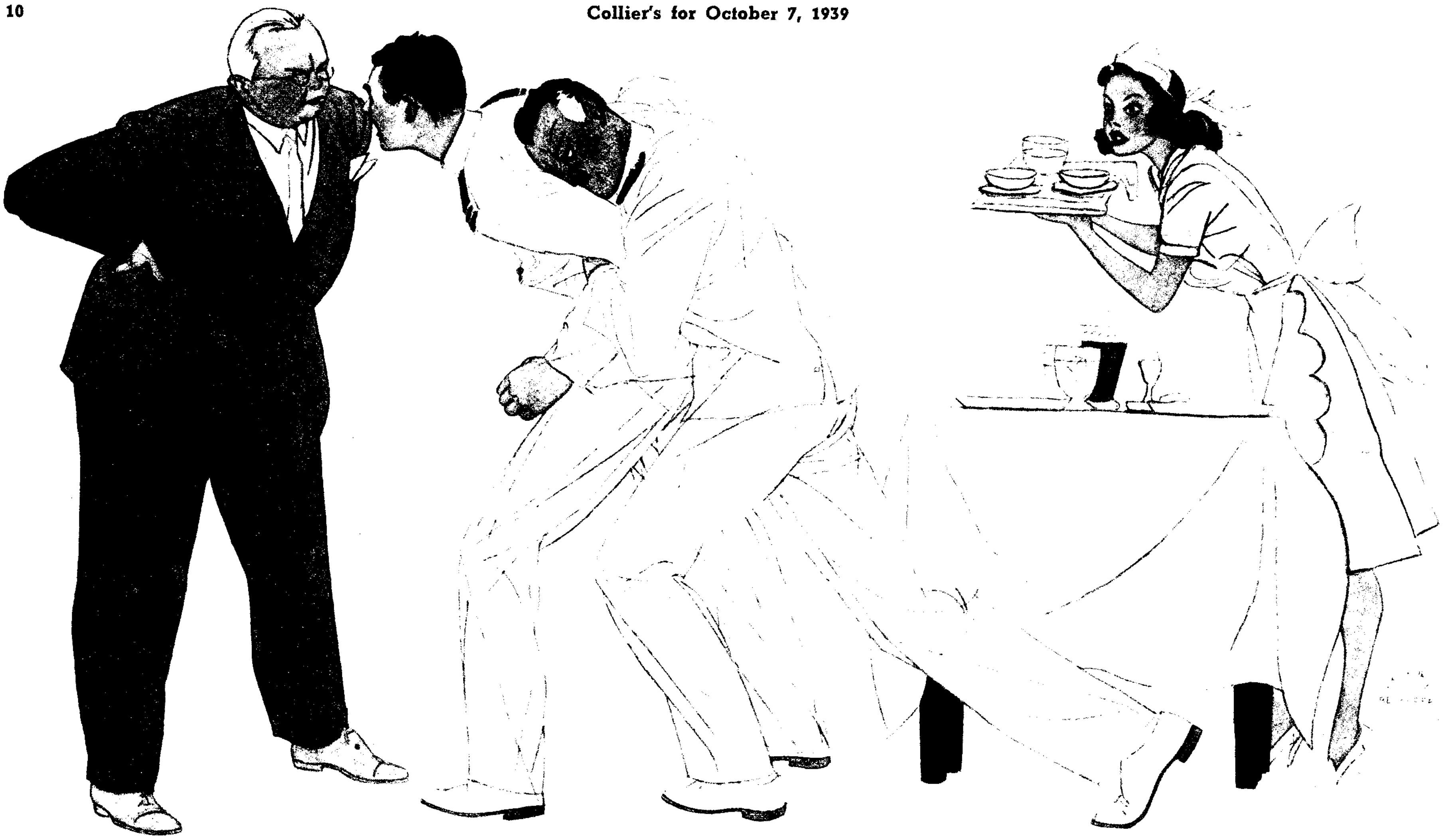
Dodderingly I went home to San Diego and said to my old wife Betty (Stanford '26), "That kid Phyllis has fallen for the Navy."

Betty, remembering our promise to Phyllis' folks in St. Louis, said: "Aw-aw, who's the man?"

"She wouldn't say. Personal matter that a lady doesn't discuss any more," I said.

"I'll look into this," Betty said.

She reminded me that she had op-



It ended by Lieutenant Sloane's offering to fight me anywhere, any time, and my crude reminder that I outweighed him forty pounds

posed Phyllis' choice of Coronado. At Coronado a girl is completely surrounded by the Navy with very little civilian relief in sight. The air is full of gallant lads in blue who come roaring up the golden strand in atrociously noisy fighting planes. Cruisers and destroyers slide out from North Island and pose in silhouette against the sun off Point Loma. There is thunder in the sky when ships are firing on the San Clemente drill grounds. They go down to the sea with guns and flags and bugles—it all works on a gal's emotions, Betty said, especially these times.

"Then they come in saved from death," Betty reminisced, "and dress up in tailor-made cits they can't afford and take a girl to dinner at the Coronado Hotel, which they can't afford either. And they talk about the bar in the British Club in Shanghai and Papa Juan's in Manila and places like Chefoo and Kowloon and Zamboanga. That Zamboanga always got me. Poor little Phyllis!"

Betty had a close call, at that. She almost married a junior lieutenant who was specializing in submarines. It took some tall talking to persuade her that she had better marry a newspaperman and die with him on shore by slow starvation. I suppose that accounts, partly, for my strained relations with the Navy, but the main reason is that I am a newspaper reporter and the Navy does not like newspaper reporters.

"I've warned Phyllis," I said. "Let's leave it at that, mate."

"I must look into this immediately," Betty said. "The poor child doesn't know what marrying the Navy will mean."

"It depends on the man, of course," I said, generously. "Some of them make very fair husbands."

"I'll soon know who he is," Betty said.

Washington ordered the Battle Fleet back to the Pacific, next day, and I couldn't get a statement out of the destroyer base commander. I was brooding in my beer about this at Tony's around the corner from the shop, when who should come in but my old wife, Betty. She was mysterious and dramatic.

"You are taking me out to dinner tonight, Fatso," she said, "and you will see the man Phyllis is in love with."

"I can't afford it," I said.

"You can afford this place," Betty said, "and there's no getting out of it. Just wait till you see that man. We're going to have to wire Phyllis' folks to order her home!"

"That bad?" I said.

"Just wait," Betty said, grimly.

OUR rendezvous turned out to be a small restaurant near the Broadway landing. We had just finished eating what purported to be cream of tomato soup when four Navy officers in work dungarees came in. I nodded to the leader and he gave me a curt glance and nod in response. They seated themselves in a dark corner.

Betty clutched my arm.

"The youngest one—the black Irisher!" she said. "His name's Jerry Sloane and he's the gunnery officer of the Boyne."

"They're all from the Boyne," I said.

"Isn't that the—"

"Yes," I said, and I was pretty grim myself. "The one who nodded to me is Lieut. Commander Griffith. The redheaded one is Moran, his exec, and the other one with the powder scar is Stokie Smith. He's their engineer." Then I looked at Betty, saying: "Is this a rib of some kind?"

"No. She's in love with Jerry Sloane."

I took another look at the skipper of the destroyer Boyne. A tall man, gaunt almost to the point of emaciation, he had the long nose, thin lips and deep-set eyes of the warrior fanatic. The baldness in his iron-gray hair gave him almost a tonsure. I had had several run-ins with Lieut. Commander Griffith and I knew him for a strange and ruthless character.

"Phyllis is plumb loco," I said. "The officers who serve under Griffith don't have wives."

Betty nodded.

"I told her that. But I couldn't tell her about—the—the other things. You'll have to tell her."

I grinned.

"Whoa, now," I said. "Don't get too desperate on me, honey chile."

"Well, they're all true. You know they are!"

"I don't know anything," I said. "Not for publication, anyway."

Betty peeked at Skipper Griffith and shuddered. Newspaper and civilian gossip had made him quite an ogre. This was chiefly because he commanded a "mystery ship," the Boyne having been detached from her division about two years ago for what Navy officialdom termed special service. All the newspapers in town had tried to crack the story—although it certainly could not be printed—but my own persistent efforts had yielded nothing except the obvious conjecture that the Boyne was an experimental ship trying out some new invention.

"He deliberately breaks up his officers' marriages, you know he does!" Betty said.

"Shhhh!" I said.

"He'll plot against Phyllis—"

"Pipe down. They can hear you!"

I wasn't thinking about Griffith's cold-blooded opposition to marital happiness and romance. I was remembering the grapevine reports of a riot in old Panama City when the Boyne's gang tangled with the crew of a German cruiser. All the Boyne's officers, their faces blackened with soot and wearing enlisted men's clothes, fought side by side with the bluejackets in that rumpus and were thrown into the common jail until identified by a startled admiral.

"You've got to talk to Phyllis," Betty said.

I glanced at Lieut. Jerry Sloane. He was a handsome, slender and sea-bronzed lad giving eager attention to his skipper. The four of them had gone into a huddle over something that Griffith was illustrating with cubes of sugar. They had not touched their beers.

"Oh, I'll talk to her," I said. "But a fat lot of good it will do."

And a fat lot of good it did. I caught up with young Phyllis out for a solitary walk along the Ocean Boulevard sea wall at Coronado, the next afternoon.

"Oh," she said, "so Betty told you."

"I know all," I said.

"You're entirely right," she said.

"Hunh?" I said.

"Jerry isn't the man for me and I'm not the girl for him. It's quite impossible."

"Yeah?" I said.

"That man Griffith owns Jerry body and soul. The only girl Captain Griffith wants Jerry to be nice to is Margie Ostrander. That's because her papa is a United States senator and can help Captain Griffith get appropriations for his experimental work. I don't fit in at all!"

"Sit down on this bench," I said, gently, "you are talking too much good sense and I'm a little winded."

PHYLLIS sat down on the bench and sighed.

"But I still love Jerry," she said, "I shall always love him."

"Does he love you?"

"I don't know."

"Does he love this Miss Ostrander?"

"How could he? Have you ever met her?"

"No."

"She's living at the hotel. Just go over to the swimming pool and whistle. She'll come—if she isn't on her yacht."

"I'll bet she's awful."

"Thanks, Pudgins."

"Do you suppose the Old Man will make Jerry marry her?"

"Oh no, he doesn't believe in marriage for naval officers. Jerry is supposed to string her along and get those appropriations."

"And is Jerry stringing her?"

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Serene Maureen

By Katharine Roberts

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL

Maureen O'Hara, the eighteen-year-old Irish lass who is Charles Laughton's leading lady in his forthcoming pictures, accepts her good fortune calmly. The Little Folks are on her side

WHEN red-haired Maureen O'Hara landed in London a little more than a year ago, she had never had a film test, she did not know Charles Laughton nor anyone who knew him, and she had no plan of meeting him. In a very short time she found herself playing the leading role opposite him in Jamaica Inn and she recently accompanied him to Hollywood to play Esmerelda to his Quasimodo in The Hunchback of Notre Dame. This is to be followed by another picture, The Admirable Crichton, which will be made this autumn in England.

She has a seven-year contract with Mayflower Pictures, which is the company name of Mr. Laughton's production partnership with Erich Pommer. These few facts are merely to indicate that, if you haven't seen the O'Hara to date, you will probably see her in three pictures between October and February.

According to her passport, issued from her home town of Dublin, she is now eighteen, but she is the youngest eighteen it would be possible to meet between here and Madagascar, with stopovers in several other places. We asked her, with the ex-Captain Bligh present, if she wasn't somewhat excited about being made a semipermanent leading lady to the estimable Laughton, and she said, "No," pleasantly enough, and then added thoughtfully, "but it's interesting." It seems that several others had asked her if her first trip to America was exciting and still others if going to Hollywood hadn't excited her, and placidly, each time she had answered "No."

"Why," she demanded in a sudden burst of speech, "does everyone expect me to get excited?"

"Is she always like this?" we asked Laughton.

"Yes," he said, "except when she's acting. Extraordinary girl!"

It was some time before we discovered why she doesn't get excited and why, from her own viewpoint, all this is perfectly natural. It is summed up in her statement that "it's the 'little people' who have brought me all the luck," and the 'little people' don't like those who get excited. When they do things for you, they expect you to be grateful and keep your poise. She did not give out this statement to the legion of New York reporters who ganged up on her and it is probably just as well. But she kept her poise all right, along with a good deal of silence. She kept it, tightly clutching an Irish threepence, which, not being minted any more, is considered about the most perfect good-luck piece you can hold. There are those who may find a better explanation for the fact that this naïve and inexperienced young girl from Ireland has suddenly become leading lady to one of the most sophisticated actors on the screen, and having checked her story with five persons who know her well, we offer simple facts.

We first heard of her some months ago from Mrs. Laughton—Elsa Lanchester to film audiences—who, commenting on the O'Hara's contract, remarked, "She's what we expect to support us in our old age." This sounded a bit farsighted. "Evidently," we deduced, "you expect the gal to last—not just a flash in the pan."

"No," said Mrs. Laughton who was beginning to learn Americanese, "but what a pan!" She was right about that.

From then on almost everyone who had walked up a gangplank in England and got off in New York spoke in accents wild about Miss Maureen O'Hara, but the fact remained that she had not yet appeared on the screen and we waited for the proof of the pudding. About this time Jamaica Inn was released in England. British reticence became a myth and the scribes went off the deep end about the girl from Dublin. We were prepared for a cross between Duse and Little Red Ridinghood. When we saw her on the screen, the "reserve" and "vitality" we'd heard about were there and there was no doubt that Ireland's gift to Charles Laughton and the movies was worth attention. But we

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Today's Battles

By Winston Churchill

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY IN BRITAIN'S WAR CABINET

> **"When mechanical devices have spoken their last word, fierce men, eager for hand-to-hand fighting in small parties, if wisely led and conscious of their cause, will still be capable of preserving human freedom"**

At a time when everyone is thinking about the horror of the great war that has come upon us, it may be worth while to survey some of the main features of fighting on land under modern conditions.

Broadly speaking, wars divide themselves into two classes: those in which the fronts are bigger than the armies, and those in which the armies are bigger than the fronts. All the old wars were of the former type. The armies selected the best line of advance or invasion, and tried to dodge or overcome the defending forces. This gave opportunities for all those outflanking maneuvers that play so large a part in the strategy of successful generals.

The American Civil War showed these conditions carried to their very highest point, both in the skill of the commanders and the intensity of the fighting.

Almost all the battles around Richmond or on the Rappahannock, as well as those in the Mississippi Valley, furnish brilliant examples of unexpected flanking maneuvers, and the partnership of Lee and Jackson is ever famous from that cause.

But when the armies are so large that the whole frontier can be manned in a continuous line, bristling with batteries, and often defended by immense permanent fortifications, none of this maneuvering is possible. Every attack must be a frontal attack. If then, as long ago as the American Civil War, frontal attacks were considered too costly on account of the power of the rifle, how much more ruinous have they become now that fire-power has been multiplied a hundredfold?

How then are the great European armies of the comparatively small-sized countries of the west to win victory? Will it all be a stalemate, or has science given a new power to the offensive? Can artillery, if there is enough of it, blast a passage through the defenses? Can tanks waddle over them? One thing is certain: that bravery and numbers have no chance of succeeding in an offensive by themselves.

The traditional British view is that character is what matters in a general. They like a solid, simple man, with no newfangled nonsense about him. He should be preternaturally silent. If by chance he thinks at all he should not let this leak out, otherwise confidence would be destroyed. But all the great generals of history—Hannibal, Caesar, Belisarius, Frederick, Marlborough, Napoleon—all these were adepts at stratagem and surprise. The honor that history has attached to great commanders has depended on their possessing rare qualities of genius that enable them to win battles and wars otherwise than by the mere slaughter of brave troops, otherwise than by a dreary swapping of lives and having some surplus in the end. The later victories of General Franco's armies were gained almost entirely by the field battering-rams lent to them by Germany and Italy. But then the defenses of the Spanish Republic were not comparable to the great lines behind the French and German frontiers, nor had their defenders adequate weapons and munitions.

It seems reasonable to believe from our present knowledge that a properly organized defense with plenty of concrete and wire, even though very rapidly constructed, would require before it

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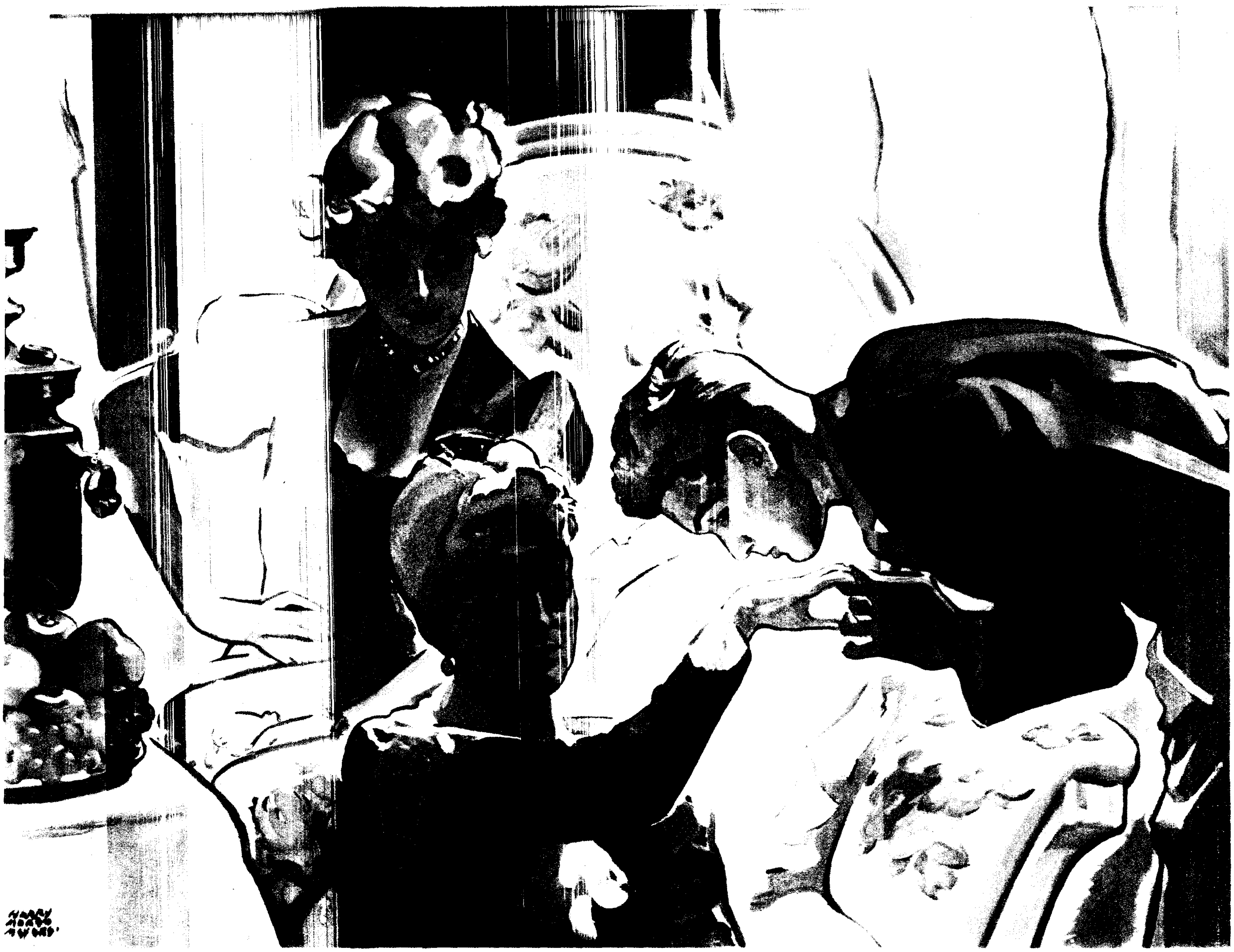
EUROPEAN

A modern French soldier—victory, in the last analysis, still depends on the man in the mud



He bent over her hand clumsily. "In former days," she said coldly, "I would have received you in different fashion"

Moscow Party

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The specter of tyranny haunts a Russian feast, and is given a victim

GEORGE WELLMAN peered up at the number of the door. Damn this snowstorm, how can one see anything? 13/17—and what does that mean? Why can't they number their houses properly in Moscow? But she'd said the big archway on the right of the drugstore, so this must be it, and the second door on the right, in the courtyard, and then third floor, Apartment 8. The court was full of rubbish, and there was no light over the doorway, but a gas jet was burning on the stairs.

In that winter of 1921 Moscow had begun to recover from the wounds of war and revolution, there was running water in the pipes, and gas and electricity going again, and it was possible to buy wood for the stoves. But the city and its people still bore the scars of those years of pain and strife. And now Famine, Death's Fourth Horseman. The hot sun had blasted the fields of the Ukraine and Volga until the ground was cracked and broken and the grain which meant life to millions looked like thin hay for miles and miles, hardly a foot high and withered, instead of shining golden for the harvest.

That, of course, was why Wellman had come to Moscow and two hundred other Americans of the Hoover Relief Administration, which had fed Belgium and half of Europe and was now rushing its food ships to the aid of starving Russia. A long, long way from Boston and the Harvard Law School and the old Wellman home with its shady garden. Strong meat for babes, this Moscow, for American boys too young to have known the war, here plunged headlong into something worse than war had ever done.

HE SHIFTED the package of candy under his arm and climbed cautiously up the broken stairs. Yes, here was number 8 with a list of names beside the bell. "You must ring three times for me," Nadya had told him. "It used to be my aunt's apartment. I mean that she had it all, but now there is a different family in every room, and she has only one for herself. My husband and I have another. The name is Shukov. It is written in large letters; you can't mistake it."

She was his secretary and interpreter in the Food Package Department of the Famine Relief. He had not noticed her particularly until the night when they danced on the bare floor of the big dining room in one of the four houses where the Relief personnel was lodged, like soldiers in barracks. The Saturday-night dances were leave from the trenches to the men who were fighting famine. For their Russian guests, the girls and young women working with the Relief Administration, they meant more than that—a brief return to the old days, before they were caught by the nightmare. Nadya wore a red frock and as he taught her the new fox-trot steps, she talked like the girls he knew at home, gay and friendly as they were.

"I must see you again," he said, "I never thought . . ."

"You will," she replied demurely, "on Monday at nine in the office."

"You know I don't mean that."

She smiled at him with twinkling eyes. "Well, tomorrow is my name day,

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Horse parlors in Chicago are large and well-patronized. This one is called The Harlem

Too Much Fun

By John T. Flynn

Does Chicago want its horse parlors, its slot machines, its hot dice and its fast gals, or is it victimized by corruption and mob rule?

NEXT November the federal prison at Terminal Island will pucker up its ponderous marble lips and spit Scarface Al Capone out into the wide world. Where he will go after that is problematical, but if he ever gets back to Chicago he won't have any trouble finding his old pals.

What's become of his boy friends—"the old crowd?" Where are all the booze runners, alky cookers, hijackers, card-sharps, bomb throwers, procurers, murderers and scoundrels of every degree?

Well, Al will find them doing business at the old stand. The sawed-off shotguns, the submachine guns, the pineapples and the pineapple hurlers are still there. The boys do not blaze away as freely—because things are better organized. Occasionally, though, it is necessary to rub out some rebellious spirit who does not submit to discipline. While I was in Chicago a car paused long enough in front of a large building to enable its pilots to eject the large, dead body of an old gangster onto the sidewalk in the most approved manner.

To be sure there is no booze running, no trucks to hijack, no speaks to shake down. But, after all, Chicago is there—big, boyish, meaty, lawless and magnificent Chicago and its ever-trusting public. It still loves its liberty with a dash of the frontier in it. It loves its beer cold, its dice hot, its gals fast and its horses slow. Len Small and Big Bill the Builder are gone, but the old City Hall—the Hall of Liberty—is still there and the Kelly-Nash machine is in it to keep the tree of liberty green.

It's not booze now that nourishes the gangsters, but gambling and other forms of commercial vice—horse parlors, roulette, chuck-a-luck, blackjack, policy, punchboards, one-arm bandits and girls, girls, girls. For the most part it's the boys who captained Al Capone's various departments of crime—his managers, sluggers, gunmen and fixers—who run the show from Cicero to the Loop. Some of them have grown a little grayer. Some have gotten a little fat. Some have rheumatism in the trigger fingers. A few are bums. But their leaders run the show.

The big racket, of course, is gambling. But it is not so easy to say who is the big shot. One cannot say with certainty whether the old mob is preserving the empire against the return of Al Capone or has actually set up a new master. Some in the know say the new king is William R. (Billy) Skidmore of the Skidmore-Johnson forces. Others say that it is Ralph (Bottles) Capone, the drinking water dealer of South Hubbard Street. One hears a new name—that Frank Nitti, the "Enforcer," Al's old brain-truster, has turned Warwick and made a new king, the mysterious Mr. Paul Ricca.

A Trip to a Horse Parlor

Of course Chicago has its army of handbook betters—fifty-cent pikers and parlayers—and its army of handbook men to accommodate them. But Chicago likes its horse betting raw. It goes in for the horse parlor, which is little else than the old-fashioned poolroom in technicolor and sound. And when the horses go to the post at Belmont there are more men and women—old and young ones, fashionable and shabby—standing around the charts and the loud-speakers of the innumerable horse parlors of Chicago than there are at Belmont.

Let's step into one of these long-distance race tracks. No trouble to get in. We stroll freely into a room with the proportions of a good-sized store. Around the walls are large blackboard charts.

Men on low platforms beneath the boards chalk up the dope on them. An

Roulette, among many other gambling games, is open to all comers and gets a heavy play

announcer bawls through a megaphone the latest news from all the tracks—scratches, odds and so on. There is a crowd of three hundred to a thousand sitting in rows of chairs or milling about. At one end is a row of windows, each framing a betting clerk or cashier.

There is really more continuous excitement here than at a track, since all the races on all the tracks will be recorded—perhaps fifty races instead of eight. The crowd surges toward one board. The megaphone man is bawling the post odds and there is a rush of betters to the windows to get in under the tape. The megaphone roars: "They're off!"

You hear a murmur of feverish excitement. As the horses speed around the track at Belmont the megaphone man announces their position at the quarter, the half, in the stretch, at the finish. As the winner is announced there is a sudden relaxing of the tenseness, a groan from the many losers, a high-pitched squeal of delight from the winners.

You Can't Hide a Gambling House

That's the horse parlor. It takes a lot of room. It calls for a lot of equipment, furniture, telegraph services and a large staff. It cannot be hidden away in a little corner or operated in a handbook man's vest pocket. It is a mark for the police who wish to find it.

Where, then, are these places hidden? Well, when I was in Chicago there was one right across the street from the City Hall. You could stand in the open door of the City Hall and throw a stone right into the window of 123 North Clark Street, the gambling joint of Mr. Jack Gusik, the organization brains of Mr. Al Capone. Without a card or an introduction or a whisper from anyone I walked several times into the big poolroom crowded with several hundred people.

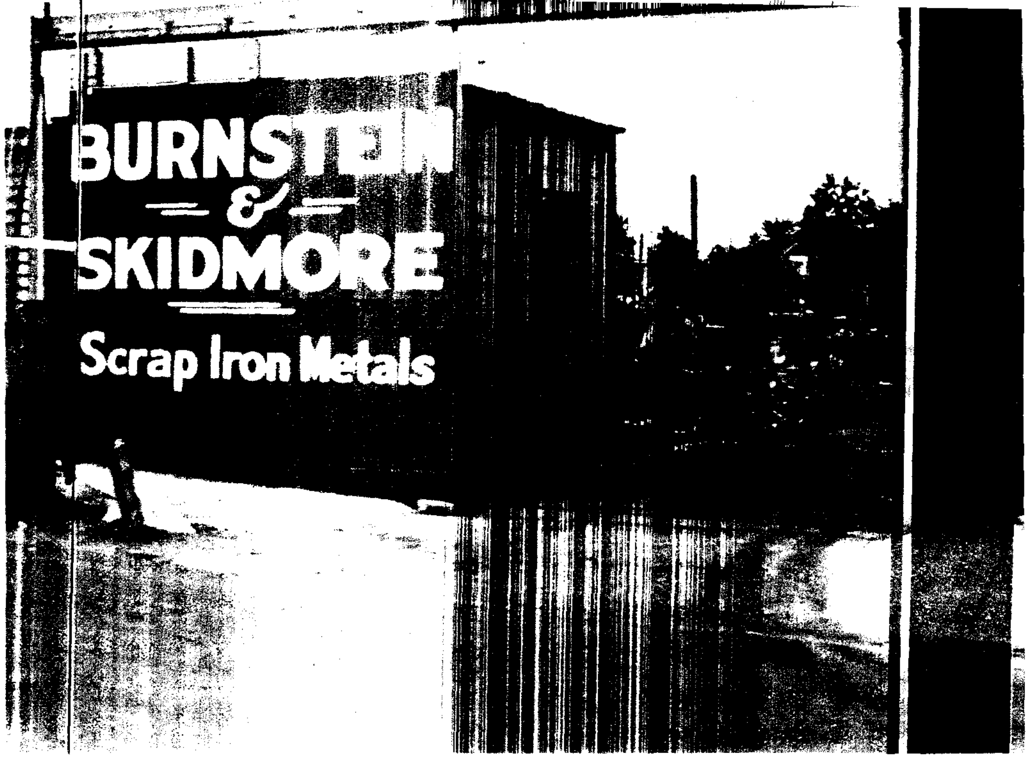
In the next block on North Clark and on Randolph Street, another thoroughfare bounding the City Hall, there were at least four more. On Washington within two blocks of the Hall there were two more. There are many others. In fact I had pointed out to me nearly thirty such places in the very heart of the city within a few blocks of the Hall and I went unmolested into a number of them.

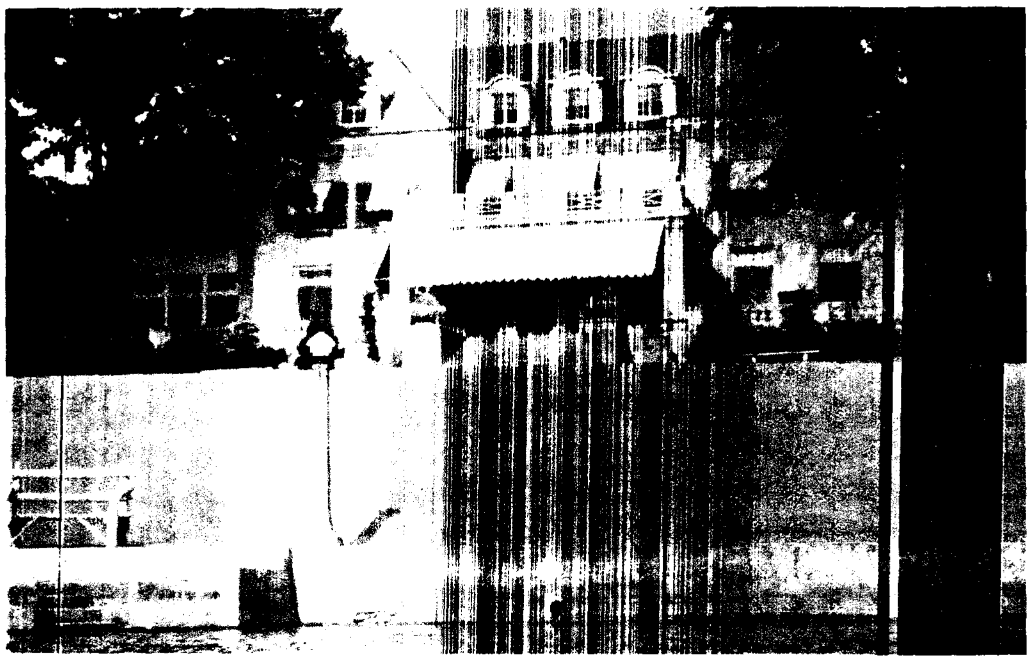
How many of these horse parlors there are no one can say, save the gambling syndicates and the police. Naturally the good mayor knows nothing of them. These are evil things and he sees no evil, hears no evil and speaks no evil.

Of course all the gambling joints protected or sponsored by the old Capone mob are not horse parlors. Chicagoans, like others, have a fondness for chuck-a-luck, for roulette, craps, policy, faro and other innocent divertisements. If you are a stranger and want some of these muscular indoor sports the taxi man will deliver you to any kind of vice your innocent little heart craves. He gets, as he will tell you, "a buck for everybody he delivers."

An industry like this, in defiance of law and enjoying the loving administrative supervision of a mob of gangsters, obviously calls for a high degree of organization. And that's where the old Capone legion of honor comes in.

In this underworld society the two great powers to be dealt with are the Syndicate and the Interests. The Syndicate refers to the organized group which dominates commercial vice. The Interests refers to the power that guarantees political protection. If you want to launch a horse parlor or a dive you have to be licensed by the Syndicate and the Interests. Try to get away without a franchise from these two powers and you will get a ride in the wagon from the police or mayhap a ride from the mob.





Mysterious Billy Skidmore, who is believed to be dominant man in Chicago gambling, says his only support is the junkyard at the right. Below is the house on his extensive country estate

Individuals ambitious to become independent proprietors in the business underworld may and do run horse parlors and girl parlors. But they can do so only by paying an initial fee for the privilege and letting the Syndicate in on the profits and submitting to various delicate little grafting devices. Individual gangsters own and operate their own types of joints, suited to their special talents and tastes. But the big money is in the split, the taxes levied on all who would enter this racket in Chicago.

Just who is the Grand Exalted Syndicate of this underworld government remains a mystery. But apparently the political end of it is bossed by Mr. William R. (Billy) Skidmore. The gang end of it is probably ruled by a sort of Dread Council of Six—Ralph Capone, Paul Ricca, Jack Gusik, Frank Nitti, Louis Campagna and Lawrence Dago Mangano. Who is the Number One man is not easy to say.

Skidmore is referred to freely in Chicago as having dominated gambling there for thirty years. But he remains quite mysterious. Ostensibly Mr. Skidmore is a junkman. He is in the scrap metal and junk business. He insists he has no other means of support. And looking out from the soft eyes in his roly-poly face, he will assure you that he knows nothing about gambling in his wicked home town.

The World's Best Businesses

He insists his sole love is his junk pile, which you might believe until you see the magnificent country estate which is his country home. He purchased a baronial domain to which he added seven more farms in McHenry and Lake counties. There is a beautiful residence, many palatial barns, a private race track and a private golf course and stables housing the finest collection of prize-winning Percherons in the country, while others house some of the finest prize cattle in the land. But in Chicago all the boys have some sort of business. Skidmore is a junk dealer, Ralph Capone is in the drinking-water business, Dion O'Banion was a florist and the famous Al himself, until his fame swamped his pretension, was a second-hand furniture dealer in Cicero.

Skidmore is a Chicago product. He originated on the West Side where he is regarded as a fine specimen of the successful man. He rose from a small saloon to be the most successful something or other in Chicago. His first claim to fame came when he was indicted with Chief of Police Healy in the famous Hoyne graft campaign. But he was acquitted. Later he drifted into finance—the bail-bond business. He was mysterious then—they called him Whispering Billy Skidmore. He was the Friend at Court of the underworld.

Skidmore has never been a gangster. He has never captained or been part of a gang. He has taken no part in their

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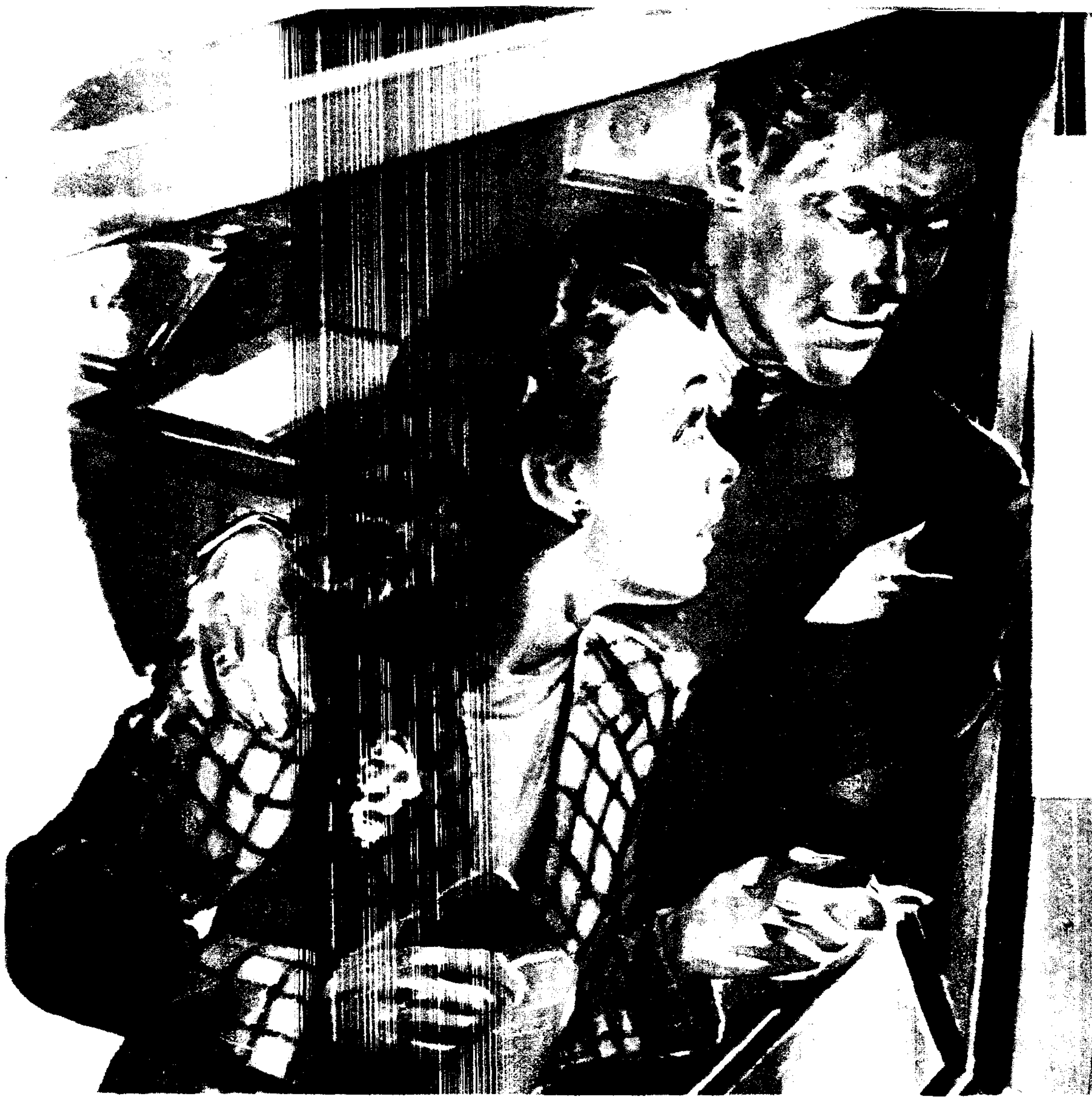
In the foreground is Mr. Skidmore, attending the inquest following the murder of gambler-liquor dealer Gus Winkler. At his side sits a bail bondsman



"That guy's **been following** me all morning," he said. "I'd like to know who he is and why he's trailing me"

The Story Thus Far:

AT TWO o'clock one placid afternoon, a young bandit enters a store in the town of Rosemont, holds up the place and makes his getaway. A short time later, Freddy Bascom, who lives with his mother in a near-by city, is arrested and charged with the crime.

Mrs. Bascom at once appeals to Peter Kincaid, a lawyer who, with his wife, Paula, occupies an apartment near hers. Recalling that he had seen young Bascom, at five minutes to two, in front of the courthouse—some twenty miles from Rosemont—Peter is glad to take the case. He interrogates the boy, whose story makes it obvious that he has been "framed;" and bail money having been posted, he sends Freddy to his mother.

Among the state's most powerful politicians are Franklin Calhoun, Dave Farmer and Max Sandstrom. Calhoun is killed by some secret enemy. Later Peter receives a telephone call from Sandstrom. Surprised—he has never met the man—he is even more surprised when Sandstrom invites him and Paula to dine with him at his imposing country estate, Twin Hills. Suspecting that Sandstrom may have some important legal work for him, he accepts the invitation. . . .

The dinner is an interesting affair—and startling. Lee Johnson (Sandstrom's secretary) and his wife are there; also, Marion Cantrill, a beautiful young woman who has been closely associated with Sandstrom for years. The host—a stocky, broad-shouldered brute of a man—discourses easily on his friendship for Dave Farmer; he says that he and Farmer had met in prison, while they were both "doing time."

The dinner at an end, Sandstrom informs Peter that he wants to buy "a certain property," secretly. Will Peter (for whose ability he professes to have the highest admiration) drop all of his practice and handle the matter? Peter promises to think it over. . . .

The Kincaids prepare to leave. Sandstrom bends low over Paula's hand. "You'll come back many times," he says quietly. "You must," Marion Cantrill smiles. "Do come," she purrs. "I'll be here. I'm one of the trophies. Max usually displays me between the armor and the silver plate."

"Marion, you're drunk," Sandstrom says angrily. "But yes," the woman whispers. "What else . . . ?"

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

II

THERE was a dusty slice of moon tilted low above the hills. The car swooped down the long slants toward the river in a cold, breathless rush.

"There's a town down there," said Peter. "It looks like a mess of kid's blocks, doesn't it?"

Paula said, "What was the job?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. He talked a lot and when he was all through he hadn't said a thing. I'm not having any part of it. It stinks."

"Do you think you're being fair to me, Pete?"

"Wait a minute!" Peter Kincaid turned to look at Paula, but her head was bent and he could see only the flat line of her lips. "Look," he said stiffly. "I haven't any ideas about being the one-and-only in our house, but I thought this was in my department."

"It is."

"Then what's the matter?"

"We've waited for our chance," Paula said softly. "Ever since we were married we've talked about the 'break' and what we'd do when it came. A new apartment, clothes, a place at the beach—and while we were waiting you defended pickpockets for ten-dollar fees. Now we've got our chance and you're turning it down—without reason!"

Coldly, Peter said, "I won't work for a man I can't trust. Now or ever!"

"But Sandstrom is honest," said Paula. "He proved that when he told us he'd been in prison."

"Sandstrom told us nothing that wasn't common knowledge—except that Dave Farmer had been in prison too. And by doing that he put himself on Farmer's level. D'you see? Farmer went to prison for an ideal, Sandstrom went as a thief. There's a difference, but not as Sandstrom told it. He made himself a Robin Hood. He started out to sell you that idea—and he did!"

"But not you," Paula said, "you're *much* too clever."

"He was making a pass at you and I didn't like it."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," snapped Paula. "And I suppose your talk with Marion Cantrill was purely in the line of research? You probably have her tagged and put neatly in the proper bracket."

Peter said, "She's his mistress. What else?"

"You should know."

And they left it at that. The moments and the miles slipped away. They were turning west across the bridge when Peter looked again at Paula. He spoke and the words were gray with the ash of his anger:

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to blow up."

"We both blew up," she said.

He touched her hand gently. "I haven't told him no. I may not. But it came too fast, Paula, and there was one thing that bothered me: Calhoun and Sandstrom were partners. Dave Farmer, Franklin Calhoun and Max Sandstrom ran this state. Calhoun was murdered three days ago. We spent a full evening with Max Sandstrom, and Calhoun's name was never mentioned."

"You're not trying to say that . . ."

"That Sandstrom did him in?" asked Peter. "No—even Sandstrom isn't big enough to get away with murder. But he's hard, Paula, too hard. He worked with Calhoun for years—and forgot him in three days."

Paula said, "I hadn't thought of that. And, Pete, I won't try to tell you what to do, ever again."

They stopped in front of the apartment house then, and Peter kissed the tip of her nose. "Old Ugly," he said. "Sometimes I think I'll swap you for a horse, but I always change my mind."

PETER KINCAID saw the small man when he left the courthouse. He saw him again, an hour later and four miles away, and there was nothing strange in that. Later, Peter brushed elbows with him in a coffee shop, and again after leaving the bank. And that was odd, for it meant the small man was following him.

He was small and dark and he wore a Chesterfield coat and a near-white felt hat. He didn't speak to Peter Kincaid. He did nothing at all but stop when Peter stopped and become interested in the nearest window. Peter went back to the office.

Paula looked up from her desk, smiled and pushed the white forelock back. "How'd it go?" she asked.

"We lost the appeal," Peter said. "But something else has come up that's damned queer. Come in here for a minute."

He led her into an inner office. At the window he spent a moment searching the crowded street below.

"Lose something?" Paula asked.

"See if you can find a man in a new Chesterfield coat and a white felt hat. He'll be down there somewhere."

"Such taste!" said Paula. "Is he good-looking?"

"Not very. Just a guy. A small guy."

A moment later, he said, "There he is!" He put his arm around her shoulder and pointed. "Near that cigar store on the corner. He's standing at the magazine rack. He's looking this way holding a magazine."

Paula said, "Now what?"

"Are you a good detective?"

"One of the best."

"That guy's been following me all morning. I'd like to know who he is and why he's trailing me. I'll leave here and let him follow me again. You come along behind and trail him. I'll try to lose him then, and you find out where he goes. Like the idea?"

"Why not?" Paula's eyes were bright with excitement. "But what's it going to prove?"

"If I know where he goes when he isn't following me, I may be able to find out who he is. And from there, with luck, it shouldn't be hard to learn what cute little ideas he's got. I'll come back here as soon as I drop him, and you call me the minute you get anything."

Paula clicked her heels. "It shall be done."

Losing a man isn't hard once you get the hang of it. Peter Kincaid managed it simply by going into a drugstore and stepping into a prescription room. The druggist was inclined to argue, but not much. The small man decided Peter had gone out the side door, for he hurried around the corner. Peter Kincaid flagged a cab and went back to the office. Then followed a half-hour of waiting. When the phone rang, Peter scooped it up.

"Operative 'X' calling," said Paula.

There was a nervous quickness about her voice, and Peter covered his relief with a brusque tone. "All right, he said. "Where did he go?"

"The sheriff's office."

"Hell! Are you sure?"

"I couldn't miss."

"Come on back. I can do the rest from here."

Paula was back in ten minutes. She found Peter with his feet on the desk.

"Who is he?" she asked.

Peter said, "His name is Joe Hicks. He's a deputy sheriff."

A sudden concern grew in Paula's eyes. "What does it mean, Pete?"

"That," said Peter dryly, "seems to be a secret."

"But you haven't done anything?"

She made that a question and Peter looked up at her to grin and say, "Don James said there was no charge of any kind against me, in his office, the D. A.'s, or the sheriff's. Does that ease your mind?"

"Silly..."

THAT was the beginning. In the two following days Joe Hicks became a habit. He was there, always there, small and nervous and prying. He grew more brazen with Peter's apparent indifference.

But Peter Kincaid was not indifferent. He ignored Joe Hicks with a kind of grim stubbornness. It became a game of waiting—waiting for Hicks to disclose his purpose, as Peter felt he would, sooner or later.

The third afternoon was just another afternoon—except that Peter worked late and Paula did not work at all. And on the way home Peter stopped at the Stanton Bar as he had done every evening for months.

Always before, Joe Hicks had waited outside—tonight he followed Peter into the bar.

Peter knew then that this was the moment and he was glad the waiting was done. His body became tense—the tenseness of a fighter about to step into the ring.

And then Joe Hicks was beside him. There was cunning in his small, black eyes. The rest of his face was expressionless. A drunken sculptor might have thumbed his features out of moist, white clay. His nose was badly made, his mouth an uncertain line. It was not an important face, nor even one you'd remember.

He said, "I want to talk to you."

"Go right ahead."

"Not here. I can say it better in a booth."

THE booth, Peter felt, was a special booth. It was near the end of a long, narrow room. A room so narrow there was only space for a small aisle between the two chest-high rows of booths. A door at the far end stood closed—and locked, for it had an unyielding look about it.

Theirs was the last booth but one. And above the last hung the pale blue of cigarette smoke, the faint pungency of perfume. If there were people there, Peter could not see them. For the rest, the room was empty.

"This won't take long," Joe Hicks said, "you're as smart as the next one. We'll get along."

Peter said, "Get on with it."

"A grocery store out in Rosemont was robbed the other day. The cops grabbed a kid named Freddy Bascom for the job. This Bascom lives across the hall from you, an' his mother talked you into defending him. Right?"

Peter nodded.

"The whisper gets around," said Joe Hicks, "that you got an alibi for Bascom. They say you can prove he had nuthin' to do with the stick-up."

"How does this concern you?"

Joe Hicks said, "I want Bascom convicted, an' I'll pay real money if he is." He leaned forward. "So he's convicted. What happens? You get fifty times what Bascom could pay you. I get what I want. Freddy gets six months that ain't goin' to hurt him. Everything comes out even."

"How do I get this money?"

Joe Hicks said, "That's what I like about you. You get to the point." He dropped a fat envelope on the table and covered it with his hand. Then he leaned back comfortably. "All you got to do is say it's a deal. Your word's good enough for me."

"Talk isn't enough," said Peter. "I've got to see it in my hand."

Joe Hicks chuckled. "I said you was smart."

And then it was there, lying in Peter's palm. Money. Lots of it, crisp under his closing fingers. More than he could earn in a year. He looked up at Joe Hicks and found him watching.

Joe Hicks' head was bent to one side and he squinted through the drifting whirl of cigarette smoke. The fault was not his. He couldn't know that his face was complacent, even smug. Money is a god. You don't refuse it, you can't refuse it. You take. And the source doesn't matter. That was Joe's life—as much as a cheap woman was, or a smutty picture.

Peter Kincaid reached out and ground the bills against Joe's face. He opened his fingers in clean disgust, and let Joe's god fall to the table, to the floor, to the gutter. . . .

There was a moment in which Joe Hicks did not move. A swift flush welled into his pale cheeks and his eyes became alive and burning and not quite sane. Then he bent over, and the hands that clutched the bills were trembling.

Peter Kincaid got to his feet. He did not fear Joe Hicks, and yet he was afraid. There was something inside Peter—heady, intoxicating and dangerous as a drug is dangerous.

He turned away stiffly with a conscious effort to avoid haste.

"Wait!" It was Joe Hicks' muffled voice. Peter Kincaid went on and Joe came after him. Joe Hicks caught his arm with a hand that clutched and pulled him around.

"You can't get away with this!"

Peter looked at him steadily. "I have."

Joe Hicks tried hard to control a hate that had grown bigger than himself. His face was hot with it; his voice so clouded he could barely speak:

"This ain't the end!"

"What comes next?"

"You're married, ain't you? You got a wife?"

Peter Kincaid hit him then. The blow lacked snap and drive and clean precision. But Peter's heart was in it, if not his strength, and Joe Hicks went backward, stumbling, to crumple against the wall.

Peter Kincaid looked at him and turned and strode away. He had crossed the barroom to the door before the cry sounded behind him:

"Stop that man . . . !"

Peter paused for a moment outside the door. No one came. Save for that one cry there was no other. He turned then, and presently his slow stride had carried him blocks away. . . .

THE doorbell rang. Paula laid aside a magazine and crossed the apartment to answer it. A man stood there, a solidly stocky man who wore a gray felt hat, a gray topcoat.

"Does Peter Kincaid live here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Paula, and wondered why the sight of him should tighten her throat.

He was a small man, but his body had a big man's easy power, a power you could almost feel. His face was a dark, somber background for eyes that were tired and lusterless. He spoke again, his voice barely stirring his full, hard lips.

"My name is Ben Wood," he said. "If Kincaid is here I want to see him. If not, I'll wait."

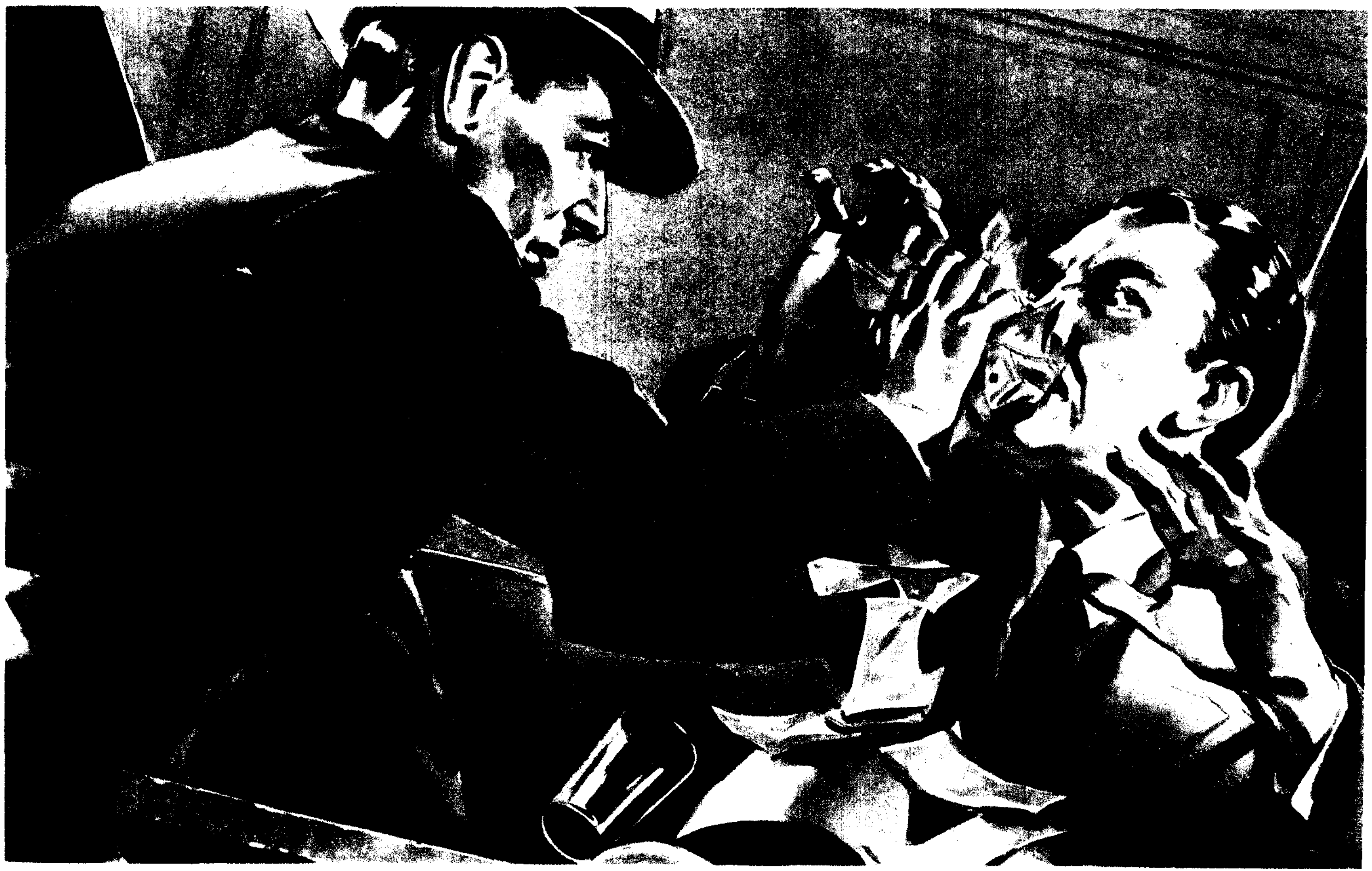
"But—"

He extended a flat leather case toward Paula. There was a card in that case, a badge. "I'm a cop," he said. "This is police business."

Paula said, "You'll have to wait."

She moved to one side and he went past her silently to find a chair, unasked, and put his hat on the floor beside him.

(Continued on page 46)



ELMORE BROWN

Peter reached out and ground the bills against Joe's face. He opened his fingers in clean disgust, and let the money fall

Poor Butterfly

By Elizabeth Dunn

Demonstrating the modern woman's most popular pastime—the pursuit of man

"Fergus is an old pet," Willy said. "Of course, he can't move very fast and sometimes he doesn't hear very well, but that's only on damp days"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I GUESS I know Willy better than anybody else in the world. We started life together in a couple of deep-dish English prams in Central Park. We fought off education shoulder-to-shoulder at Miss Armitage's. We had a joint coming-out party. And of course, we've shared the "bachelor-girl" apartment on Sixty-fourth Street for two years.

It all started last Labor Day week end at the Walls' house in Greenwich. Adelaide Wall was in our class in school, and Willy and I have always been fond of her. Her brain is practically invisible to the naked eye, but she's so simple and sweet that I expect birds to light on her. However, Adder forgets that sometimes people dislike other people; which explains why, in a burst of inspired idiocy, she had invited Willy and me and Ginnie Patterson, of all people, for the same house party.

You see, there's been this war between Ginnie and Willy for years. I don't know when it began, but it came out into the open when we were in the Fifth Form, and Ginnie reported Willy to Miss Armitage for smoking. The rest of us wanted to take Ginnie out to some quiet spot and inconspicuously kill her, but Willy just smiled and told us not to be silly. I remember I was awfully mad at Willy because she just took it lying down. The next autumn, Ginnie announced that she was going out for the English Poetry Prize and the Music Award. Willy was in the room at the time, but she was reading Dracula and eating salt-water taffy, so everyone was simply stunned when she quietly won both prizes herself, apparently without studying at all.

Things have been like that ever since.

WILLY and I, being wage earners, didn't get out to Greenwich until six-thirty on Friday evening, and it wasn't till we'd arrived at the house that Adder said, "Ginnie's coming!" in just the tone she'd have used if she'd been saying, "Gary Cooper's here!"

"Ah!" said Willy. "What fun."

"Dear old Ginnie," I said noncommittally.

But when we were alone, I said to Willy, "Buddy Wyman is here too, you know." Buddy is one of the Lost Battalion who moon around after Willy.

Willy got into a dressing gown and started the shower.

"Adder told me," she said amiably. "It'll be so nice for Ginnie."

"Don't you *care?*" I asked crossly. Sometimes Willy is so calm.

"Not a bit. Buddy and I are just good friends."

"You won't be that by Sunday night," I prophesied. "Not if Ginnie can arrange it."

"Oh, Ginnie's harmless, really," Willy said tolerantly.

"You bet," I agreed. "Like nitroglycerine. Safe if you don't go near it."

Suddenly Willy's eyes sparkled. "Let's go see her now!" she said.

So we went down the hall to her room.

"Willy—Babby—darlings!" Ginnie came to the door with her arms out in a pretty gesture of welcome. "How *divine* to see you both! Oh, my poor pets, you look *exhausted*. I'm going to scold Uncle Arthur. He must be absolutely slave-driving you."

Willy stretched out on the sofa and I looked at her and grinned. Because if Willy looked exhausted, a lot of women are paying through the nose in beauty shops to look all worn out, too. Willy has pale blond hair like a little girl's, her eyes are bright blue, and she tans the kind of even cream color that makes you want to scream with envy. Also she has wide shoulders and no stomach or hips to speak of. So I was certainly sorry for Willy.

"Don't bother to scold Uncle Arthur," said Willy, with that lovely cool smile of hers. "He is not yet aware of his good fortune in having us in his employ."

"Oh, I must tell him, then!" Ginnie cried, all generous impulses.

"Don't bother, my little deadly nightshade," I said. "We're doing all right."

I think I should explain here that by one of those coincidences of which life seems to be full, Ginnie's Uncle Arthur is Mr. Brackett. And Mr. Brackett is the president of Brackett and Bowman, the smartest department store on Fifth Avenue. And Brackett and Bowman is where Willy and I work. Willy's father, on the other hand, was Jacob Nicholas, the banker. When the Nicholas banking business just kind of sank, leaving no trace, Mr. Nicholas died, and Willy was an orphan with the dazzling income of ten dollars a week.

My family managed to hold out long enough to give us a coming-out party with gardenia bushes in silver pots, sent up from the place in South Carolina. The invitations read: ". . . In honor of Miss Barbara Fairchild (me) and Miss Wilhelmina Nicholas."

But after that winter was over, and Daddy had paid all the bills, he announced that he was sorry, but somehow he and Mother had contracted the habit of eating twice a day whenever possible, and they were going down to live in the Charleston house, and what were my plans?

"Don't worry about me, Daddy," I told him. "Willy and I have an idea."

We'd had that idea for years. We were going to have careers—real ones—and *take an apartment together in New York*. So we did.

I GOT a job right away in the debutante department of Brackett and Bowman. Miss Axel, the buyer, is a wonderful woman with a face like the underside of a flatiron, and she is training me as her assistant. But Willy—! First she got a job as governess to two horrible little insects with town cars and footmen as far as the eye could reach. She lost that job because she told their mother what she thought of them. Then she had a lot of other jobs until last April, when there was a vacancy in the debutante department. Willy got it. And by some miracle she still had it on Labor Day.

"Now, tell me all about your jobs," Ginnie said cozily. "I know you're being a buyer or something smart, Babby, but what is Willy doing?"

"Selling," said Willy. "You know—'May I help you?' in honeyed tones."

Ginnie shook her head in awed won-

der, as though Willy had invented television. "Honestly, Willy, it is too marvelous of you. How can you *bear* it? I don't think I could stand it for twenty-four hours."

"We only work eight hours at a stretch," I said. "Uncle Arthur is nice, that way."

"Willy, darling," Ginnie begged, "do let me help you. If I said a word to Uncle Arthur, I know he'd—I mean, you can't *like* this horrible little job—"

"You don't know Fergus," I said, and I could have choked myself. Because Ginnie immediately pointed like a bird dog.

"Fergus?" she said with charming interest. "Who is Fergus?"

I tried the good old schoolgirl giggle. "Fergus Carlisle, our doddering old merchandise manager. He's a scream."

"*Doddering?*" said Ginnie. "Why, Uncle Arthur always picks the most superb young men for merchandise managers. And in the deb department—"

Willy got up and stretched. "Fergus is an old pet. Of course, he can't move very fast and sometimes he doesn't hear very well, but that's only on damp days. . . . Come on, Babby, we have to dress."

Out in the hall, we clutched each other in joy. "I can't wait to see her face when she drops into the department some day and sees dear old doddering Fergus," I gurgled.

Willy gave a scream of maniacal laughter. "Dear old" Fergus is thirty-three years old and six feet tall and has a face like Anthony Eden's, without the mustache.

The week end went along as week ends do. We swam, and Ginnie wore a black satin bathing suit without any straps and poured sand on Buddy Wyman's chest. Buddy began by looking piteously at Willy, but Willy just sat around, bland and beautiful, and maddeningly pleased with life. Then we went to a dance at the club and Ginnie wore her hair in curls on top of her head and little flat ballet slippers and Buddy kept having to tie them for her. Also she wore real pantalettes with ruffles. By midnight, Buddy had stopped looking wistfully at Willy, but she was having a terrific rush—of course—and she never noticed him.

Then on Monday evening, Ginnie said to me: "Darling, would you and Willy be angels and let me sleep on your sofa tonight? The apartment is closed and Uncle Arthur has a fit if I stay at a hotel alone and I'm not going back to Bar Harbor till Wednesday. Do you think—"

"We'd just love it," I said. I've slept on that sofa myself, and I should prefer spending the night on a waffle iron, given the choice.

I was a little apprehensive about Willy. But, to my surprise, she didn't object in the least.

SO GINNIE came back with us. When we started to work on Tuesday morning, she was still asleep, looking uncomfortable.

"Listen, pal," I said, as we walked down Fifth Avenue. "Far be it from me to utter a text for today, but don't you think it might be safer if you took this job a little harder?"

"Hm?" said Willy.

"Well," I went on bravely, "you haven't been exactly a monument of efficiency, have you? And sooner or later, Fergus will catch on. He's been dazzled for four months, and that's a pretty long time to stay dazzled without any encouragement."

Willy laughed. "Why are you worrying about Fergus and his future happiness, anyway?"

"Because I like him," I said defiantly. "And so do you. Don't be so hard and modern. It's out of date."

Willy didn't say anything, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking.

When we got home at six, Ginnie was gone, but her suitcases were still in the living room. We bathed and got into house coats and had just lit cigarettes when the doorbell rang. Willy answered it, and in the hall stood Fergus Carlisle.

"Unless I'm wrong, and I usually am," said Willy, "the boss is in a temper."

FERGUS came in and sat down without being asked. He looked hot and tired and ironic and worried. "This time you're right, my little lily of the field. Do you know what you've done?"

"Put Mr. Brackett in a high dudgeon," said Willy promptly. "One of those old-fashioned dudgeons with iron bars. What *have* I done?"

"Please, Willy," Fergus pleaded. "Be serious. How much do you need this job?"

"Oh, not at all," Willy responded airily. "What's money to me?"

Fergus leaned forward. "Do you know what you did to your first customer this morning? Do you know who she was?"

Willy frowned in concentration. "I sold her a sport shirt, size twelve. Is it my fault if she thinks she's one of the little people? No, I don't know who she was. . . . Snow White?"

Fergus sighed. He really did look worn out. "She is Mrs. Henderson Bogert, of Los Angeles. And, instead of giving the receipt to her, and the address label to the package girl, you gave the package girl the receipt, so she had no idea where to send the shirt, and you gave Mrs. Bogert a piece of paper with nothing on it but her name and address, which it is safe to suppose she knew already."

Willy sank back on the sofa, looking guilty, for once, as well she might. "Oh, Fergus!" she said. "I'm sorry! What happens? Do they tar and feather me?"

Fergus sighed again. "Nothing happens. I spent the afternoon with Mr. Brackett. You see, unfortunately, Mrs.

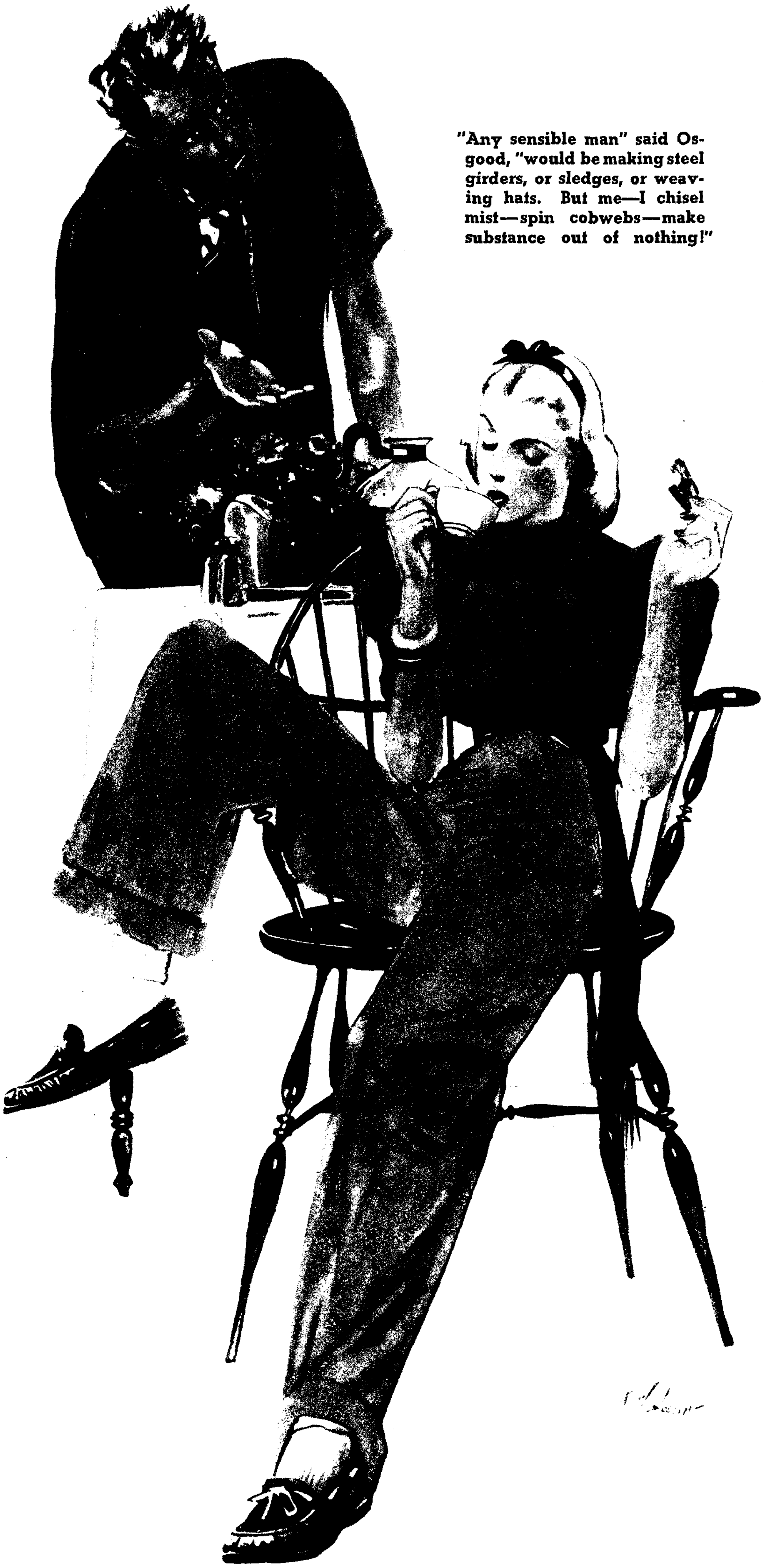
(Continued on page 40)

Greener Fields

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



"Any sensible man" said Osgood, "would be making steel girders, or sledges, or weaving hats. But me—I chisel mist—spin cobwebs—make substance out of nothing!"

"TWENTY-THREE times now," Osgood Burton said, quickening his pace around the dining-room table, "I've molded a fistful of fog into a fine B picture. But I can't do it again!"

Fingering his prematurely gray hair, he stared wildly at his wife. "Marva! Look at me. I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown!"

Marva caught the toast as it popped from the toaster and looked at Osgood without alarm.

"This, too, shall pass," she said, more to herself.

"Any sensible man," said Osgood, "would be making steel girders, or sledge hammers, or weaving Panama hats! But me—I chisel mist—spin cobwebs—make substance out of nothing!" He sat down heavily. "I'm all through," he said. "There's nothing left."

Marva nibbled the toast, dry. She had a lovely figure.

"What would you rather do than write movies?" the question came, by rote, to her lips.

"Now, look, Marva," he said, without hope. "I've been mulling over a thought." His face brightened. "The other day I saw a bicycle shop in Santa Monica. Belongs to a young fellow, name of Herman. He was putting spokes in a wheel."

"Yes?" said Marva.

"*Real* spokes. *In a real wheel!*"

She waited. Dreams were in his eyes. "Yes, Osgood?"

"But don't you understand?" he cried. "Herman was working with a tangible *thing* in his *hands*."

"Oh. You mean—now you want to buy a bicycle shop?"

He nodded.

"Then why don't you?" she asked, surprising him. "I think it might be fun!"

HE SAT with his palms on his knees and his mouth ajar; she was smiling and didn't look back. As she passed through the hall the phone rang. The studio was calling.

"Put him on," Marva said.

It was Mr. Bert Abrams, the great producer, wanting to know how Osgood was getting along.

"Just splendid, Bert," said Marva brightly.

"Is he writing—or thinking?" Abrams asked her.

"I believe," said Marva, "I believe he's thinking."

Bert was disappointed.

"I'm afraid of that," he said wistfully. "If they're just thinking, I'm on pins and needles. When he starts working, let me know."

"That's any minute now," she promised gaily.

Humming under her breath she went on upstairs. She was making up a little song:

> *"This is the way it goes,*
> *This is the way it always goes,*
> *Every, every time."*

But this time it was different.

"A bicycle shop," glowed Osgood, thinking aloud.

It was as if cool breezes were blowing through his head. Then relief bubbled in him like water in a spring. The muscles in his neck relaxed, his head fell forward—and he slept.

At noon he awakened, refreshed. He put on his hat and wheeled out his bicycle. He pedaled thoughtfully down Wilshire, pointing his handle bars toward Santa Monica, at twelve miles an hour.

Herman's shop was on a quiet side street, far back, under a pepper tree. It was peaceful there. Boys and girls moved in and out; bicycles were bright in the autumn sun. Osgood gazed at the scene and found it beautiful.

He reviewed a day—the day he'd bought his bicycle. Having just finished The Simpsons Strike Back and, having just begun The Simpsons Go West (he'd got himself tangled up in The Simpson Series, twenty-two scripts before), he was, on that day, in a shaken condition. But, happily, he'd met Herman.

Herman Bojors.

Whistling at his work, with a wrench in his hand—a phlegmatic young man, serene as a frozen fiord. Reality in a world of dreams! He'd allowed Osgood to put spokes in a wheel. An island rising in a fog! Let him ride bicycles. A harbor, was Herman! Drank beer with him—spoke to him soothingly, out of his own vast calm. A shrine for a pilgrim, was Herman!

REVIEWING this, Osgood moved, with reverence, toward the shop. The decision was final: he would sit out a year or two, he thought. He would spend idyllic hours with Herman, putting spokes in wheels, doctoring bicycles for appreciative children. He would not think at all. He would be as serene as Herman!

"What does it profit a man," he said, talking aloud to himself as he'd been doing lately, "if he makes a coupla million but loses his mind?"

Shadows were deep under the pepper tree. He embraced the scene: four ecstatic little boys were inspecting a new racing bike. Other little boys moved about inside the shop. It struck Osgood that it would be a splendid lifework, bringing so much joy to little children. He opened the door and walked in.

Herman was busy. A dozen youngsters waited his attention. Osgood watched them benignly, even patted a head or two. Shining faces, grubby young hands, holding out their dimes and nickels. "I wanna new spoke," and "I wanna nickel valve, Herman." It was a pretty thing to see.

"Hello, Herman," Osgood said, admiringly, and then sat down on a stool to wait.

He picked up a sprocket wrench. He toyed with it. It was hard and solid in his hands. In his mind, he phrased his proposition. He would be generous—pay Herman well for a half interest. "I wanna handle grip, Herman." Two thousand, say, or three thousand. "I wanna horn, Herman." He'd report in promptly at eight o'clock in the morning and work like a beaver until five. He would be a big help to Herman.

An abrupt silence startled him. The door slammed. The last little boy had gone. Turning eagerly on his stool, Osgood said, "Herman, old man, I've made my decision—"

Herman lifted a wheel; there was an odd expression on Herman's broad, calm face. Herman pressed the wheel steadily against his knee and bent it double. His big fingers yanked out a fistful of spokes. He hurled the wheel against the brick wall. He spun around, bumped into Osgood, stared at him, backed away and stumbled out the door. He was talking aloud to himself.

"Spokes and wheels!" he muttered. "Chains and sprockets! Bicycles, *bicycles!* Kids! Hundreds and thousands *and millions of all-talking-at-once kids!* With nickels and dimes! I can't *stand* it. . . ."

He passed through the sunlight and shade under the pepper tree. He walked out into the road and disappeared in the traffic.

WHEN Marva came down to dinner that night she heard Osgood's typewriter chattering happily away in the study. She went to the phone.

"It's all right, Bert," she said. "He's stopped thinking!"

And humming her song, she went in to dine alone.

McLaughry and Son

By Quentin Reynolds

Young John McLaughry had been playing football four years before his old man saw him in action. Now the McLaughry firm is declaring football dividends

IFOR THOMAS

Tuss McLaughry, left, Brown football coach, and his son John McLaughry

LOU LITTLE said gloomily, "Tuss, tomorrow night either my boy Johnny Siegel or your boy John will be in a hospital."

"Well, we'll see, Lou," Tuss McLaughry said.

Brown played Columbia the next day. Young John McLaughry, playing the Number Two blocking back position for Brown, had the doubtful pleasure of trying to block Siegel out of nearly every play. John was and is one of the finest blocking backs in the country. Siegel was one of the best defensive ends. Time after time John would hurl himself at Siegel. Sometimes Siegel would go down like a bowling pin. Sometimes he'd ward off John's desperate attempts to knock him down.

They did everything but hit each other with the goal posts. By the time the game was over and Brown had won a sensational victory both were completely used up. When the whistle blew they made a dash for each other, shook hands and forgot it.

Lou Little and Tuss McLaughry, who are enemies for sixty minutes each season when their teams play and great friends for the rest of the time, decided that Siegel and young John had fought a draw. John had done some great blocking but Siegel had shown himself to be the toughest defensive end that Brown had seen all year. And neither went to the hospital.

That victory over Columbia was a great one for McLaughry and Son. McLaughry and Son have been doing business for three years at Brown and once again the best father-and-son act in football is being shown on the gridirons of the East. This year John McLaughry, 200 pounds of steel muscle, is captain of the team and they do say that he'll have to break a leg to duck All-America honors. If young Captain John lives up to his past performances, this may be the year for which Brown has been waiting.

Off to a Bad Start

There have been other schools where a son played on a team coached by his father but no father ever coached a son of such obvious All-America caliber as John. Odd thing about young McLaughry—in the beginning he had no natural talent at all for football. He is what Tuss calls a made football player and he made himself.

When John was five his father was coaching at Amherst and doing such a fine job of it that larger colleges kept eying him with great interest. Tuss McLaughry wasn't much interested in offers which came to him then because his son, John, after recovering from pneumonia, was giving every promise of being an invalid for life. Matter of fact, young John couldn't even play baseball, couldn't swim, couldn't run, until he was twelve. The boy lived almost entirely on milk and orange juice during those years. The doctors cautiously advised Tuss that maybe the boy could take some mild exercise, something like long, slow walks.

Young John, who had had enough of this nonsense, obeyed his father in all things. Tuss started him easily enough with long walking and swimming and gradually muscles which had been inactive began to wake up again. Young John read everything he could about bodybuilding. He did deep-breathing exercises and setting-up exercises and by the time he was fifteen he had gotten rid of his anemia. Now he could play with the kids.

Meanwhile, Father Tuss had moved to Brown University. Tuss found that his material wasn't much better than he had had at Amherst, yet he had a real big-league schedule. He couldn't overpower big Dartmouth, Colgate and Holy Cross teams, he had to outthink them. He had to devise surprise attacks; he had to make his men play better than they knew how to play to make even a fair showing.

There was the so-called triple wing back formation, for instance. At Amherst Tuss used both single and double wing back formations before they had been adopted and made virtually the basis of standard attack stemming from the original Warner system of plays. At Brown back in 1928, McLaughry startled the football world by using still one more wing or flanking back.

In the ordinary double wing formation two offensive backs take up their position just outside the opposing tackles. Tuss was watching a practice session once and he noticed that a defensive end kept smashing in to ruin every play sent toward that side of the line. The backs were able to block those two tackles out, but no one was able to smear that busy end.

An Idea—and It Worked

"I wonder what would happen," Tuss said to himself, "if we planted a third back outside that defensive end."

He tried it. The offensive back promptly murdered the pesky end. Tuss had discovered something brand-new, a third wing back. He didn't spring it until the Colgate game of that year. The first time Brown tried it, the play went for twenty-five yards and a touchdown.

Young John was sent to Moses Brown prep school and it was natural that he go out for football. This worried Tuss and Mrs. McLaughry quite a bit, but young John kept growing stronger. John was doing a lot of shot-putting and hammer-throwing, too. He had heard somewhere that these were good for the shoulder and arm muscles. Then someone told him that he ought to practice bag punching and this, of course, led to boxing. None of this was natural to him. He had to learn everything by rule. John wasn't a natural athlete. Those seven years of semi-invalidism had left their mark but gradually he was erasing it.

Tuss never got to see John play football at Moses Brown. He was busy every Saturday with his own team. He used to read about the Moses Brown games and he was a bit surprised to see that his son's name figured quite prominently in these accounts of games. When John came home at night (Moses Brown is only a few blocks from the McLaughry residence in Providence), Tuss never talked football to the boy.

"Dad once told me, 'There's nothing to football except blocking and tackling,'" John recalls now. "That's all he ever told me as a kid. So that's all I ever worried about. I loved to block and I loved to tackle. That's the most fun there is in football."

Often at night John and Tuss would put on the gloves and Mrs. McLaughry would sit in the parlor shuddering a little as she heard dreadful noises coming from the kitchen, the scene of their fisticuffs. Tuss taught John a lot about boxing and then there came a day when Tuss found that John could weave away from his jabs and block his right-hand punches and occasionally counter quite vigorously with a right of his own.

"Finally I had to stop boxing with

(Continued on page 45)

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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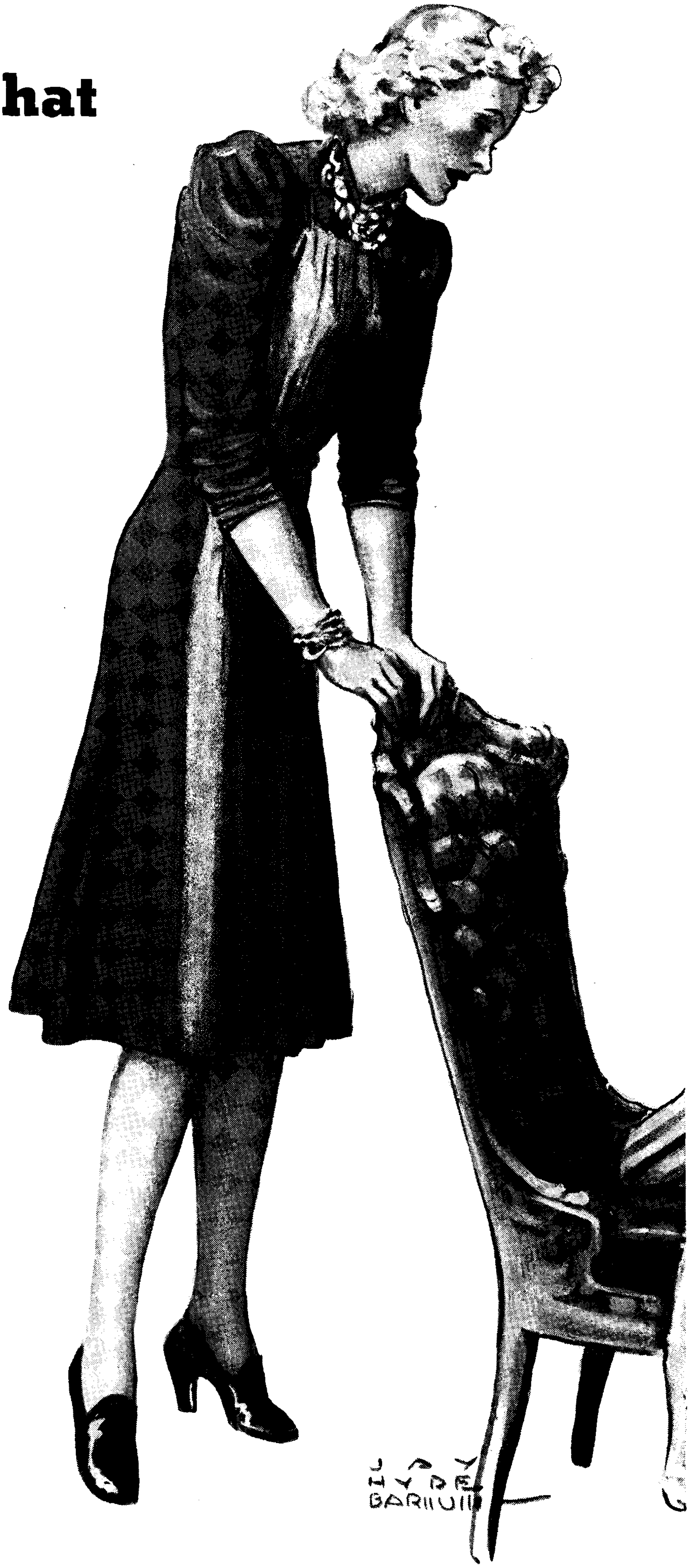


The Story Thus Far:

STRONGLY attracted to each other from the moment they meet, Jocelyn Britton, a stenographer in a San Francisco law office, and Kent Dunham, a commercial artist, presently realize that they are in love. And Dunham is a married man.

The idea of divorce is distasteful to both of them. They dismiss it, and simply drift along. Then, when Dunham secures a good job in Portland, he tells Jocelyn bluntly that he is leaving in a few days and that they must forget each other. After which, he slips away to a cabin in the hills near Piedmont; and he does not communicate with Jocelyn.

Frantic, feeling that she must have a few farewell words with the man she loves, Jocelyn borrows a car and goes to the cabin. When she arrives a storm is breaking. Dunham seems delighted to see her; he tells her that, having thought things over, he has decided to go to Reno and gain his freedom. . . . The telephone rings. Dunham answers it. His wife, Lilian, is calling. Obeying a sudden impulse, Jocelyn—who is astounded to learn *that she does not really love Kent Dunham!*—tiptoes out of the cabin, and drives away.

The roads are muddy. After a time, the car becomes unmanageable. So, curling up on the rear seat, Jocelyn awaits the dawn. When it finally comes, a passing motorist—a good-natured little man who is slightly intoxicated—gives her a lift to the nearest town. There Philip Fordyce, one of her employers, picks her up and drives her to her boardinghouse.

Fordyce is a wealthy man. Married and divorced, he has a sixteen-year-old daughter, Norma, who is causing him much concern because of her "modern" ideas, her amazing sophistication, her wild ways. The girl, it appears, has run away from a school in Italy; she is on her way to join her father in Burlingame. And she needs a companion—some wise young woman who can advise her, protect her from herself, guide her in the ways of happiness.

But where can Mr. Fordyce find such a companion? Having talked with Jocelyn, he has the answer; she is just the young woman he wants. He outlines his problem to her, asks her if she will take charge of Norma, in his Burlingame home. And Jocelyn agrees to cooperate with him—to undertake the supervision of one of San Francisco's wildest young girls.

III

ON FRIDAY she went back to the office, feeling changed and strange, and restfully indifferent to what went on there, for it had been arranged that she should leave just as soon as some new clerk could be trained to take her place. The new clerk—bright and toothy Mattie Stebbins, who had worked for the firm in emergencies before—was there, and the day's work proceeded placidly until the noon whistles were blowing, and Mattie had gone off for lunch, and Kent Dunham came in suddenly.

Jocelyn looked up startled, tried to smile. But the expression on his face did not encourage the smile, and she merely stared at him, trying to find something light and simple to say.

"Jocelyn," he said without preamble or greeting, "will you lunch with me today?"

"Ah, I can't. You see, my cousin Tots Partridge, she's Madeleine, you know—is going to marry Rusty Livermore in March, and we're going to Shreve's today to look at silver patterns."

"I don't care what she's doing," Kent muttered, his hard eyes not leaving Jocelyn's innocent face, "can't you lunch with me?"

"They'd wait for me, Kent. I couldn't."

"You could leave a message here."

"We're not meeting here. We're meeting at Shreve's and then going somewhere to eat."

"And that matters, does it?" he said bitterly. "You didn't write me. I've been in hell all week! What's the matter?"

"Kent, not here," Jocelyn murmured, looking about.

"It's empty!" he said in high scorn. "Nobody'll hear! Jocelyn, ah, sweetheart," he pleaded, suddenly changing his tone, sitting down opposite her, and stretching his hands across the desk, "what's the matter? Where've you been? You don't know what I've been through! I've talked to Lilian; I've seen a lawyer—"

"Oh, you *haven't*!" she protested, in so distressed a tone that his own tone changed, and he looked at her in suspicion and surprise.

"Why not?" he asked sharply. "Wasn't that the arrangement? What else could I do?"

"Ah, you shouldn't have done that!"

"Jocelyn, I don't understand this. What has happened?"

"Nothing has *happened*. It's just—you shouldn't have. What did Lilian say?"

"She felt very bad. She said she had had no idea of it. But she agreed to the divorce."

JOCELYN frowned. It all seemed far away and unimportant and embarrassing.

"I got a bad cold Saturday night," she offered.

"I know. I was worried to death about you. I followed you by the new cut, and got to the bridge before eleven, and watched all the cars go by until one. But you must have passed me."

"No; I missed my way. I was in the car all night, rolled in an old blanket that the Johnsons had in the back with a grill and coffeepot and a lot of picnic stuff."

"You stayed in the car all night!" He put his head despairingly into his hands, and again with an uneasy glance about she reminded him that they might be noticed or overheard.

"It was all a mistake, Kent—my going over there—the whole thing. I had to get out because I felt it such a false position—so different from anything I wanted it to be. Quite suddenly it all seemed to go—well, flat and wrong, and I wanted to get home. It was a silly thing to do. It was an awful risk, rushing off into that rain. But I didn't think it out."

"You didn't think out what I went through."

She looked at him, knowing what he wanted her to feel, knowing it to be entirely out of her power to respond to him.

"I'm horribly sorry for the whole thing," she said definitely, getting to her feet with an air of ending the conversation. "I'm sorry for your telling Lilian, but I suppose when you tell her it's over she'll forgive you. You said something like this to me two weeks ago, Kent. Now I say it to you. I'm sorry, and—and it's over."

"You can't just—break it off like that," he said quickly, hoarsely. Jocelyn did not reply. She went to get her hat and coat, remembering as she did so the last time they two had been in the office together, and her going out with him into the dreary winter streets, and his walking home with her, telling her over and over again that he was going away, that he must build his life around his new work and his wife now. She felt horribly sorry for him; she wondered if he had felt sorry for her on that former afternoon.

When she came out with her outdoor things on he was standing at the office window looking down into the street. He did not turn as she crossed to the door, and she went out into the hall and downstairs without a word or a sign from him.

IT MADE her feel sorry and ashamed. But there was no worse hurt. Jocelyn could end her office days with Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce with the feeling that she left that whole episode, and all its attendant emotions, behind her. She went on into the new work like a new woman; a stronger, quieter, happier woman, and long before the New Year was well begun she had begun to forget as well as to forgive whatever that two years' friendship had cost her.

Packing her things to leave Mrs. Buck's, going over to Sausalito to spend a few days' holiday at Christmas time with her aunt and the big family at "Maple Den," and presently being picked up by the big Fordyce car and whirled down to chilly, wintry Burlingame, these were experiences novel enough to wipe the past out of her mind; never in her life had she felt so free, so ready for new experiments and experiences. Jocelyn had some new clothes; her young cousins had assured her with passionate earnestness that she needed them, and she had felt an odd pleasure in being persuaded into the purchase of a stiff taffeta gown that somehow enhanced her natural air of dignity, a plain, long velvet for evening wear, a smart, sturdy suit with pockets and a white frill for street wear. Tots, ecstatic over her trousseau, was not much more pleased than Jocelyn.

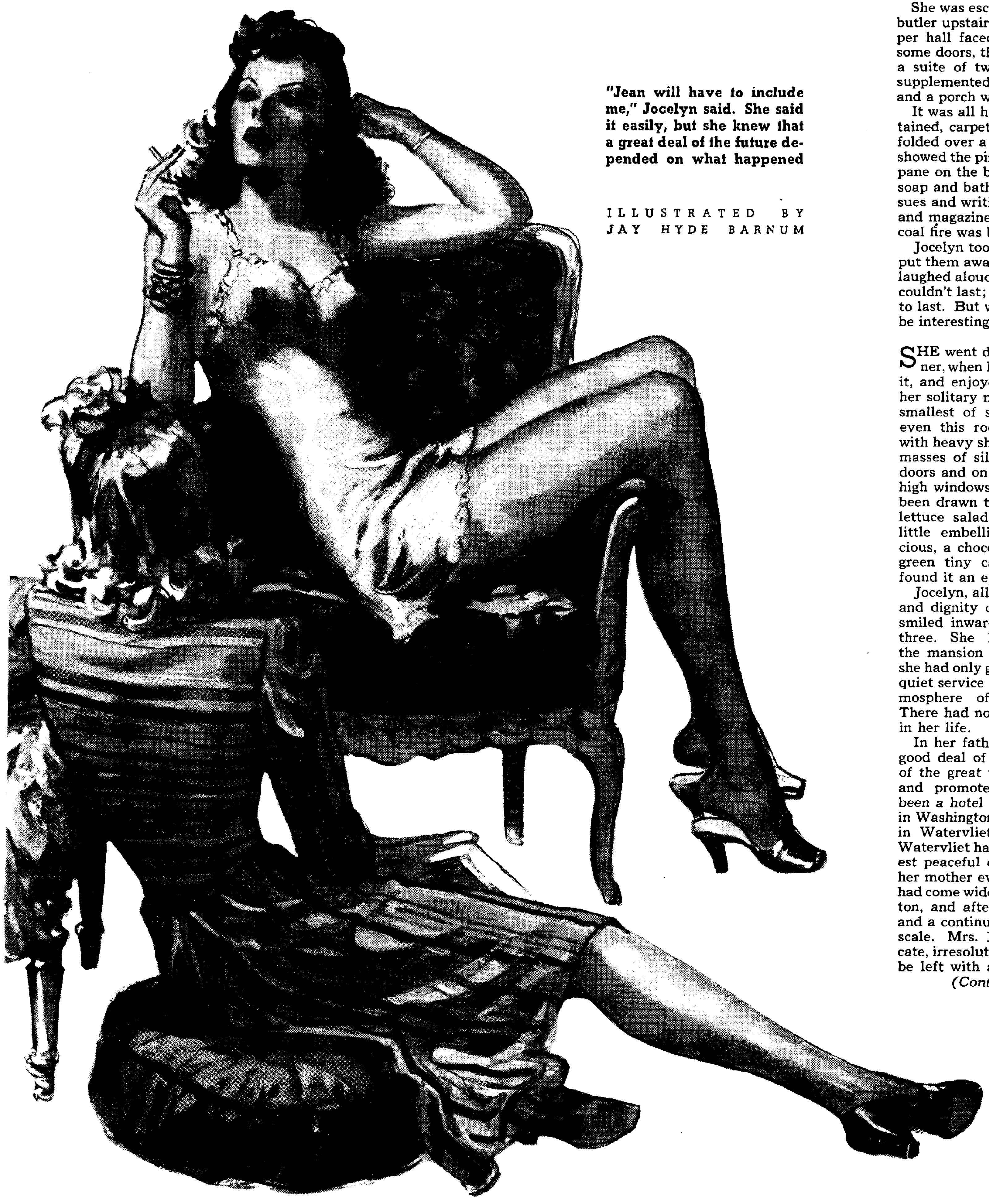
SHE reached the Fordyce mansion a few days after Christmas; Philip had told her that she would be the first member of the newly assembled family to get there, for his mother would not arrive for several days; he himself would be in New York, and Norma would probably not return until he did. Jocelyn was well pleased with the arrangement; she would have a chance to get settled, to get just a little used to her surroundings.

The house was enormous, old-fashioned, delightfully warm, comfortable. Jocelyn, upon her arrival, could only guess at the uses of the big rooms behind closed doors on the first floor. The place was ramified into a dozen annexes and bays. Every few years in the past seventy someone had seen fit to add a billiard room or music room or cut through walls to enlarge and supplement parlors and dens and libraries.

She was escorted by a silent, courteous butler upstairs, across a wide, large upper hall faced with many dark, handsome doors, through a passage, and into a suite of two rooms—both hers, and supplemented by a bath, a dressing room and a porch with fluted railings.

It was all handsomely furnished, curtained, carpeted, with a fat satin cover folded over a lace cover that in its turn showed the pink color of a satin counterpane on the bed. There were perfumed soap and bath salts and cold-cream tissues and writing paper, stamps and pen and magazines. In the grate a cheerful coal fire was burning.

Jocelyn took off her hat and coat and put them away, sat down to her tea, and laughed aloud in sheer excitement. This couldn't last; it was much too much fun to last. But while it did it was going to be interesting.



"Jean will have to include me," Jocelyn said. She said it easily, but she knew that a great deal of the future depended on what happened

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

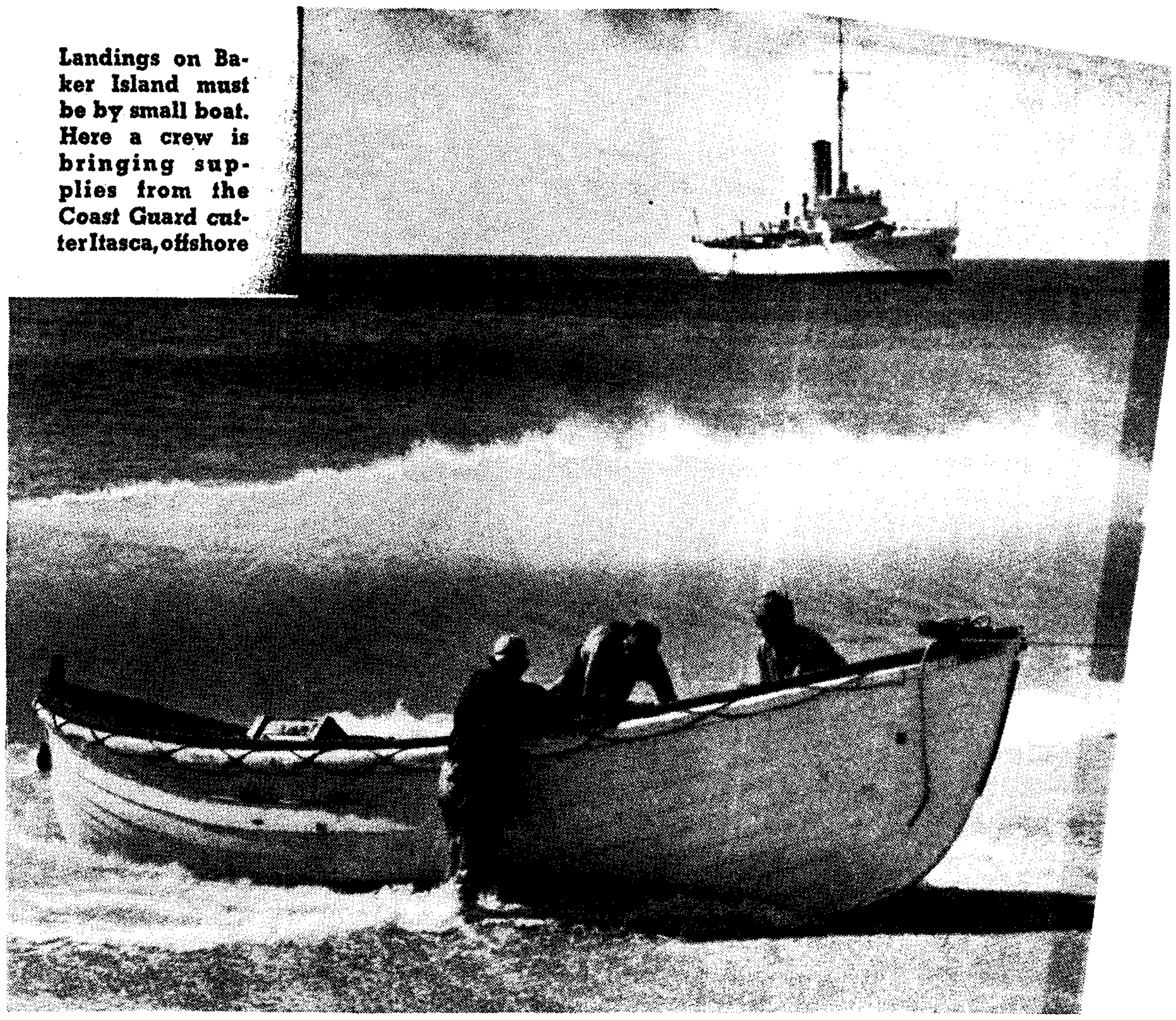
SHE went downstairs at seven to dinner, when Lena appeared to announce it, and enjoyed an evening paper with her solitary meal. It was served in the smallest of several dining rooms, but even this room was darkly furnished with heavy shining pieces of mahogany; masses of silver glittered behind glass doors and on the sideboard; at the two high windows heavy thick curtains had been drawn together. Soup, a squab, a lettuce salad with various mysterious little embellishments making it delicious, a chocolate éclair with pink and green tiny candies strewn on it; she found it an epicurean meal.

Jocelyn, all alone in the elegant space and dignity of the old Fordyce house, smiled inwardly as she contrasted the three. She loved it already; loved the mansion itself, the stately gardens she had only glimpsed on her arrival, the quiet service in the quiet rooms, the atmosphere of stability and security. There had not been too much of either in her life.

In her father's day there had been a good deal of moving about. The time of the great war had seen him shifted and promoted constantly; there had been a hotel in Augusta; another hotel in Washington; there had been quarters in Watervliet. Four postwar years in Watervliet had provided about the longest peaceful domestic interval she and her mother ever had known; then there had come widowhood for Catherine Britton, and after that continual changing and a continual descent of the financial scale. Mrs. Britton had been a delicate, irresolute, apprehensive woman; to be left with a spirited twelve-year-old

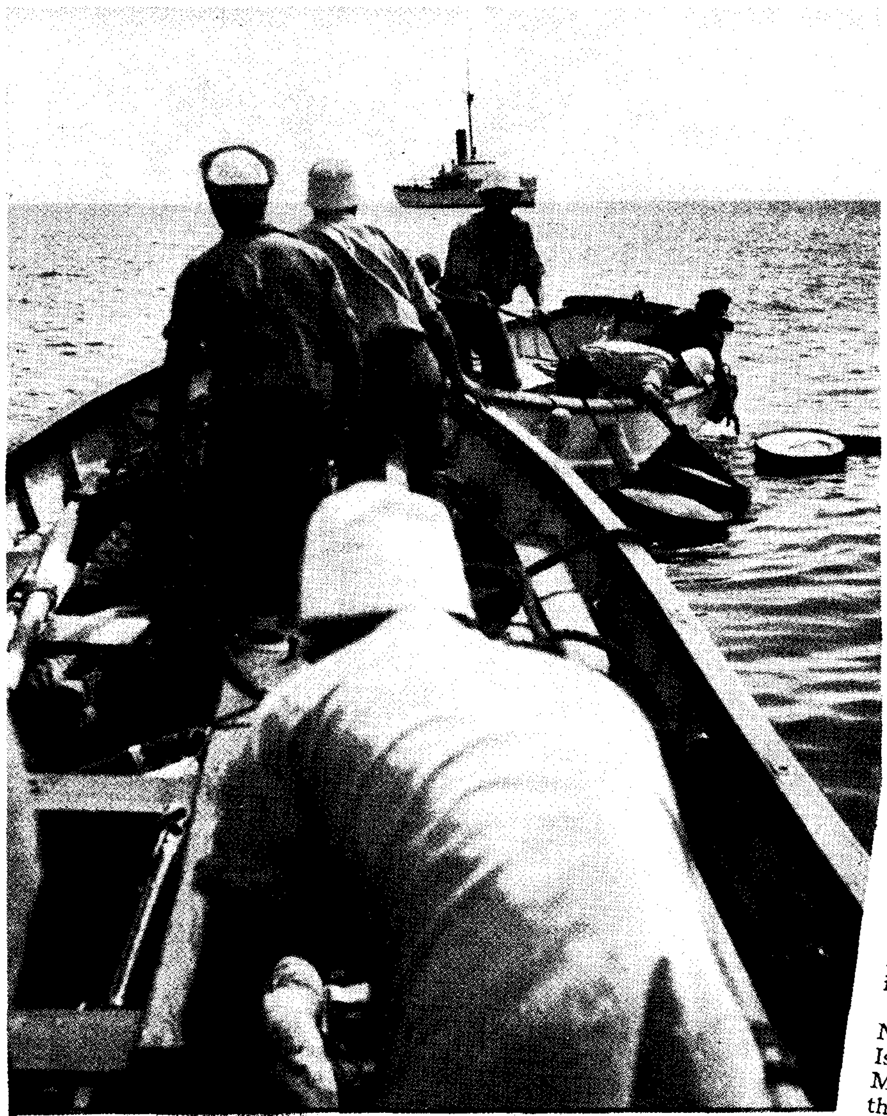
(Continued on page 64)

Hawaiian boys from Kamehameha school are logical candidates for the job of colonizing our newly acquired Pacific islands



Landings on Baker Island must be by small boat. Here a crew is bringing supplies from the Coast Guard cutter Itasca, offshore

PAN PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU



Drinking water is seldom available on the tiny and barren islands. Here a crew floats a supply ashore in partially filled drums

Finders Keepers

By Earl Welty

We have grabbed the only strategically valuable bits of land left unoccupied in the Pacific. Hawaiian boys sent by the U. S. hold them while we catch our breath and decide how to use them

IN MARCH, 1935, the U. S. Coast Guard Itasca slipped out of Honolulu under sealed orders. She carried Army officers and a representative of the aeronautics bureau, Department of Commerce. Also aboard, but kept below decks until the vessel was miles at sea, were six Hawaiian schoolboys, and in the ship's strongbox three lead plaques.

Weeks later the cutter returned to Honolulu. The schoolboys and the lead plaques were missing.

Paired off, the boys had been left behind on Jarvis, Baker and Howland islands, three tiny bits of coral rising a few feet above the sea along the equator 1,300 miles or so southwest of Hawaii. Also left were the lead markers, stating, in the case of Howland:

"Howland Island, Latitude 0°49′ North, Longitude 176°43′ West. This Island is Colonized This 30th Day of March, 1935, by American Citizens in the Name of the United States. No Trespassing Allowed."

In this quiet manner the United States began a twentieth-century colonization program destined to be pushed until we ultimately gained enough strategically situated islands to give us control of commercial aviation over the Pacific.

Now the news searchlight is catching up. Pan American Airways is building a base on Canton for its Australia service. The Navy has disclosed new and startling plans for South Pacific bases to protect the Panama Canal. The federal government is expanding weather service and other navigational aids on the "Line Islands," as these dots along the equator are sometimes called, and the naval survey ship Bushnell is on a six-months cruise in the area.

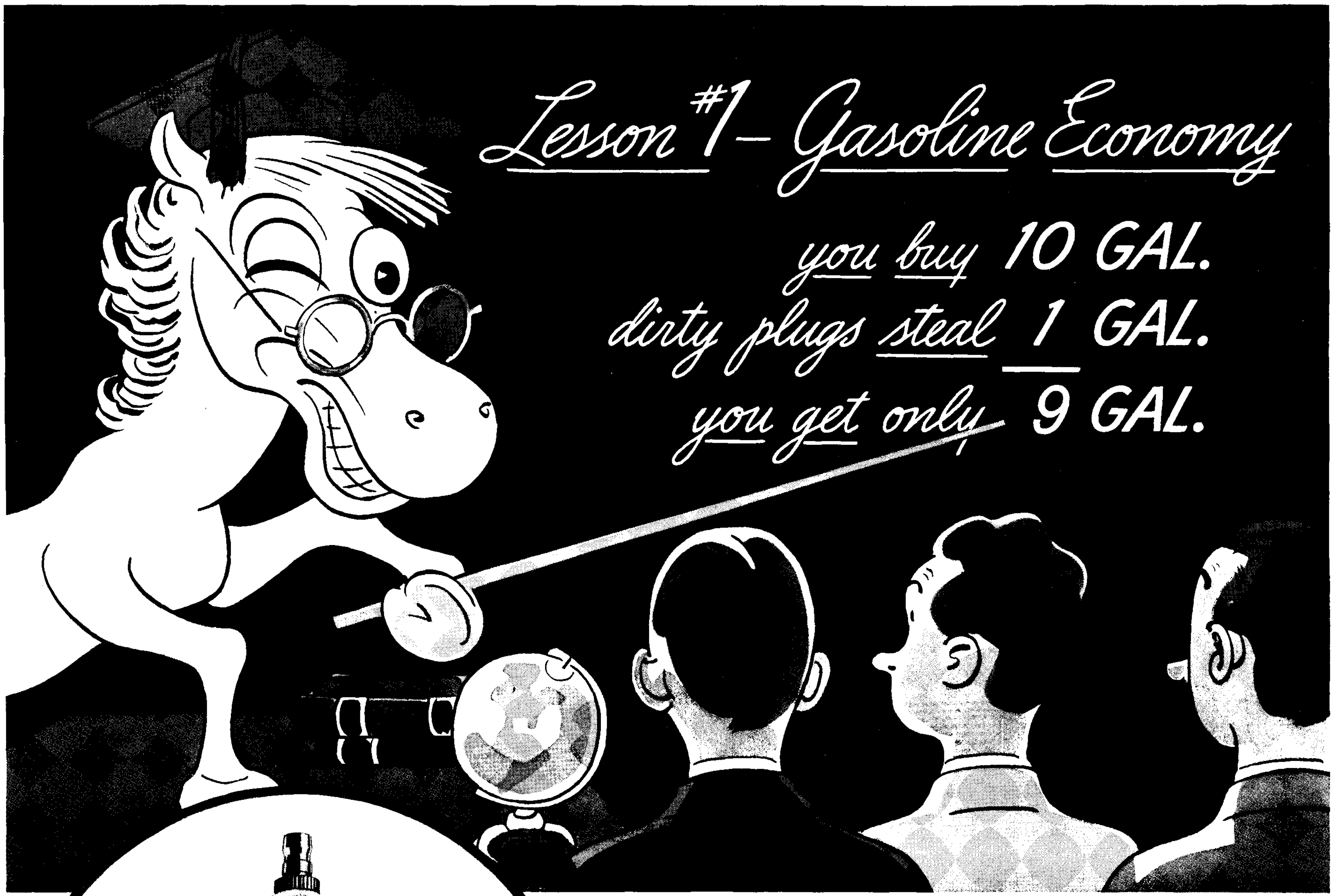
But it was all started by that unrivaled adventure of schoolboys, an epic that, apart from a scattering of governmental officials, had been seen by few.

"I've just read about the United States sending colonists to some tropical islands in the South Seas. I'm a husky eighteen-year-old American boy. I have always wanted to travel, and I sure do want to live on one of those islands with waving palms. It must be paradise. I haven't said anything to my folks yet, but I will the minute you tell me to come. Please send for me right away."

Hundreds of letters like that are being received by government officials in Honolulu; not only from Hawaii, but from all over the United States.

"Waving palms!" one of the boys on the islands said to me. "Paradise? Paradise with rats! Blazing sun and no shade. Drinking water rationed. Marooned for months on a flat piece of coral that you can walk around in an hour.

(Continued on page 56)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you buy 10 GAL.
dirty plugs steal 1 GAL.
you get only 9 GAL.

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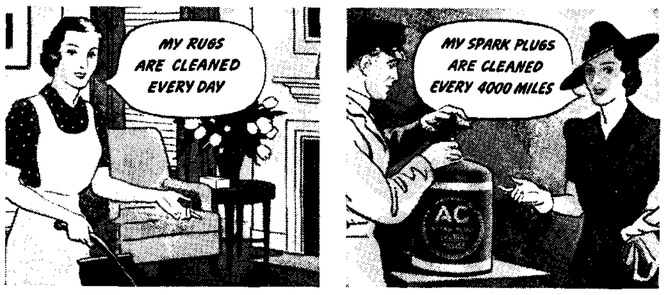
Consider these facts, too. Engines are driven faster than they were five years ago. Compressions and temperatures are higher. To meet these new circumstances, refiners have raised octane ratings of gasolines. Because of all these things, spark plugs get much harder use and accumulate oxide coating faster. The need for frequent cleaning, and for equally important regapping, is much greater, and recurs more often.

More than 70,000 Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations now render a modern, low-cost service for spark plugs to meet these conditions. They give you thorough plug cleaning and accurate gap adjustment — for only 5c a plug.

Worn plugs should be replaced for best engine performance.

SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO


MY RUGS ARE CLEANED EVERY DAY
MY SPARK PLUGS ARE CLEANED EVERY 4000 MILES
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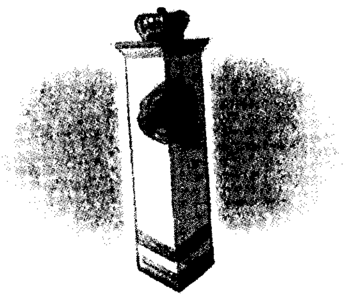
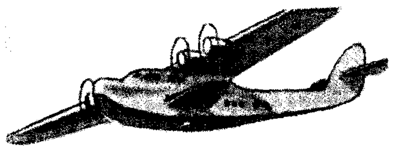
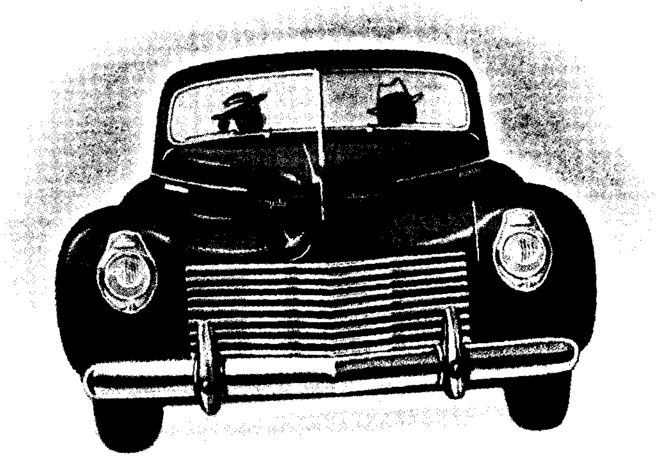


It's Racy! It's THE BEAUTIFUL





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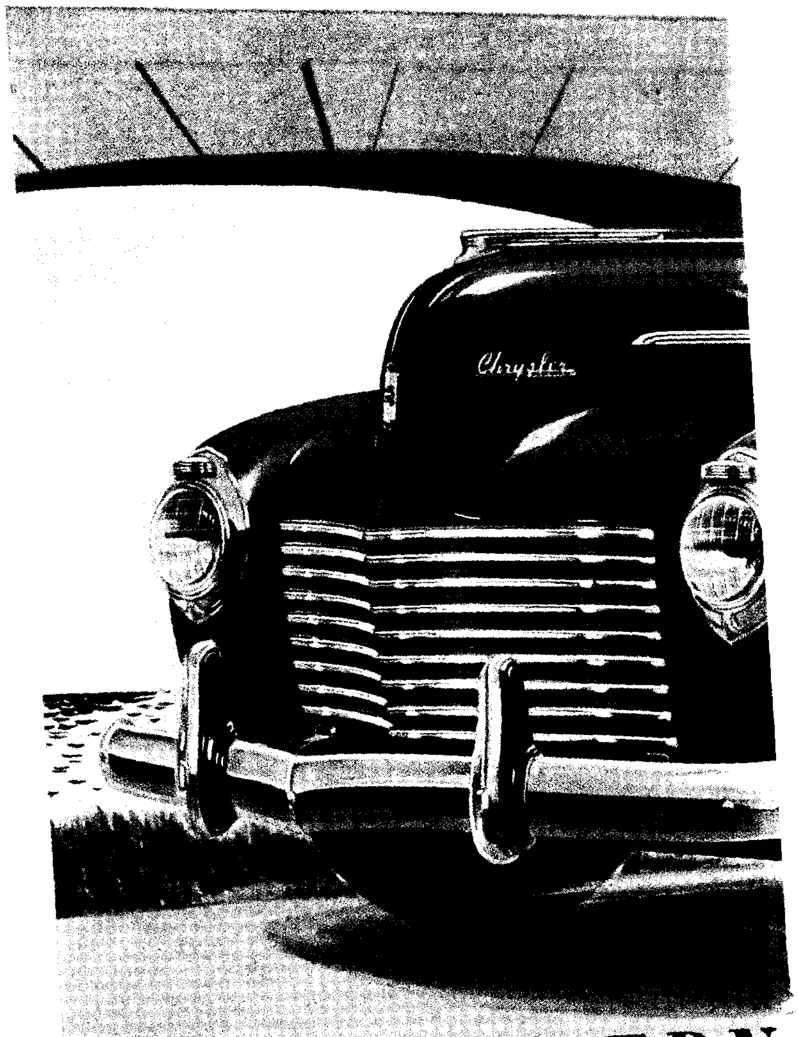
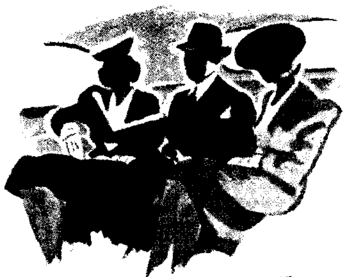


BE MODERN



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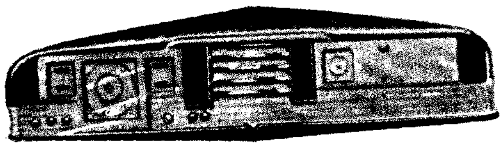
A BEAUTY FOR ROOM! Big, deep, comfortable seats . . . inches wider, and marvels of softness new to motoring . . . 3 inches more leg room, top-hat head room . . . room to move around. Big, wide doors like house doors . . . no cutaway at the door-bottom to soil a party frock! Bigness where bigness counts!



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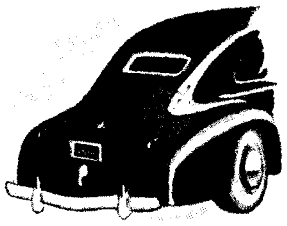

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A BEAUTY IN EVERY LINE! For the first time, a car that's a complete modern unit of design! No hangovers from yesterday in its long, low lines . . . sweeping curves . . . graceful front end . . . new beautiful rear with smart, curved non-glare window . . . trunk lines of low-swung grace. Longer wheelbase . . . even lower center of gravity!

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Roomy! It's Better!

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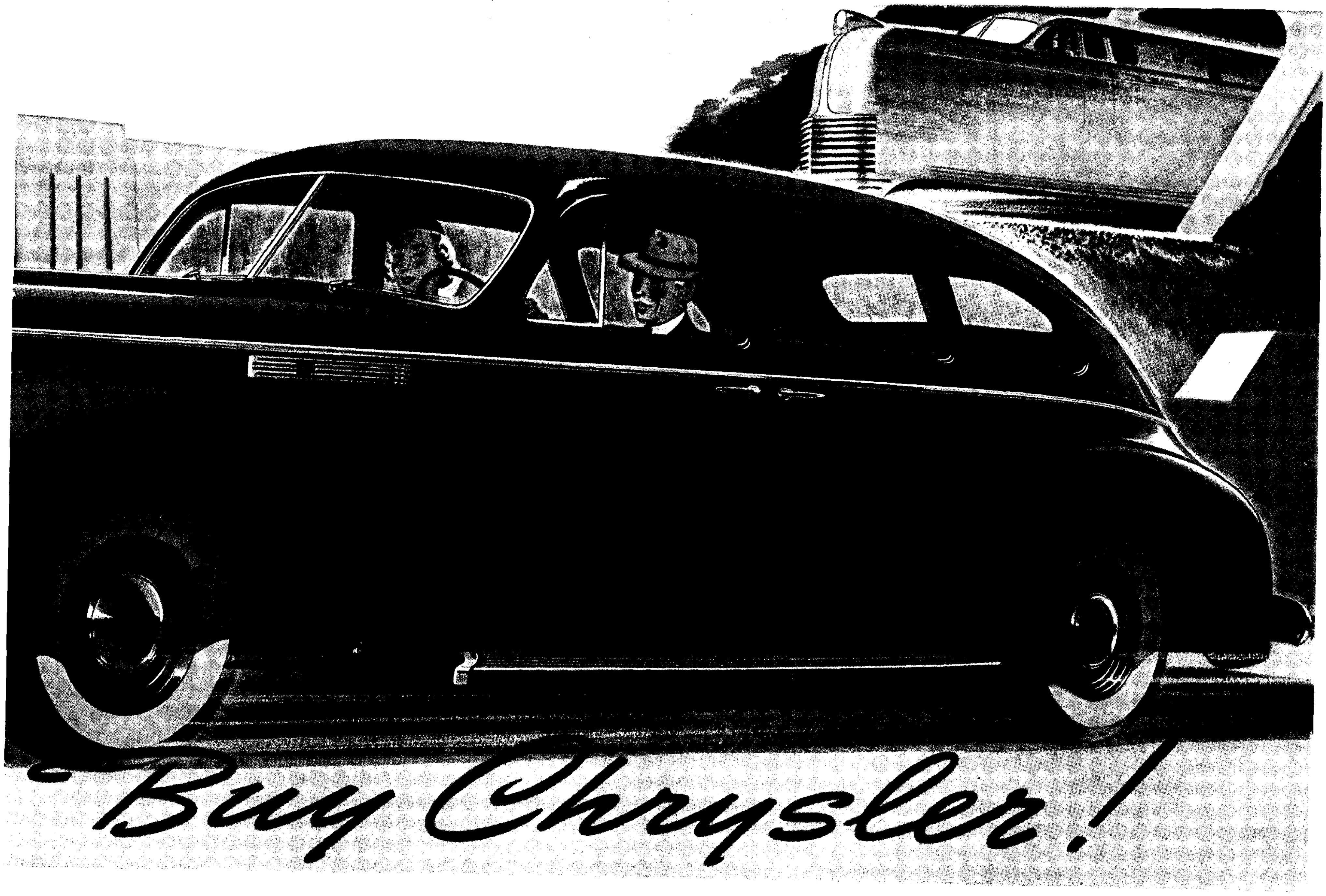
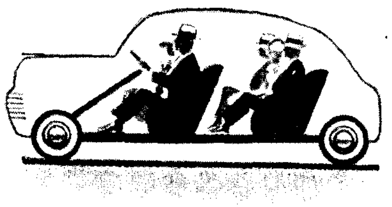

Buy Chrysler!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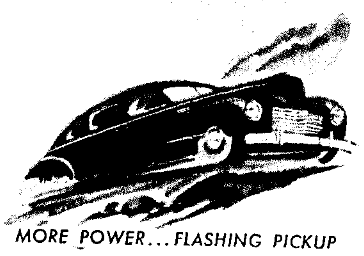
. . . away from the bouncing rear axle. Chrysler's modern scientific balancing and springing and extra-strong, shockproof X-braced frame give amazing new comfort.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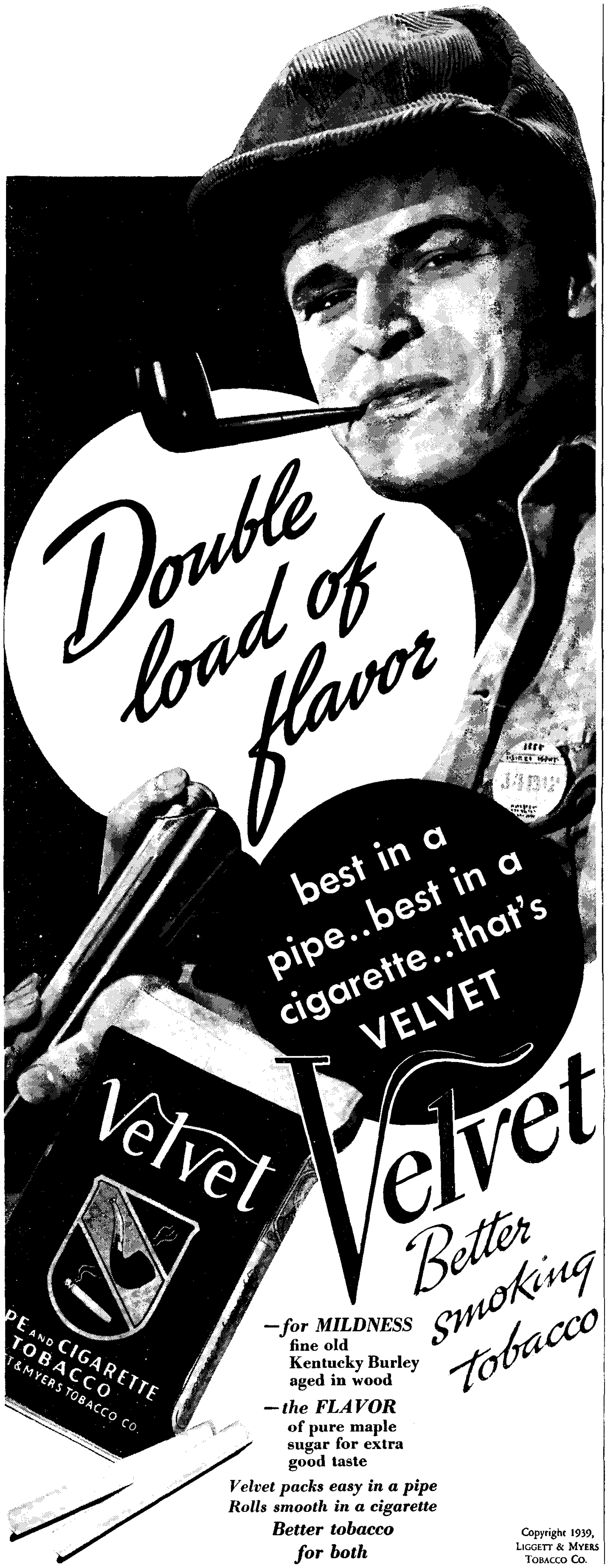
A BEAUTY FOR PERFORMANCE! For 1940, new *Speedking* engines . . . 108 and 135 valve-hushed horsepower . . . smoother, more economical, with famous Floating Power and Superfinished bearing surfaces, smooth to as little as a millionth of an inch! Flashing pickup . . . tireless touring speeds . . . worlds of reserve power! Chrysler's famous *All-Steel* bodies and hydraulic brakes . . . and on some models Chrysler's newest miracle, Fluid Drive. The beautiful Chrysler is 1940's greatest value!


Double load of flavor
best in a pipe..best in a cigarette..that's VELVET
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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Velvet
Better smoking tobacco
—for MILDNESS fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Coronado Fever

Continued from page 10

Phyllis sighed again, looking gloomy.

"Yes. He says it's his duty to make love to her. . . . I'm afraid he likes it."

My analysis of the situation called for but one conclusion.

"You must forget the guy, kid," I said.

"No."

"Hunh?"

"I'll just go on loving him—forever."

"A guy like that? Who lets his skipper use him as Little Dog Tray? Who blarneys a rich girl for political influence? Who has the sheer gall to tell you what he's up to and then—"

Phyllis stopped me, gently and humbly. Lieutenant Sloane, she said, lived in a different world from the sordid reaches of journalism in San Diego. His life was consecrated to the job of helping Captain Griffith of the Boyne. He worked night and day in unknown dangers; he starved himself and devoted all but pocket money from his pay to make up deficits in the Navy Department's niggardly allotment for the experimental work. Griffith and Moran and Smith and even the two ensigns, Joe and Tommy, did the same. It had cost Griffith his health, and Moran his wife; and Stokie Smith had given up chances for a command. What was the sacrifice of love and marriage to Jerry Sloane?

"I honor and respect him for it," said young Phyllis. "He is serving an ideal."

I HAD no opportunity to make a reply to this statement. An ancient motorcycle and sidecar screeched up to the curb. The motorcycle was ridden by an enlisted man and Lieut. Jerry Sloane was in the sidecar. He was holding some electrical contraption on his lap. Handing this to the sailor, he jumped out and hurried over to us.

"Thought you'd be at the library," he said somewhat severely.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Phyllis said, "I'd not have left if I had dreamed you'd—"

Lieut. Sloane dug into the pocket of his bedraggled flannel slacks and brought out a small ivory amulet.

"Here's that gadget I picked up in Surabaya—you know—that I was telling you about."

"Oh . . . yes!"

"It's yours, lady."

"Oh, Jerry . . . is it? For keeps?"

"Sure . . . unless I have to pawn it sometime."

Phyllis then remembered that I had not been introduced. She said: "Jerry, this is Ralph Stelling—the old friend I've talked so much about." Lieut. Sloane shook hands with careful cordiality, said, "How are you, sir?" then forgot me. He turned to Phyllis, saying: "Got to run. Due back at the ship. Be seeing you." And off he dashed in the sidecar.

"How dear of him!" said Phyllis, holding the ivory gadget in cupped hands. "It's his lucky piece. He got four E guns at short-range battle with it!"

A fat lot of good it did, talking to her.

"And just think," I said, with some bitterness, "it came all the way from Surabaya, Java!"

"It came from *him*," Phyllis said.

So I tottered home to the old woman and reported that there was no hope for our ward.

But sweet and gentle resignation was not being taught when my Betty went to school.

"Phyllis knows about Margie Ostrander," she said, "but does Miss Ostrander know about Phyllis?"

"We didn't go into that," I said.

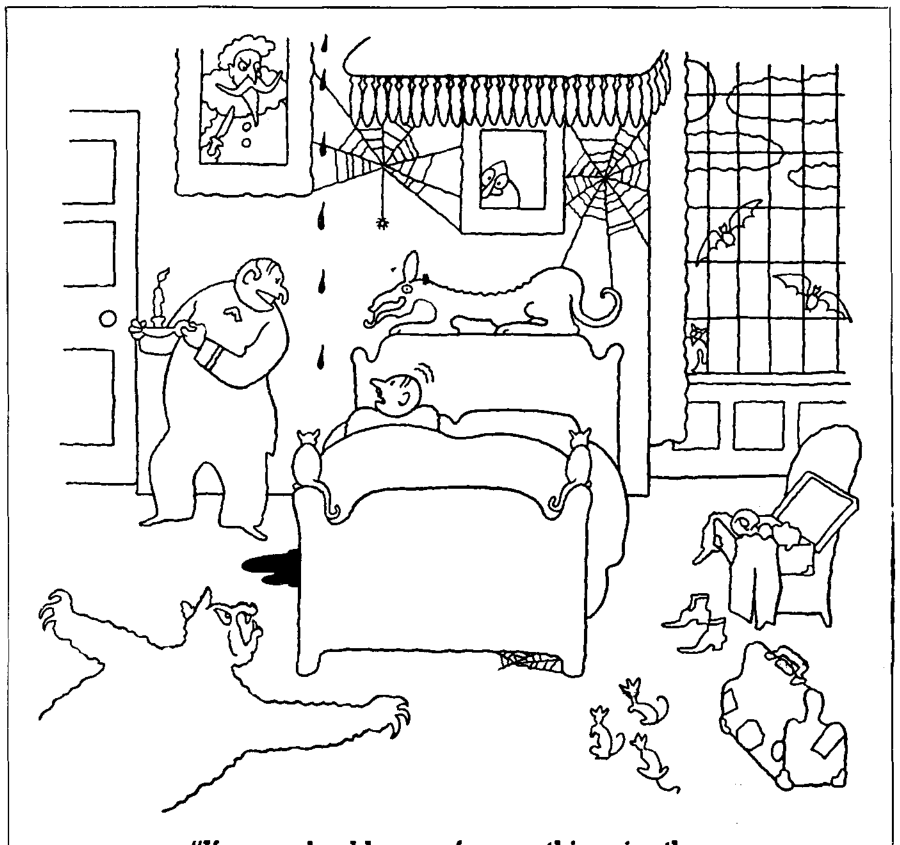
"Miss Ostrander is going to find out, Fatso! If she has pull enough to get Daddy to wangle appropriations, she could get a certain dashing young Navy officer transferred! Do you follow me?"

I shook my head.

"You can't save a gal from a broken heart when she wants it broken," I said. "Hand me the carbolic soap, mate. I would wash my hands. They reek of lavender and old lace."

"Don't be quite so cynical, dear," Betty said; "it dates you."

I had no time to join in the rescue of young Phyllis. That next morning, our



"If you should care for anything in the night, sir, just emit a bloodcurdling scream" city editor discovered another spy plot at Ensenada, Old Mex. This time it was secret moorings for amphibian bombers in the harbor.

When I returned from Ensenada, without a story and feeling a mite irritable, Betty met me at the front door. She, it seems, had a story:

"I made contact with Miss Ostrander through Mrs. Patten at the Coronado Hotel, and we had luncheon together yesterday. Margie did *not* know about Phyllis. She is utterly infatuated with Jerry Sloane, and is far from being the spiritual type, my dear. She has exactly the same opinion of that Boyne gang as we have—"

"Yes, but—"

"She thinks Griffith and the others are having a terrible influence on Jerry. She wants Jerry to marry her and be a naval attaché at some good embassy. And when I sort of inkled that it was too bad Jerry couldn't be transferred from the Boyne, I could see the think-think going on—"

"That's pretty dangerous—"

"Oh, they'd never trace any of it to us, Fatso! They'll blame Margie!"

"*Us?* You didn't—"

"I only used your name as authority for some of the stories about the Boyne, dear."

I WAS still groaning and moaning when, two days later, Phyllis marched in on us at dinnertime.

"Jerry is going to be transferred to Honolulu," she announced.

Betty never batted an eyelash.

"Oh, that's too bad," she said.

"It's heartbreaking," Phyllis said, "His whole life is wrapped up in the Boyne and Captain Griffith. None of them can understand how it could have happened."

"You'll miss Jerry, won't you?" Betty said.

"No, because I'm going to Honolulu!"

"Hunh?"

"I've saved enough to pay my fare, and I'm sure I can find work over there. Jerry is so bitter over this transfer that I don't think he could stick it without me." Then, very simply: "That's what Navy women are for, I think."

But the worst was to come. When I got to the office next morning there was a note for me:

> U. S. S. Boyne
>
> My dear Mr. Stelling:
>
> Would you be so good as to have luncheon with me at the Coronado Hotel today? The matter is of utmost importance.
>
> Very truly,
> STANLEY GRIFFITH
> Lieut. Commander

A newspaperman's curiosity overpowered my reluctance to tangle with Griffith. The man had fascinated me from the first and while I must have had a presentiment of trouble I walked right into the fireworks.

Griffith and Jerry Sloane were waiting in the lobby. Both were grim-faced and curt. "Glad you could be with us, Mr. Stelling," Griffith said, and led the way to a corner table in the big dining room. As soon as we were seated, Jerry told the waitress: "Cap'n Griffith will have two three-minute eggs and a pot of hot milk."

Griffith, ignoring his surroundings, gave me a steady scrutiny for a moment.

"I'm informed that you know why Mr. Sloane was transferred from my command," he said.

"That I *know?*" I parried carefully.

"Yes."

"Now who has been giving me credit for running the Navy Department?" I said.

Neither Griffith nor Sloane smiled.

"This is a serious matter, Stelling," Griffith snapped, "I need Mr. Sloane. I must take steps at once to block his transfer. Any information you have will be invaluable."

Their attitude nettled me.

"I had nothing to do with it," I said.

"But your wife did!" young Jerry exploded. "She objected to my friendship with Phyllis—"

"Leave the women out of this, Mr. Sloane."

"Sorry, sir!"

"You'd better say that to me," I said.

THIS touched off a nasty row, conducted in nice, quiet voices. Young Jerry knew I was lying to protect Betty; I was furious with him for his stiff-necked insistence on trying to prove it, and just as angry at Griffith for his sardonic stare. It ended by Lieutenant Sloane's offering to fight me anywhere, any time—in the best Annapolis manner—and my very crude reminder that I outweighed him forty pounds and was not all fat, yet. At this point Lieutenant Commander Griffith made things complete by saying: "This is a matter of some importance to our country, Mr. Sloane. I'm afraid Mr. Stelling would not understand that."

So I did something of which I shall always be ashamed.

"Damn you and your professional patriotism," I said. "I love my country as much as you, and probably more. Good day!"

And I stamped out of there, without any lunch. But the expression in Griffith's deep-fired eyes followed me and haunted me.

The destroyer Boyne sailed that night on a solitary and secret mission. Lieutenant Sloane went with her.

Phyllis stopped by the Stellings' adobe hovel to tell us about it:

"I stood on the sea wall as near the channel as I could get to see them go. She's such a beautiful, brave ship and looks so small and fragile at night. It's Jerry's last trip in her—and, oh, I love that ship and every man in her!"

Betty and I looked at each other.

"I do too!" Betty said. "And I'm going to tell you who got Jerry transferred!"

So we of the old, lost generation made atonement for our sins. We confessed the plot against Captain Griffith and the Boyne and love's young dream. And Betty, going the whole hog, lisped with an Emily Brontë sweetness: "Just think, Phyllis—when Jerry finds out what Margie Ostrander tried to do to him he'll never speak to her again!"

But Phyllis was still on a higher plane than that.

"Before I forgive you," said Phyllis, "you must promise me that you'll never tell on her!"

Betty said a 1925 cuss word.

"Why, dear, *why?*"

Phyllis smiled at Betty gently.

"Never mind. Just promise," she said.

THE regeneration of the Stellings—we saw a lot of Phyllis with Jerry away—had reached the point where I was composing a manly and courtly note of apology to Jerry and Griffith. I was doing this in the office about eleven-thirty that morning, when the city editor handed me an official Navy news release. It read:

"The destroyer Boyne collided with the Dutch Line freighter Kermykdoff about sixty miles due west of the San Clemente Islands at an early hour this morning. Neither ship was badly damaged. Lieut. Commander Stanley Griffith, commanding the Boyne, died in his cabin at 6:15 A.M. as the ship was returning to the San Diego base. A naval court of inquiry will meet tomorrow."

"Too bad about Griffith," said the

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS
by PAUL WEBB
WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOT INTO MAW? FUST TIME AH EVER SEE HER RUN FROM A BEAR!
USUALLY THE BEARS RUN FROM MAW!
AH FEEL SO POKEY AH COULDN'T SLAP DOWN A MOSQUITO
IT'S THET OLD DEVIL CONSTIPATION THET'S GOT YOU SLAPPED DOWN. AN' THOSE PILLS YOU TAKE EV'RY DAY DON'T GIT AT THE CAUSE OF IT. AH KNOW WHAT AH'M GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT.!!
WE-UNS IS GOIN' TO TOWN TO FETCH YOU SOME KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT'S A TASTY, CRISPY BREAKFAST CEREAL THET'LL GIVE YOU MORE "BULK" IN YO' DIET. EAT IT EV'RY MAWNIN', DRINK PLENTY O' SPRING WATER, AN' SEE EF YOU DON'T JINE THE "REGULARS."
SOMETIME LATER
YOU SHO'ARE FEELIN' FRISKY SINCE YOU JINED UP WITH THE ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
SHE'S HER OLD SELF AG'IN.
P. WEBB

WHY suffer those dull, lifeless days due to constipation? *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines?* Isn't it better to get at the cause? If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp crunchy cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars"!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

This woman is finding out how to get
DOUBLE
the wear from heel-lifts

IF you wear high-heeled shoes, your shoe repairman has good news for you.

It's about TAWPS (pronounced Tops) — the clever new Goodyear heel-lifts *that last at least twice as long as ordinary leather heels or lifts.*

A tiny insert of tough resilient rubber, *anchored* into the leather of each TAWP, *cushions* your every step and also eliminates the unsightliness of run-over heels. TAWPS help prevent slipping, too.

And not only are they practical, but they have eye-appeal as well. Smartly styled, they appeal to women of exacting taste.

You pay only a few cents per pair more for TAWPS and they last so *much* longer that they're *cheaper* than ordinary leather heel-lifts. Try TAWPS today!

Tawps, Wingfoot—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Say **TAWPS**

WHEN YOU WANT HEEL-LIFTS

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE WALK ON GOODYEAR RUBBER HEELS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

FOR MEN: *Wingfoot Heels* for men's shoes (and for women's walking shoes and children's shoes) are the longest-wearing, handsomest rubber heels your money can buy. They wear *evenly* – help keep feet and shoes straight. Your shoe repairman has them for you.

GOODYEAR CORD SOLE. Ask for it on new work and sport shoes. Doesn't buckle, warp or stretch. Made like the carcass of an auto tire.

city editor, "I always liked the guy. Do you suppose it was suicide?"

"No," I said.

"Looks like a chance for something—mystery ship and all that," the city editor said. "See what you can shake loose."

I reached for my hat, without any enthusiasm. This was going to be a very bad business for the officers of the Boyne. A collision ranks pretty close to No. 1 crime in the Navy's book. I was hoping there had been a fog or that responsibility could be charged against the freighter. Griffith's unexplained death sharpened the tragedy and, although we had parted in anger, I felt both a deep regret and a desire to see his name cleared.

AT THE destroyer base, the press relations officer finally admitted that the Boyne had anchored in the bay and that all the officers had been placed "in hack" until after the official probe. He then gave us another official handout, which read as follows:

"Statements made by officers of the destroyer Boyne entirely exonerated Lieut. Commander Stanley Griffith, deceased, of any responsibility for the collision. The ship's commander had been stricken with an acute abdominal ailment several hours prior to the accident and was relieved of command by Lieut. John Moran, executive officer. Lieut. Gerald Sloane was watch officer on the bridge at the time of the collision."

When I got home, after writing a story heavily emphasizing Griffith's blamelessness, I found Phyllis there. Phyllis got to her feet with a before-the-firing-squad pallor.

"Tell me," she demanded, "will they dismiss Jerry from the Service?"

"Not necessarily," I hedged, "depends on the court's findings. He may only lose a few numbers."

"But they could kick him out?"

"We-ell, yes, they *could*—"

Betty said, quickly: "Phyllis has talked to Jerry. But she won't tell what he said."

"I can't ever tell!" Phyllis said.

It took very moderate journalistic discernment for me to guess that something was wrong. Young Phyllis was excited rather than frightened; her face showed too much pride and naïve exaltation when she said she could never tell. I tried a random shot.

"Of course, Phyllis," I said, "it depends on whether Jerry and Moran and Smith and the others tell the truth about this thing. If they're caught making false reports it's the tin can for all of them."

Phyllis tossed her head.

"Sometimes a life is beautiful—and heroic," she said.

THAT was all I could get out of her. But I had a strong hunch that Lieut. Commander Griffith's shipmates had banded together to save his good name.

"Listen, kid," I said, "Jerry loves the Service. It's his career, his life. I think it would be quixotic foolishness for him to risk all that in an effort to clear Griffith—if that's what he and the others are up to. It's storybook stuff, Phyllis."

Phyllis gave me a look of utter contempt.

"If you knew the truth about Captain Griffith," she said, "you'd never say such a stupid, cruel thing. He lived a life and died a death in a different world from yours."

Then she began to cry and Betty called me a cynical newspaper mug and the telephone rang. I went to the phone.

"Mr. Stelling?"

"Yes."

"This is Margery Ostrander. Your wife knows me—"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I said.

"I'm at the Coronado Hotel. Could you come over here right away? I've got something to tell you about the Boyne case—"

I made it in seventeen minutes. I found Miss Ostrander pacing the floor of her ocean-front de luxe suite. A black-headed hot tamale of a gal all steamed up with indignation.

"They can't put this over on Jerry, Mr. Stelling!" she said. "They aren't going to kick him out of the Navy just to save Stan Griffith's good name. Do you think it's fair for him to take the blame for that collision when he was asleep in his room when it happened?"

"I most certainly do not!" I said. "Who was on the bridge when it happened?"

"Griffith was! He insisted on taking the watch because the others were dead beat after he'd driven them for thirty hours straight, working on that invention, whatever it is. And he collapsed up there just as they were passing that freighter."

"Collapsed?"

"Yes, didn't you know? He had stomach ulcers for two years and had dogged the doctors into passing him just once more. They perforated on him and he had acute septic peritonitis. He keeled over and the two sailors on the bridge with him lost their heads. They thought it was a heart attack and tried to revive him, and in the excitement the steersman let the ship go off her course."

"Griffith was a patriot," I said.

Margie Ostrander nodded, and shrugged.

"I give him credit for that, even if he did tell Jerry terrible things about me. But why should five officers walk the plank just to cover the doctors who passed Griffith for active duty when they should have sent him to the hospital? Is that fair?"

I shook my head.

"It's the Navy, though," I said.

Miss Ostrander stamped on a cigarette butt.

"Well," she said, "that's the story. I got it straight from Tommy Loomis' mother—he's the kid ensign on the Boyne. She's determined it's going to be published. If you're afraid to print it, I'll find someone who will. But for Pete's sake keep my name out of it. Jerry would be off me for life if he found out!"

"Okay. Thanks," I said.

So we broke the story in the first city edition next morning, early enough to keep Jerry Sloane and shipmates from making noble martyrs of themselves by lying like gentlemen to a naval court. "Death of a Hero" was the headline and the paragraph I best enjoyed writing was this:

"Lieut. Commander Griffith lived and died in that world of loyalty and honor and duty that still exists for those who keep the watch. Only his comrades in the long, quiet battle will know the just appraisal of his sacrifice." The copy desk cut it out of later editions for being "editorial," and the city editor said it would make too many pacifists sore.

Young Phyllis wasn't satisfied with the story, either. She came hurrying into the city room red-faced and teary-eyed.

"Jerry thinks I gave you this!" she sobbed, "and he'll never speak to me, again! You've got to tell him who told you!"

I LOOKED at Phyllis sharply and saw that the 1939 fashion in womanly behavior was faltering.

"Margie Ostrander gave me the story," I said. "Surely you wouldn't want me to betray a news source? I couldn't do that, Phyllis."

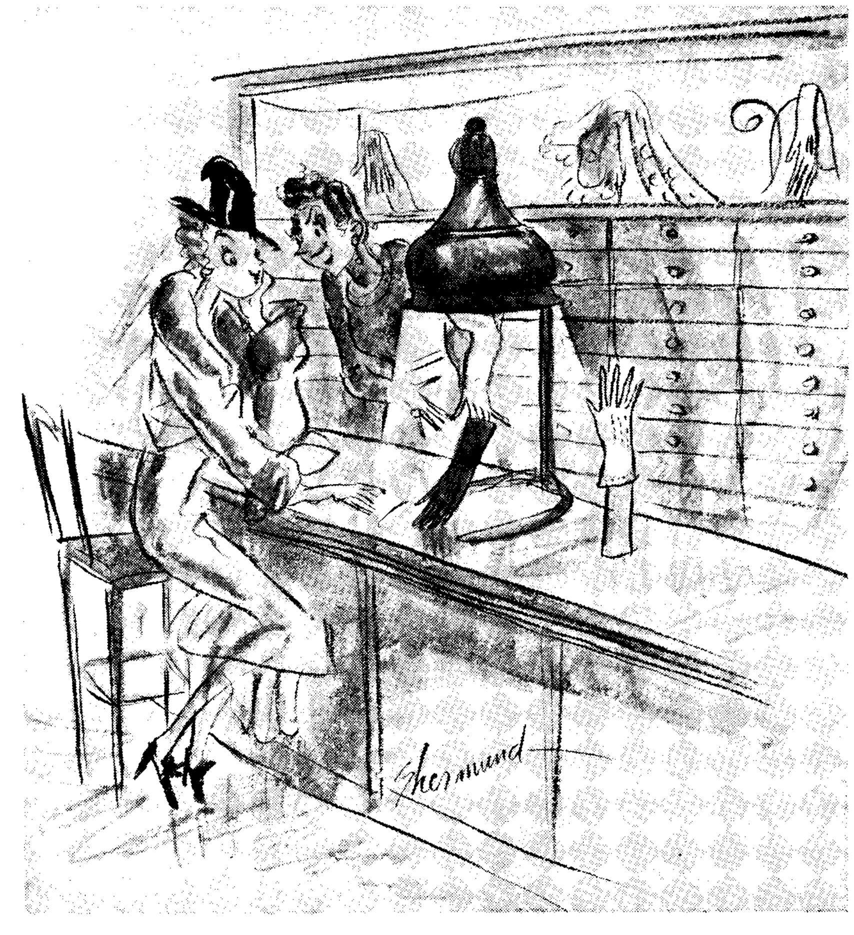
Phyllis' face hardened just like my old Betty's when another gal comes buzzing around.

"Oh, yes you can, Fatso!" she said. "And if you don't tell him, I'll—I'll tell him myself!"

I still say the old irony is good stuff.

"I could never let *you* do that, Precious," I said. "You stay in the Navy, kid. Let old Fatso, the civilian slug, sully *his* ideals."

But did I tell Jerry? Sure, I told Jerry. I love the damn' Navy.



"They're put out by the same people who made Joe DiMaggio's glove"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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Metropolitan, however, is constantly studying ways of improving even further the efficiency with which this business is conducted. Throughout the years, consistent progress has been made in liberalizing the terms of Industrial insurance policies and providing more benefits for less cost.

Moreover, Metropolitan engages in extensive health activities in an effort to help these policyholders to protect their health and lengthen their lives.

Last year alone, Metropolitan paid, or credited as dividends, over $260,000,000 to its Industrial policyholders and their families. Surely such welcome funds, paid in time of need, bear testimony to the fact that millions of people have found a measure of security and peace of mind in Industrial life insurance.

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This is Number 18 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

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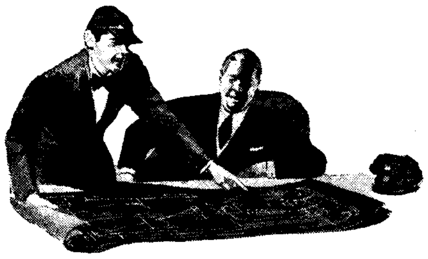

We laid a Flock of
on the li

NO, you couldn't do what we wanted to do, and do it cheap.

You couldn't set out to top the field, focusing on how much you could put *in* rather than take *out*—and with accustomed equipment keep costs down.

You couldn't micro-balance engines, heavy-up frames and running gear, strengthen bodies, enrich upholstery and fittings, improve performance, better the value per inch, per pound and per dollar—and do it with last year's methods.

So we faced it, re-tooled and renewed our vast modern plant all over again—put eight million new dollars on the line; the Buick line for 1940.

What did we get for it? Rather ask, what do *you* get? Listen.

You get a big beautiful brawny car styled to knock your eye out—the fashion pattern for them all next year, just look around and see.

You get a car that positively glitters in its brilliance of action, modern as television in the wondrous way it does the things you want it to do.

You get under that car a marvelously engineered chassis almost indestructible in its steel-thewed strength—articulated fine as the bones in your hand and keeled like a battleship with its torque-tube backbone.

You get for your command that surging, soaring, millrace power of the matchless Dynaflash engine, now electrically balanced *after* assembly to micropoised perfection!

that's something→

You get 72 new features, and more. You get pride, joy, satisfaction and thrill—for here you get Buick at its unbeatable best.

And you get this miracle of animate precision at a price scarcely more per pound than you pay for an ordinary cookstove.

Only car in the world with all these features

"MICROPOISED" DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE
★
OIL-SAVING PISTON RINGS IN ANOLITE PISTONS
★
"CATWALK-COOLING" PLUS ULTRA-RAPID CIRCULATION UNDER PRESSURE
★
BUICOIL SPRINGING FOR THE "FULL FLOAT" RIDE
★
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SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION, RE-COIL WHEEL MOUNTING
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★
EASY ACTION HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION
★
SAFETY-UNIT SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS

IMAGINE!

Not a six-not a small car-but a big, roomy, power-packed EIGHT for

$895 and up

delivered at Flint, Mich.*

**Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

Millions

ne!

BUICK EIGHT
1940

THERE ARE 5 SERIES, 22 MODELS IN THE 1940 BUICK LINE. PICK OUT YOURS AND GO!

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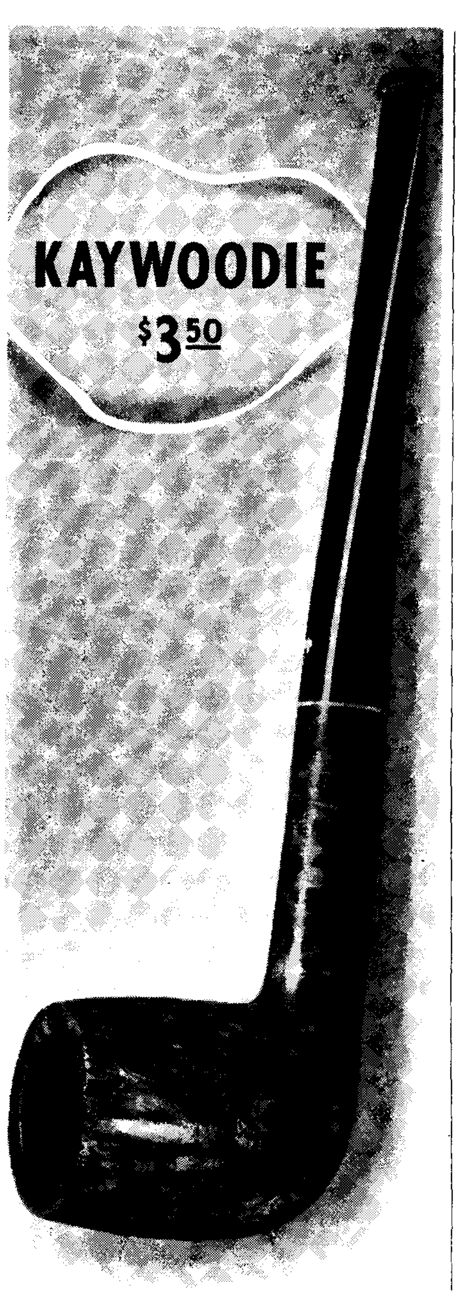
Why stop with looking at the three leading cars in the lowest price class? It doesn't cost you anything to look at Buick too — and mighty little more to buy it! It costs so little, in fact, that last year nearly 20% of our customers stepped from the lowest price class up to Buick! Think that over — and look up the nearest Buick dealer.

In every 1940 Buick you get the skilled engineering and sturdy quality traditional to Buick — enriched by all the extra value which General Motors science and Buick workmanship can provide

"Best bet's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Cooler than your mouth!

Yes, the temperature of the smoke that you so lingeringly and enjoyably draw from your Kaywoodie Pipe is actually *lower* than the *temperature* inside your mouth! No wonder so many men have found that *Kaywoodie* is a pipe they can smoke—one that soothes and pleases the palate, is always satisfying—never strong or irritating. Often, these gentlemen tell us, they have searched for years for real pleasure from a pipe. Kaywoodie for them is an oasis in the desert—so welcome, so refreshingly cool and deeply satisfying that they are devoutly attached to it. Get a Kaywoodie yourself. Even if you have several, it's a pleasure to add a new shape to your cherished collection. Shown above, actual size, No. 29.

This shows the "prime cut" section of a large, mature briar burl—the only part that contains briar of possible Kaywoodie quality.

Other Kaywoodie Pipes
Carburetor Kaywoodie $4, Super Grain $5
Gale Kaywoodie $5, Flame Grain $10
Meerschaum-Briar $12.50
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Among all pipes, Kaywoodie was selected for the Westinghouse Time Capsule at the N. Y. World's Fair.

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Too Much Fun

Continued from page 15

killings and has maintained no triggermen. He is a businessman. He lives in respectability. But for years he has been found turning up mysteriously on the edges and in the very heart of gang affairs.

But apparently Skidmore was never a Capone ally. In fact he was classed as friendly with forces unfriendly to Capone—with Hymie Weiss, for instance, of the old Moran crowd. There came a time when the gang killings in Chicago became so numerous that even the mob leaders were shocked. When Maxie Eisen, the fish-peddler czar, suggested to Capone and Weiss and Moran and others that it was time for a disarmament conference, the few leaders sat down for preliminary discussions with Billy Skidmore among them. This was followed by a historic banquet in the Sherman Hotel, where all the gang leaders broke bread, guzzled champagne, shot champagne corks at one another and carved up Chicago among themselves like juicy birds.

Uncle Sam is Curious, Too

Billy Skidmore was there. Al dominated the feast. He took the breast and legs of the bird for himself and divided the wings and tailpiece up among the other guests. Billy Skidmore was relegated in his gambling activities to the 42d and 43d wards with Madison Street as the deadline.

With the passing of Capone, Skidmore rose to great power. He does not lead any of the gangs. They have to do business with him. His unique position is that he is the boss of the "fix"—he is the collector and arbitrator and liaison man between organized vice and the political machine. Tom Courtney, state's attorney, has denounced him as the overlord of Chicago gambling. But he maintains his pretense of being the humble junkman of Kedzie Road.

Recently, however, his equanimity was jolted severely by two incidents. One day the postman delivered a large package to the junk yard. "Pineapples," thought Mr. Skidmore. He refused it. At the post office the package was opened. It contained $23,000 in cash and bonds identified as the loot from a Minneapolis holdup a few days before. What were the holdup men doing mailing this stuff to Skidmore? Apparently this obvious question did not trouble the police very much.

More serious, however, is the curiosity of the United States government. Nearly a year ago the Treasury Department slapped a jeopardy warrant against Mr. Skidmore's worldly goods, claiming he owed Uncle Sam $220,007 in income taxes. The matter was handed to the Attorney General's office. And as I write, the Grand Jury in Chicago is raking through Mr. Skidmore's affairs. And that is sufficiently alarming to many of the Capone gangsters to have induced them for the moment to scuttle to cover.

While Skidmore operates the "fix," the old Capone gang operates the army and the navy, the treasury, the interior department of vice. Individual members of the gang own and run their own special kinds of joints. But the NRA of vice, the overlordship of gambling, policy, slot machines and girls is the province of the gang. You cannot run a dive of any sort without the permission of the Capones. And for that permission you must pay and pay well. That's where the present-day gang fortunes come from.

Ralph Capone is frequently spoken of as the big boss today. But he does not seem to have the stature. He is the oldest of the five Capone brothers and is at present to be found at the Waukesha Water Company, for which he insists he works for $50 a week. But he also insists he has a string of bangtails.

Ralph served a term of two years and four months in McNeil Island Prison in the state of Washington, emerging in 1934 just about the time the government was preparing to send Al to the Rock. But Ralph had not been in Chicago long before he was accused of trying a little of the old-fashioned prohibition technique on the sale of legal beer. But Ralph insists he was never interested in booze. "Gambling was my line," he persists.

When Al Capone went to jail it was generally understood in Chicago that Frank Nitti, known as "The Enforcer," had assumed the headship of gang affairs. But apparently Nitti does not relish the job. Nitti was the rough-business man of the Capone syndicate. He gave the word for liquidating rivals. And he has the distinction of being the first of the gangsters to go to jail for not paying his income tax—a trifling sum of $275,000.

But the jailhouse finally yielded him back to Chicago before his great chief sank into its bosom and he alone, apparently, had the stamina and brains to take over. He has had his taste of lead, he has money, runs a horse parlor or two, lives in a handsome apartment and spends his winters in Miami. But apparently he preferred to have someone else out in front. And so he is credited with having groomed a hitherto comparatively unknown figure for the shining eminence of chief. This man is Paul Ricca—as mysterious in his way as Billy Skidmore. He was for fourteen years connected one way or another with the Capone gang. But his name did not appear in the papers, he was involved in no shootings, he was never arrested and he has no criminal record.

Perilous Prestige

He is about forty-two years old, lives in a pretentious apartment and operates a laundry. More important, he is or was the head of the Italian-American Society, successor to the old Unione Siciliana. Presidency of this organization automatically gave a man premiership in the days of prohibition, but it was a post of great peril. The Unione comprised a membership of 15,000 Sicilians, many of whom were alky cookers. But for years the men who headed that organization went to their graves at the hands of rival gangsters. Five presidents in a row were bumped off.

Since kitchen-stove alcohol is no longer a commercial product the Unione is no longer important save for its political value and the prestige it carries. Its name has been changed and Ricca is its head.

Almost equal in rank and importance in the old Capone organization and in the present setup is Jack Gusik. Today Gusik runs a number of horse parlors, particularly those in the Loop district. Gusik was the organization brains of the Capone mob. Capone maintained his headquarters at the Metropole Hotel, but down the street at 2146 South Michigan he maintained secretly a large residence which was the place of professional activity of Dr. Brown. Dr. Brown was Al Capone. Gusik handled all the intricate details of booze distribution, gave all business orders and collected all money. He was essentially a businessman. He never

EX-LAX MOVIES
"The girl who punished herself"
LATER

BETTY: I don't know which is worse . constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?

BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for *me* . . . a little chocolated tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in *our* family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

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carried a pistol, he spoke softly, was the only gangster who ever paid an income tax. So that when Uncle Sam, ungrateful for his contributions, put him in Leavenworth for not paying enough, he was peculiarly hurt. He had two brothers, Sam and Harry, both of whom survive in the flesh and bless Chicago with their talents. Sam served a year in prison for not paying $380,000 income tax on his profits in slot machines, despite Sam's pitiful insistence that he had had no profits since the brokers in La Salle Street took it away from him as fast as he took it from the pikers who play slot machines.

Brother Harry was a white slaver who with his wife was sentenced to jail for exploiting a young white girl, but the great and good Governor Len Small pardoned him before he had served a day in jail. Jack Gusik, in addition to his management of Capone's liquor interests, operated the Sunway and the Shop cafés in Cicero, had an interest in Al's Hawthorne Kennel Club—the dog track—and had his cut in a number of gambling joints in Cicero and Chicago. He had an income of from $25,000 to $50,000 a month. And he is supposed to have a large part of it still intact. Today, in the Capone-Ricca organization, Gusik lavishes his business genius on the management of the Syndicate's gambling operations, just as Mr. Rocco di Grazzia, another Capone henchman, supervises the dives in Cook County outside of Chicago.

The Persuasion Department

Every well-regulated gang household must have its compliance department. At present the persuaders-in-chief are a rare pair of seductive gentlemen named Louis Campagna, affectionately known as Little New York, and Lawrence Mangano, better known as Dago Lawrence. Both are honored veterans of the Capone Grand Army and Mr. Dago Lawrence Mangano achieved that coveted decoration—the iron cross of gangdom—by being officially designated by the Crime Commission as Public Enemy Number Eight.

Today Campagna is law-enforcement officer of the Syndicate. He polices the horse parlors and compels them to pay to the Syndicate the tax levied against each joint.

There are others of the old guard around and doing business in one way or another. Phil D'Andrea, one of Capone's chief bodyguards, is still about, performing some functions for the Syndicate. He was the gentleman who sat beside Al at the trial which put him in Alcatraz—sat and glowered at the witnesses. They had been previously rehearsed and fixed at Capone G.H.Q. and D'Andrea bored them with his eyes, defying them to weaken. Judge Wilkerson noticed this, had D'Andrea searched, found him armed, denounced him and sent him away to jail for six months. But he is around now plying his old profession of strong-arm man for his pals.

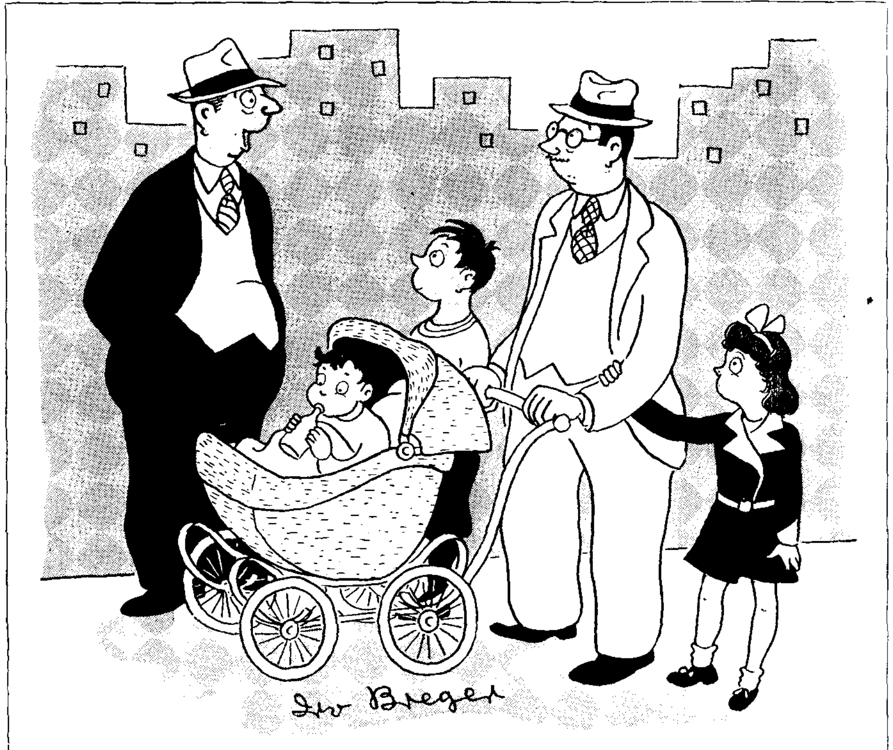
There is perhaps one other of the famous Capone bodyguard unburied. He is Danny Stanton. Mr. Stanton has turned his attention to the great cause of union labor. The state's attorney's office says that he is connected with four unions over which he exercises a benign sway.

Strangest of all these veterans of the Capone legion is Tony Mops Volpe. Volpe is known as the man without a country. He was deported from America. But Signor Mussolini, his fellow countryman, refused to allow him to enter Italy. He tried the Argentine, only to find the door closed there. Indeed, he faced a world of closed doors.

Finally, he was readmitted to America under bond and finds a temporary haven in Chicago until some corner of the earth can be found for this world expatriate.

Of course all the gangsters still extant in Chicago are not old Capone men. There are others knocking around enjoying all varieties of fortune. But one thing about them excites the repetition of the comment that generals die in bed. The Chicago Crime Commission in 1930 published a list of public enemies with Al Capone heading it as Public Enemy Number One and James (Fur) Sammons as Public Enemy Number Twenty-eight. In the long orgy of killings and murders of the prohibition-booze period some 583 gangsters were bumped off. But it is a singular thing that among these twenty-eight deemed worthy to be listed as the most dangerous—all leaders—twenty-one of them are still living.

Among the more interesting are two gentlemen of industry—Terry Druggan and Frankie Parker—both apparently busted. Both were adventurous spirits who were among the first to see the cash



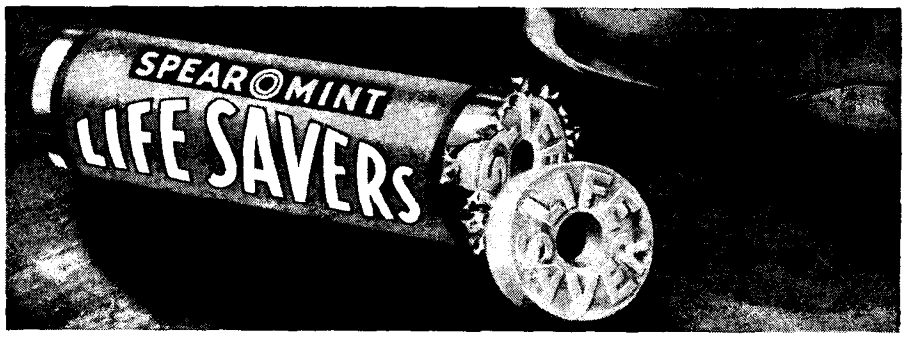
". . . and say, whatever became of that dizzy dame you used to run around with—the one with the red hair?"

IRV BREGER

"Let Little Bo-Pip give you a tip: When your mouth tastes *wooly*, just freshen it up with a LIFE SAVER! They're so delicious."

"I've got a real yen for those crystal-clear, marvelously minty, cooling CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. Wait till *you* try them!"

"One thing that rings the bell with me is SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. They're *mighty* fine breath-sweeteners! Keep a package handy."



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢.

4 OUT OF 5
MAY BE VICTIMS OF
GINGIVITIS

A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea

If gums are tender and bleed when you brush your teeth—watch out! This may be Gingivitis—a gum inflammation where gums meet the teeth—very common today AND if neglected is often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea (which only your *dentist* can help).

JOIN FORHAN'S "SAVE YOUR TEETH" PROGRAM

Visit your dentist every 3 months—it saves *much time and* money in the long run. And be sure to help your dentist at home by cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste, special formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for massaging the gums and cleaning the teeth.

Forhan's cleans dull dingy teeth to reveal their natural luster and helps remove acids that cause decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years! At drug *and department* stores. Weekend size. at all 10¢ stores.

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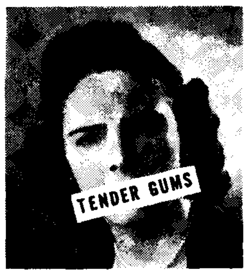
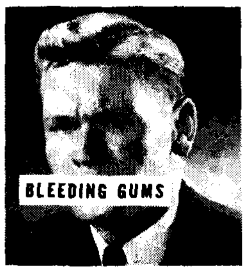
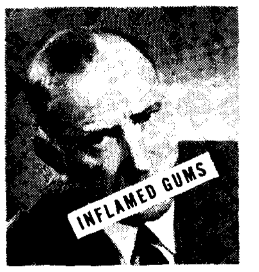
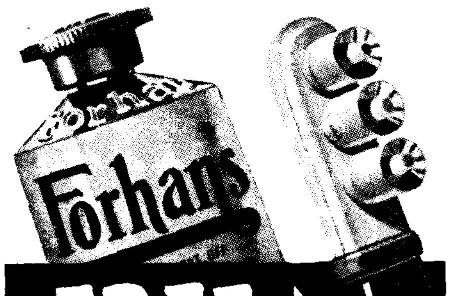
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send the carton of giant 50¢ size Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-3, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.





IRRITATED GUMS





possibilities of prohibition. At one time Druggan owned five illicit breweries, was considered head of the beer trade, owned a magnificent estate, a stable of horses and one of prize cows. He still has a 240-acre estate, but his creditors are after it. He says it belongs to his mother and she says he works on it as a farm hand.

Frankie Parker, famous as the airplane booze runner, is supposed to have made thirty millions on alcohol and needle beer. He was the first to restore denatured alcohol on a large commercial scale. He was raided and turned to needling near beer, another field in which he was a pioneer. He was driven out of Chicago by other gangsters and went to Canada, from which vantage point he sent liquor to America by airplane. He was a pioneer at making synthetic champagne and also in selling wort for beer. But ultimately all his ventures failed and he is now broke and in the toils of the law.

Strangely, he is under conviction on a counterfeiting charge that brought him into partnership with another of the most colorful of the old gangsters—George Bugs Moran. Fame is indeed transient if the public that read avidly the booze-runner thrillers of the Volstead days has forgotten Bugs Moran, whose gang was literally wiped out at a stroke by Capone in the famous St. Valentine's Day massacre. Moran escaped that day through sheer accident—a telephone call which detained him from reaching the rendezvous in time to be included among the dead. He is about town now, under bond, gangless, friendless, more or less broke, and under conviction with Frankie Parker for attempting to issue half a million of counterfeit travelers checks.

Spike O'Donnell, one of the early beer peddlers, who once sought to fight it out with Al Capone for control of Cicero, only to lose nearly his entire gang at the hands of Al's gunmen, is busted and makes an odd spectacle of himself posing as the Beau Brummel of the Rialto. The HOLC foreclosed on him, a bailiff with whom he argued told him to scram and he was chased out of the City Hall as a loiterer. He even sank so low as to attempt writing and lecturing on the evils of racketeering.

Keeps Out of Jail

But Spike, like most of the other advertised and numbered public enemies, manages to keep out of jail. One case, in all this strange saga of crime in Chicago, is singular. That is the case of Mr. James (Fur) Sammons, who was sentenced to hang for murder. His sentence was commuted. Later he broke out of prison after serving many years, was captured and returned and later pardoned. Thereafter he led a life of violent crime, allied with the old Klondike O'Donnell gang, from beating up barkeepers to choking an eleven-year-old girl.

He was sent to the penitentiary under a sentence which would keep him in jail until 1962, but he was soon out under Illinois' gentle dispensation. He made the mistake of going to Indiana, where he was nabbed, charged with being a habitual criminal and promptly sentenced to state's prison in Indiana for life. Which illustrates the difference between law enforcement in Indiana and Chicago.

What is it that makes all this possible in Chicago? People there will tell you that it all stems from the fact that this great city believes in the liberal forms of city life—that people want to gamble and cannot be stopped, that there is a demand for the pleasures of the town. The mayor says the courts will not convict gamblers because they fear public vengeance.

But if there is one thing perfectly clear it is that commercialized vice cannot be tolerated as long as the law prohibits it. Because in the effort to permit these things the whole fabric of political life becomes poisoned and degraded.

In Chicago if you want to operate a gambling joint you are supposed to go to your ward committeeman. He will select an available spot not conflicting with the rights of some other operator. You will then be put in touch with the various persons who will arrange protection from the police and the gangs. You will have to pay a cash sum down—from $200 up—for the initial fix. Thereafter you will be expected to pay from one third to one half of your profits to the gang and if the place is large enough the gang or Syndicate will station a cashier in the place to protect its take.

Millions Involved

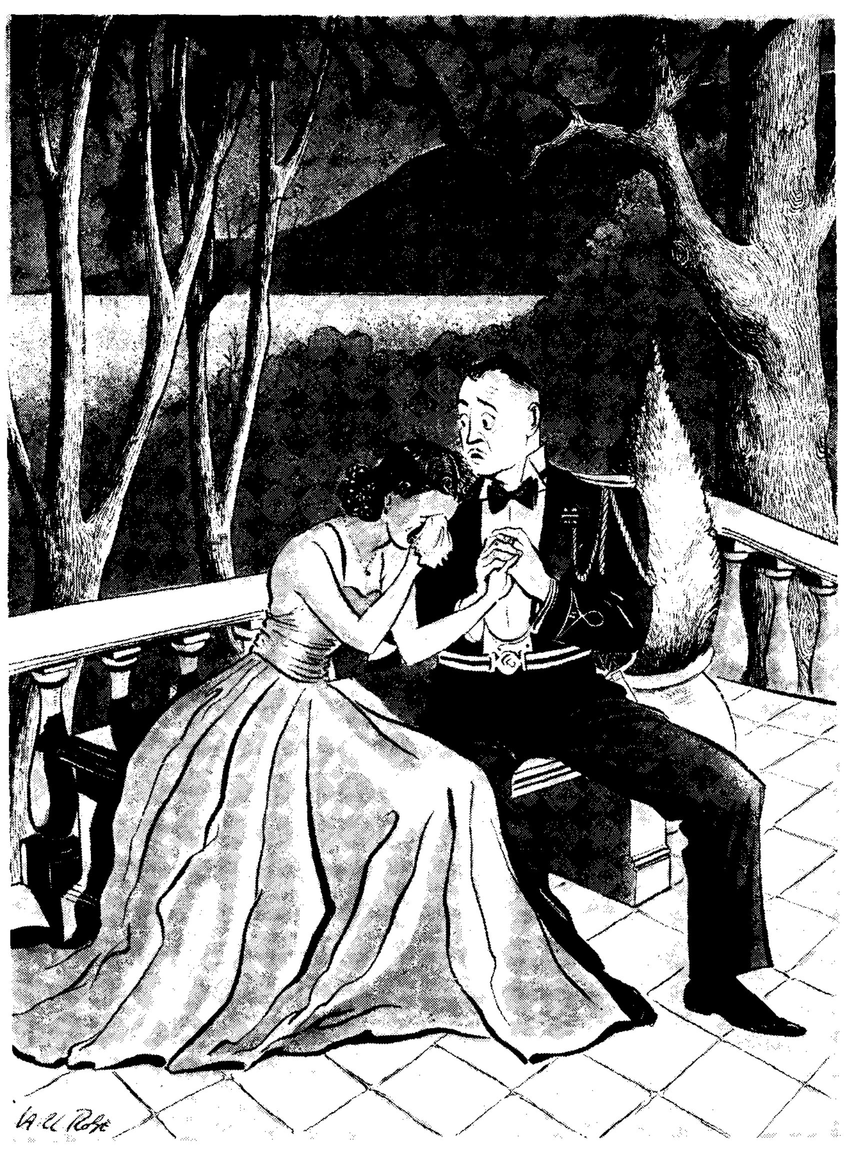
You will have to buy your linen, get your laundry service, buy your stationery, get your liquors and waters from subsidiaries operated by the Syndicate. You will be protected from competition and will be given legal services when necessary raids are made to keep the records straight. Try to run a place without this and the police and gangs will descend on you.

As the number of these places is very great, the amount of money involved is enormous, running into the millions. And, even if proof were absent, any man in his senses would know that these elaborate establishments could not run without protection from the city authorities.

In August, 1938, on the eve of a campaign, State's Attorney Tom Courtney, who broke with the Kelly-Nash machine, decided to make a war on gamblers. He began by raiding half a dozen horse parlors run by the Syndicate. His police went in and spent an hour in each place chopping it into small kindling. He arrested the attendants and managers and lined them up in court. But the court turned them loose instantly, saying the arrests had been made without warrants. As fast as Courtney arrested them the police magistrates turned them loose. Some places were raided and the attendants arrested as many as ten times in two weeks. But they were back doing business each time as fast as the place could be made ready.

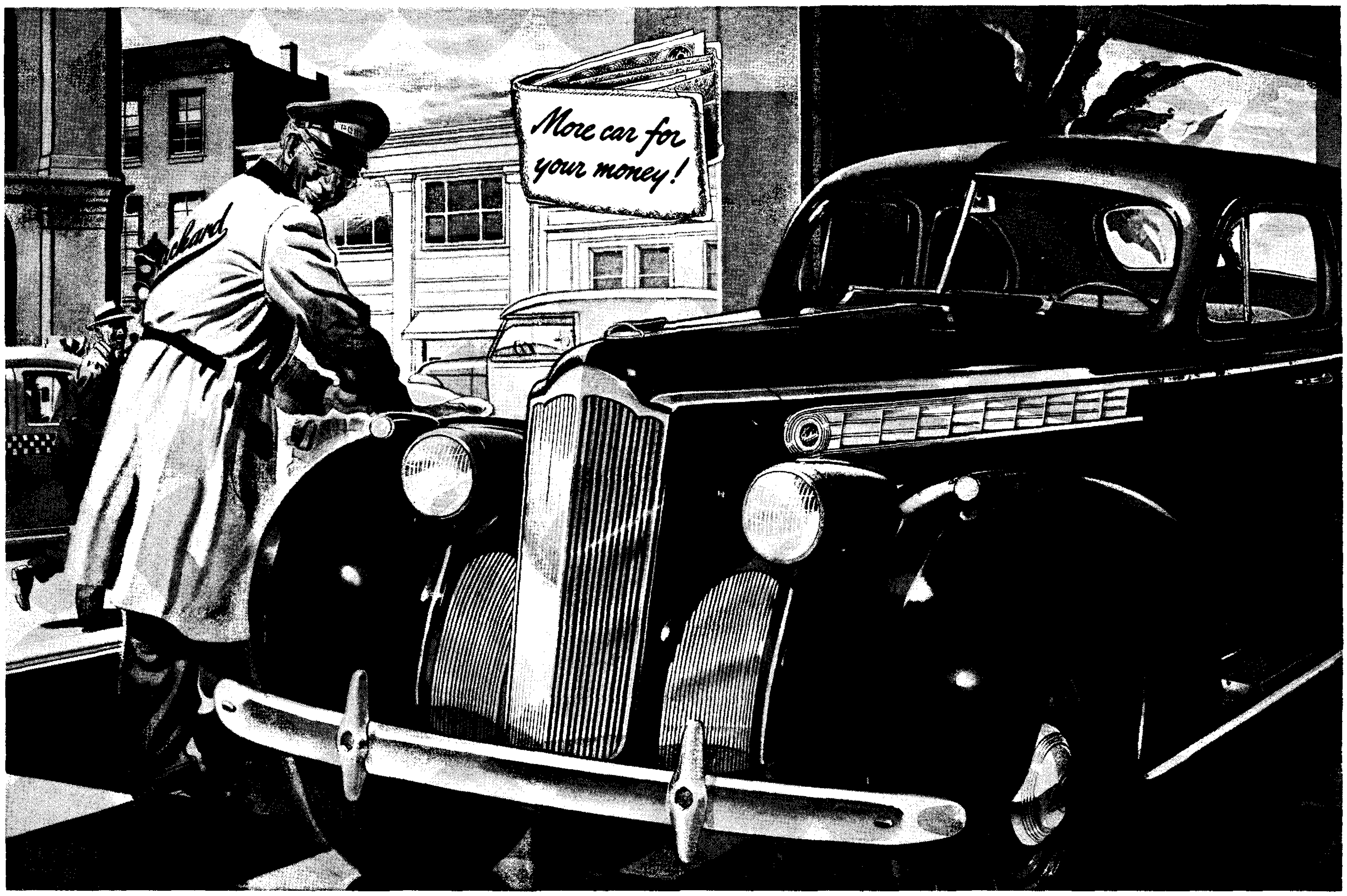
When the campaign was over Courtney's raids ceased. He was beaten badly for mayor and people said he had used the gambling issue in an effort to get elected. But this may well be an injustice to him. After all, over 600 raids were made by him and by the police stimulated to action by him. Yet no convictions were recorded, although over 12,000 arrests were made. Obviously Courtney was justified in concluding that this technique was utterly futile. He had declared that he would not permit Skidmore and the Capone gang to rule Chicago again. But maybe he underestimates Chicago's stomach for punishment.

Meanwhile the Attorney General of the United States is again using the income tax as a means of reaching lawless men who seem to be immune from the laws of Chicago. Perhaps before Al makes his exit from jail and his entrance into Chicago some power may arise to assert the inherent sense of decency of Chicago's three million law-abiding citizens.



"Aw, come now, Honey, don't cry! What is it you want to know about our antiaircraft gun emplacements?"

CARL ROSE


More car for your money!
Packard

Even the porter knows it—

GREAT THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!

YOU CAN NO MORE KEEP news like this quiet than you can hush up a gold strike.

Even the porter at the Packard showroom knows that great things have happened at Packard—things even more far-reaching in their consequences than the unveiling of a sweet and sensational new 1940 car.

For with its 4-year program of plant rearrangement completed, with millions of dollars invested in ingenious new machinery, Packard can now offer you—not just a new Packard, but *a masterpiece at a price!*

It's a speed-streamed sensation!

Gaze on those stunning, speed-streamed lines! They're as new as television—yet as Packard as the red hex hub caps.

Look at those smartly styled interiors. Rub your eyes—for you'll wonder how so much luxury can be price-tagged so astonishingly low.

Touch that responsive accelerator. You shoot ahead, with the speedometer hand climbing like a treed cat. For this lithe and nimble new Packard packs *so much more horsepower per pound of car weight* that it makes run-of-the-mine cars seem pokey.

You'll glory in a ride like nothing you've ever experienced—a ride unbelievably free from jolts, jars, and sway—even on the worst stretch of broken-down macadam.

Credit this uncanny comfort to Packard's improved Safe-T-fleX suspension, front and rear—the finest in the business and the envy of the industry.

In looks and breeding, in comfort and luxury, in sheer delight of ownership, this dazzling new Packard is a dream-on-wheels come true!

It's crowded with news—from its new Sealed-Beam lamps, that bring near-daylight to the roads at night, to its greater trunk space.

You've simply *got* to get your hands on one of these thrilling new 1940 Packards before you're an hour older.

And why not? With a Packard now within handshaking distance of even the lowest-priced cars—*why wait another day?*

●

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PRICES STILL FURTHER REDUCED
as much as $133 *less than a year ago*

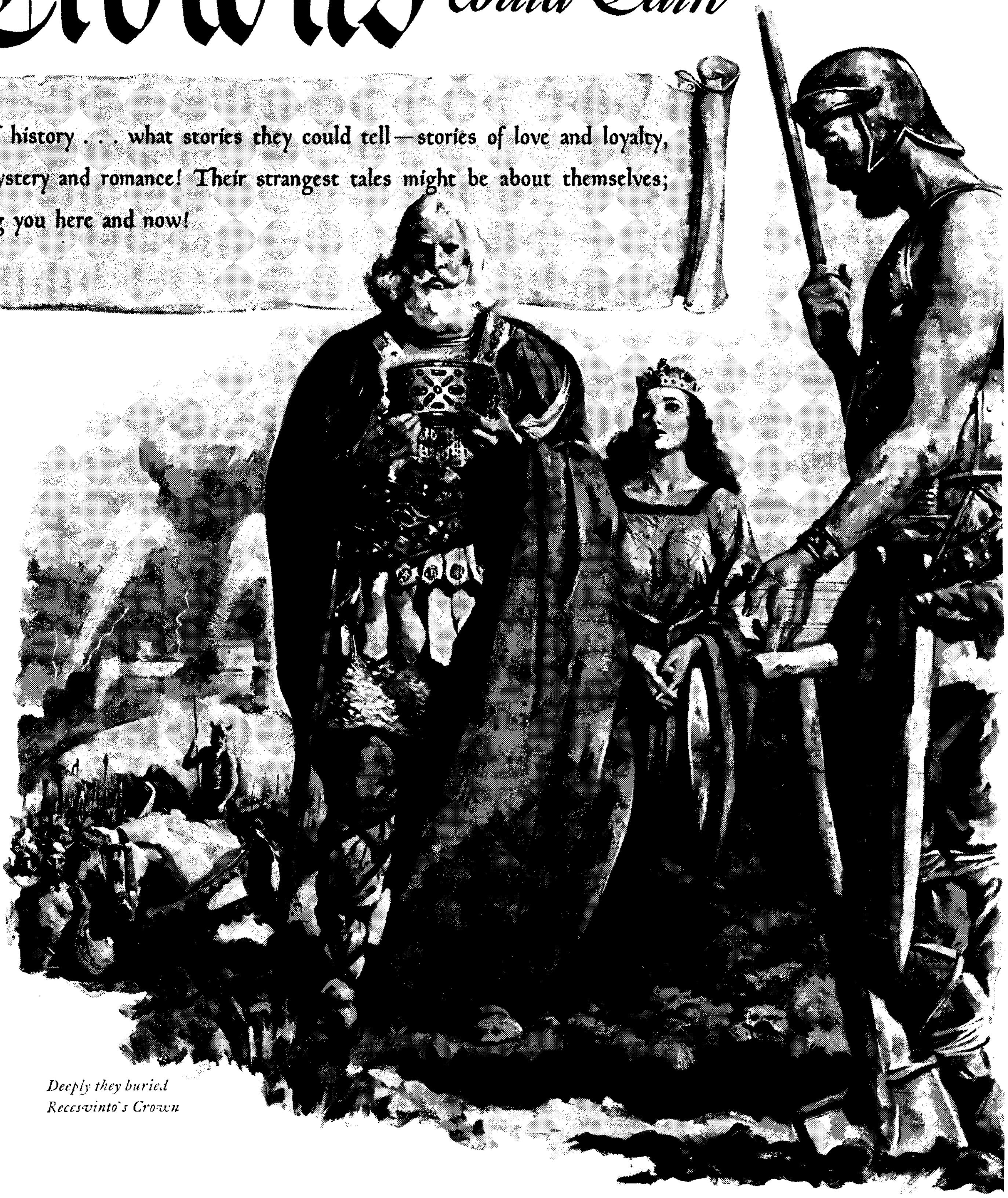
1940 PACKARD

$867

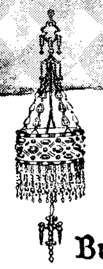
AND UP, delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra

If Famous Crowns Could Talk

The great Crowns of history . . . what stories they could tell—stories of love and loyalty, of plots and politics, of mystery and romance! Their strangest tales might be about themselves; and some of these we bring you here and now!



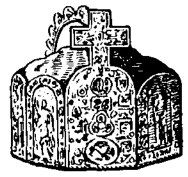
Deeply they buried Recesvinto's Crown



Buried 1100 years!

One of the most romantic crowns in history lay hidden in the mud, eleven hundred years! It was the jeweled crown of Recesvinto, ancient King of Spain. He wore it a few times, then hung it up like a chandelier. When the Moorish conquerors swept over Spain in 714 A. D., a group of his loyal followers hastily buried it in a field to save it. The crown seemed lost forever. But in 1859—*only ten years after the founding of the Schlitz brewery*—it was rediscovered; and today it hangs again, in the Cluny Museum, still bright and beautiful.

Christmas Surprise, A.D. 800.



The crown of Charlemagne was a Christmas gift, solemnly placed on his head in an unexpected ceremony, in the year 800. With it came a new title: "Emperor of the West." Soon Charlemagne ruled almost half of Europe, and made himself so well and widely loved, that great statues were raised to him in both France and Germany, where they may be seen to this day. And to this day his noble crown endures, one of the treasures of the Schatzkammer *(treasury)* in Vienna.

Sunbeams for Liberty

When the Roman Caesars began to wear crowns, they often decorated them with long points, to represent sun-rays. This style of crown is still with us, adorning the brow of our good friend, the Statue of Liberty.

Sinking in the Bath Tub

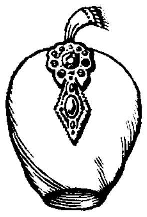
Perhaps the most useful crown in history was worn by Hiero, King of Syracuse, 2100 years ago. When Archimedes was commanded to discover the proportion of gold in this crown, he solved it by weighing the crown in water. The important scientific law employed in his experiment came to him as he was stepping into his bath. Then Archimedes ran through the streets of the city without waiting to dress, and amazed the natives with his oft-quoted cry, "Eureka! I have found it!"

Duplex Diadem

When we look back into ancient Egypt, to see what the well-dressed
Pharaoh was wearing, we con
across a clever bit of politics. Tl
old cone-shaped crown of tl
Lower Nile was red, that of t

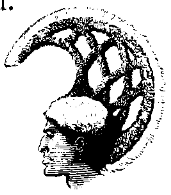
Upper Nile was whi
When one Pharac
ruled *both* kingdoms,
had to please two se
of subjects; so he wo
both crowns at once, a
everyone was satisfie

THE BEER THA



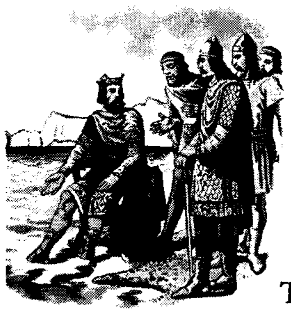
When Crowns Were Turbans

The Turbans or Tulip-Crowns of the Sultans "are made like globes of calico," said old George Sandys, world-traveler and Treasurer of Virginia, 300 years ago. Today, in the Palace Treasury of Mohammed II in Istanbul, transformed by the Turkish Republic into a museum, old George might see the greatest collection of royal turbans in the world, sparkling with gems of untold value. For visitors of good repute, who agree not to take pictures, the treasures are on view daily (according to the polite Turkish attendant) "from 13 to 17 o'clock, Wednesdays excepted."



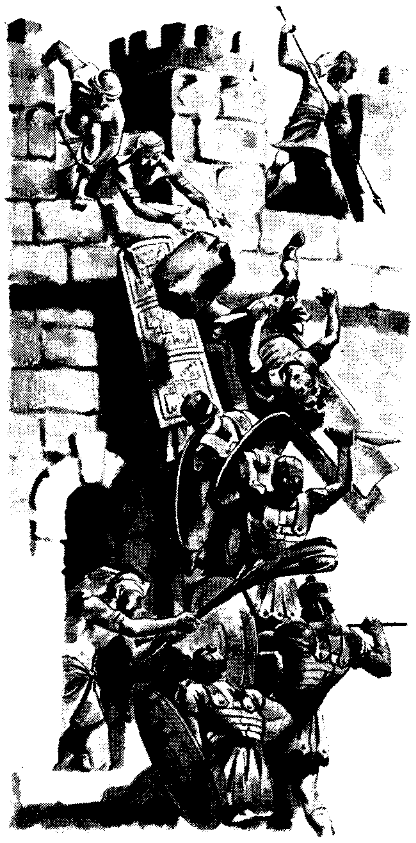
Fine Feathers Make Fine Crowns

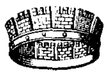
The feathered crown of the old Hawaiian kings took thirty years of patient labor in the making. This magnificent red and yellow diadem, shaped like a classic Greek helmet, was made of the feathers of a rare and tiny bird. Only two choice feathers were taken at a time; then the bird was set free, to grow two more. The value of one of these crowns has been estimated at not less than seventy thousand dollars.



Fair and Square

The Saxon and Danish kings of England did not insist that a crown should be circular. The crown that Canute refused to wear—after he had proved to his yes-men that the waves of the sea would not roll back to flatter him—that crown was a square one, as square as its royal owner's conscience.





Heroes and Winners All

Some of the most valued crowns were not for kings at all. In ancient days the first man who went "over the top" in an attack on the walls of a city, was rewarded with an elaborate crown, decked with little walls or turrets in memory of his exploit. Winners of contests in the public games were also given crowns of leaves, or flowers, or sometimes even gold.

When a Roman soldier saved the life of a citizen in battle, he was rewarded with a simple crown

of oak leaves. As soon as he received it, he was freed from paying all taxes; so were his father and grandfather! Furthermore, without buying any tickets, he always got the best seats in the theaters.

Regardless of form and substance, each crown was *an emblem of acknowledged leadership* . . . Which brings us naturally to one of the most popular crowns in the world—the Schlitz crown—found on the top of every bottle and can of genuine SCHLITZ, the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

Copr. 1939, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

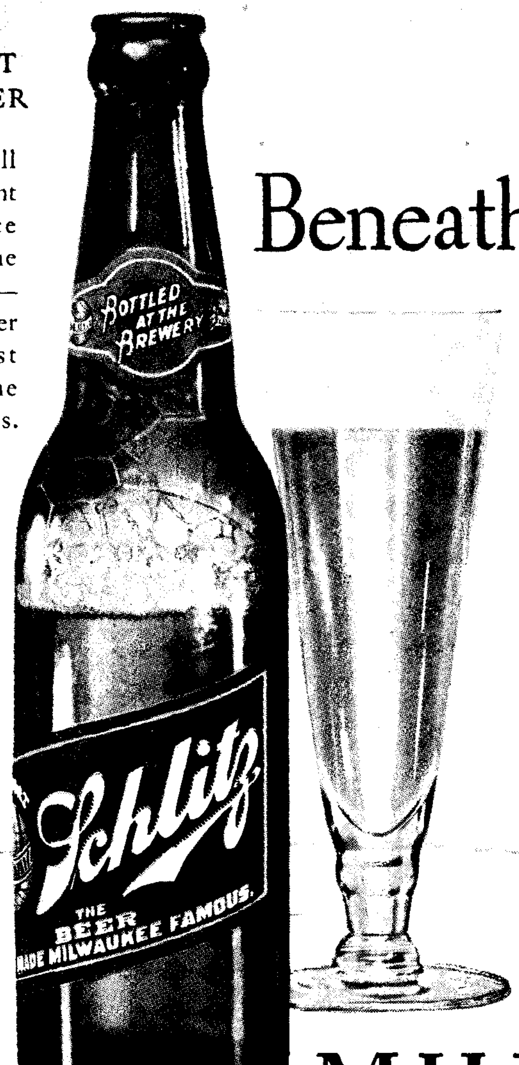
Dry...
NOT SWEET
NOT BITTER

In Schlitz you'll find the fragrant zest of choice hops with none of the bitterness—the rich, true-beer savor of finest malt with none of the sweetness.

SCHLITZ
BREWERY BOTTLED
MILWAUKEE WIS.

Beneath *this* famous crown is that *Famous Flavor*

That famous flavor comes to you intact in every bottle of Schlitz. Here's why: The air that sustains life can destroy beer flavor if sealed in the bottle with the beer. *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures original brewery-fresh goodness *always*. The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous is made *only in Milwaukee*—in the world's greatest brewery.



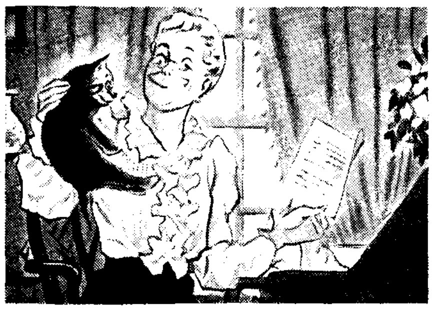
This new high top can, exclusive with Schlitz, opens like a bottle, with any bottle opener. ➡

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
MEMBER

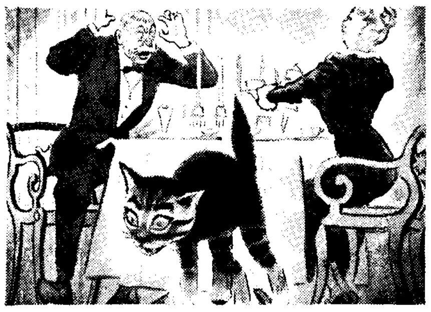
MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"Say, Ma...Miss Martha's got herself a Man!"

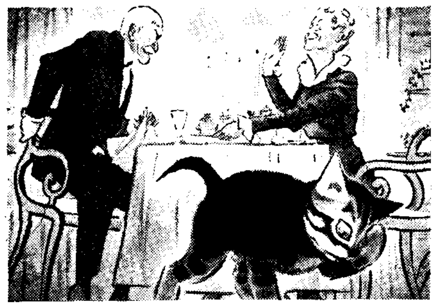
1. Remember, Ma, you told me that for nine generations of cats Miss Martha's been setting her cap for old Harry Zepp? Well, guess what happened while you were off catching field mice!



2. Yesterday, Miss Martha picked me up and said: "Cuddles, Mr. Zepp is coming to dinner at last!" I meowed like she'd given me a catnip mouse. Home cooking will soften up the old bachelor, I think to myself!



3. The dinner started off fine. But then Mr. Zepp just about hit the ceiling when she offered him coffee. "Can't drink the dad-blamed stuff!" says he. "I love it . . . but it keeps me as wide-awake as an owl!"



4. "La, Mr. Zepp!" says Miss Martha, all girlish. *"This* is Sanka Coffee. 97% of the caffein's been taken out . . . so it *can't* keep you awake! All the flavor's left *in,"* she says as he hesitates. "It's REAL coffee. Just try it."

5. "Why, it's delicious!" says he. "Yes," says she. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."

6. The pay-off comes this morning when she gets flowers and a note from Mr. Zepp, saying that even after *three* cups of Sanka Coffee he slept like an old 'possum, and would she please go to the band concert with him next Saturday night!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

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TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE". . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences! —Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

Poor Butterfly

Continued from page 19

Bogert realized what had happened, and instead of coming back to you, she went straight to the old man. She told him there was a case of arrested development in his debutante department, and he sent for me. So I persuaded him that we—er—needed you. I'm at a new low. Could I have a drink, Babby?"

I went into the kitchenette and began making Fergus a Tom Collins. The door was open a crack, because if you don't leave it open you die very slowly, and I could hear them as though they were in the room.

"Fergus," said Willy, in a very quiet way, "that was very good of you—but I wish you hadn't."

"Why not, Willy?" Fergus asked. "Somebody has to take care of you."

"Why?" said Willy, still very quietly.

Fergus said, still tenderly, "Because you're so helpless, darling. You're a butterfly. You've never been taught to do anything useful."

"I can imitate bagpipes in the distance," said Willy gently.

"There—that's what I mean," Fergus pounced. "You're delightful, you and your kind—silly and gay and crazy. But you're irresponsible. You belong in business about as much as a—a—"

"Butterfly," suggested Willy, dangerously.

"Exactly," said Fergus. "What you need, Willy, is to be taken care of. You need a husband. You—"

I heard Willy stand up. "If I'm so dumb, Fergus, do you think I'd make a good wife?"

FERGUS stood up, too. "I didn't say you were dumb, Willy. And, anyway, I didn't fall in love with you because you're so smart. Willy—"

"No, Fergus, and I haven't fallen in love with you because you're so smart, either. In fact, I haven't fallen in love with you at all. I don't fall for fools."

I dropped all the ice cubes into the sink.

"What?" said Fergus feebly.

"I do not fall for great, big, handsome bird brains," said Willy with horrible distinctness. "Men who think they understand human nature, and don't know anything—not *anything.* If I wanted to, Fergus Carlisle, I could be the most valuable employee Brackett and Bowman's have."

I came out of the kitchenette. They were glaring at each other. Fergus' gray eyes looked black, and Willy stood like a young queen in a rage.

"Well, of all the spoiled, arrogant, conceited—you could, could you?" said Fergus, and his voice was shaking.

"Yes, I could!" Willy blazed. "I could and I will! You can't get all patronizing with me, Fergus Carlisle—"

"Oh, can't I?" Fergus shouted. "Well, it's the last time I try to help you, let me tell you—"

Willy suddenly went all cold and remote. "I'll show you whether I'm helpless or not," she said. "You great, big superior goop."

Fergus turned to me, with overwhelming dignity. "Shall we go out and get some dinner, Babby?"

I opened my mouth weakly, but Willy said:

"Don't bother to snub me, Fergus. I have a date. With Sid Roman."

"That orchestra leader?" Fergus shot out.

"That orchestra leader," Willy agreed.

"Now listen," I said. I was as nervous as a wet hen. "Sid is very nice. Swing is very nice. The Roman Room is very nice. Please excuse us while we dress."

In our bedroom, I said, "Don't pay attention to him, pet. It's the heat. Let's all have dinner together."

But Willy gave me a look. "Have dinner with Fergus Carlisle? I think I'd rather have dinner with two men disguised as a horse. Do I make my feelings clear?"

"As a bell," I told her.

"Who's that?"

We stood still and listened. Then we looked at each other. Ginnie's voice came through the door like an arrow dipped in honey:

"Oh, Mr. Carlisle, I've heard so much about you—from Uncle Arthur and from Willy, too. But Willy said you doddered!" She laughed charmingly. "I've been so anxious to meet you. You see, my uncle is Arthur Brackett, and of course—oh, Buddy, I beg your pardon! This is Mr. Wyman, Mr. Carlisle. . . ."

WHEN I got into the living room, the tension in the air made my hair crackle. Sid Roman had arrived. Sid is unbelievably handsome, a lot of fun, and of course terribly clever and well-known and everything. But Fergus was looking at him as though he were just out on parole. Buddy was slumped in a corner looking miserable, and Ginnie—well, Ginnie was as busy as a fan dancer at an Elks' convention.

"Isn't this *fun?*" she was warbling. "Let's all go to dinner, shall we? Let's go to the Roman Room, and watch Mr. Roman conduct. I just *adore* your orchestra, Mr. Roman."

"I'm so glad," said Sid politely.

"Oh, I worship it! I'm taking singing lessons—of course, I'm no *good*—"

"Ginnie has a swell voice."

Everybody turned around, and there stood Willy, in the doorway, looking angelic. For one second, she and Sid Roman exchanged a look and I was puzzled by it. It was so kind of significant.

"Oh, Willy, *darling*—" Ginnie fluttered.

"Come on, let's all go to Sid's," said Willy. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Don't be a fool," I said out of the corner of my mouth.

Willy just smiled at me, blandly.

Well, of course, we went. And what an evening! There was Ginnie, looking pretty irresistible, though the words stick in my throat, and going right to work on Fergus. There was Fergus, mad and tired and soothed by Ginnie in spite of himself. And there was Willy, beaming as placidly as a dancing-school chaperon, just staring contentedly at Sid, while he conducted the orchestra. It was all perfectly maddening, especially as I was left to comfort Buddy, who was behaving like Hamlet.

THE next morning Ginnie departed for Bar Harbor with canary feathers on her chin. I could have killed her.

But Willy was quite unperturbed. She was so unperturbed that I began to remember that English Poetry Prize and the Music Award. I cooled off and began to watch Willy.

And Willy was worth watching. If I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't have believed it. Because from that moment on, she suddenly became the perfect employee. She sold more than any other girl on the floor. She was never absent or late or tired. She not only made no mistakes of any sort—she actually made two suggestions for the running of the department that were adopted by the management. Her manner to Fergus was perfectly correct, but completely aloof. Poor Fergus! Sometimes I caught him eying her in a kind of baffled misery; but as far as she was concerned, he might have been made out of machinery. I wanted to knock their heads together.

But by that time, I was getting pretty baffled myself. Willy was going out every evening, all by herself, and she always came back quite late, with her hands and face sort of grimy, and her hair ruffled up, as though she'd been cramming for an exam. And the only man she had a date with—and that only on Sundays—was Sid Roman. It seems incredible to me now that I didn't guess—especially since I had remembered the Poetry Prize and the Music Award. And, of course, Willy had always played the piano like a demon. But I didn't.

Late in October, Ginnie dropped in to see us one evening, and said, oh, so casually: "Fergus Carlisle is a pet, isn't he? You never told me he danced so divinely."

"Didn't we?" I asked sweetly. "We didn't tell you his telephone number either, did we?"

Ginnie turned crimson, and blurted: "I didn't call him up, I met him on Fifth Avenue."

Even Willy grinned. But after Ginnie had gone, I said to Willy, "Look, pet, pride is all very well in its place, but Fergus is a peach, really. He's clever and reliable and fun, and he used to be crazy about you. Why let that little insect have everything her own way?"

"Because," said Willy, reading a book very hard, "I don't think Fergus is any of those things, and any insect can have him that wants him."

Of course I knew better than to say another word, but I was pretty sick about it. Fergus and Willy had always been at their respective bests when they were together, and if that's not proof of something or other, what is?

I was washing stockings one Sunday evening in November when Willy came bursting in. To my astonishment, Ginnie was with her, and so was Sid Roman.

"Darling!" Ginnie screamed at me. "Have you heard? Isn't it *exciting*? I'm simply in a swivet! I never really thought—oh, I can't *wait!*"

"Neither can I," I said, my hands full of wet stockings. "What are you talking about?"

"Hasn't Willy told you?" Sid asked. "Ginnie's going to sing with my orchestra, beginning on Christmas Eve. My Debutante Discovery."

My mouth fell open. "How lovely," I said, when I could speak. "Only I think it would be more of a news flash if you discovered a debutante who *couldn't* sing."

Sid grinned, and Ginnie said, "Darling, let me tell you something for your own good—"

"If she doesn't stop saying nasty, biting things like that," interrupted Willy evilly, "nobody will like her at all. You let me tell her, Ginnie. She can't knock me down, and you're so little, dear."

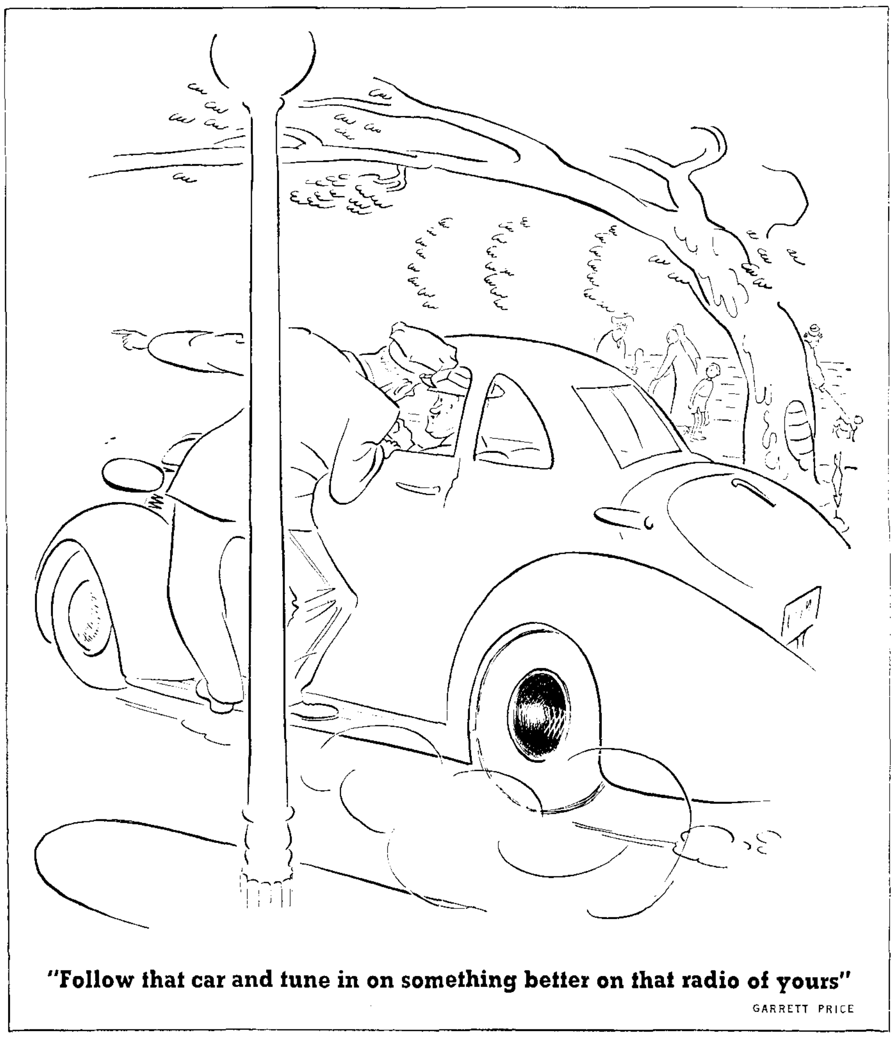
AS WE were going to bed, I snarled at Willy:

"Is your reason tottering? She walks off with Buddy. She grabs Fergus. And far from doing anything about it, you practically hand her Sid Roman and the most glamorous job in New York. Sometimes I think that Fergus was right. We oughtn't to let you out alone."

I was really worried by that time. It was all very well to look unperturbed and wait your chance and all the rest of it. But time, as Miss Armitage used to say, was of the essence and Ginnie is not slow.

I look back on those next six weeks as among the worst of my life. The store was bad enough. Any shop during the weeks before Christmas is enough to give you hard thoughts about civilization. But when your best friend is mysterious and absent-minded, when a man like Fergus Carlisle begins to look like a stern and rockbound coast, and Ginnie Patterson rushes in and out of your private life, screaming "Divine!" then you begin to know what trouble is.

According to Ginnie, Sid was divine, her songs were divine, and Uncle Arthur was too divine. The only condition he had made, in connection with Ginnie's public appearance, was that she



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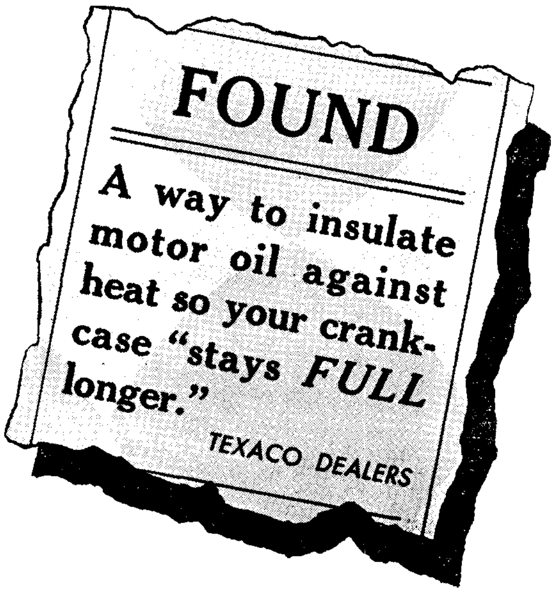
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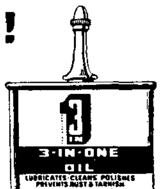

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3-IN-ONE Oil

should get her evening dresses from the debutante department.

So one morning (leaving it till the last minute, of course) Ginnie sailed into the store and ordered three dresses—from Willy. Miss Axel herself phoned the manufacturers, who swore that the dresses would be ready on Christmas Eve, the night of the opening. And it was during that telephone call that the powers of darkness came over onto my side. I suddenly saw what to do and I did it. Willy had written out the orders herself. So I just checked them.

I will not attempt to describe my sensations on Christmas Eve, because I don't think Edgar Wallace could have done justice to them. I can only tell you what happened.

At four in the afternoon, Ginnie's dresses arrived from the manufacturer's. She'd been calling up all day about them, on the verge of hysteria, so I sent them right out without opening the boxes. It seemed safer.

I GOT home at seven, with half an hour to dress. A lot of us were going to the Christmas opening of the Roman Room—Adder Wall and Buddy and Fergus, of course Willy and I, and several more of our friends. I opened the door of the apartment, and said "Hello," because Willy and Fergus were standing in front of our little open fireplace. Neither of them paid the slightest attention to me. Willy looked like one of those modern angels on a Christmas tree, in a dress that might have been made of spun sugar.

"I don't quite understand," she was saying, and it was her voice that made me stay where I was. It was so silky that I knew something was going to happen. "Are you firing me, Fergus, or are you asking me to marry you?"

Fergus, beautiful in a white tie, said: "I have fired you. And I am asking you to marry me."

"Why?"

It was like a flash of steel. Ferguson stiffened, as though she had really drawn a sword.

"You know the answer to that," he said steadily.

"No," said Willy.

Fergus' ears turned red, and I took a step into the room. They never even saw me.

"Because I'm in love with you," said Fergus.

"Is that why you're firing me?"

"Willy, darling," said Fergus gently, "if you honestly don't know why I've had to fire you, I'll tell you. You ordered Ginnie's dresses for tonight—remember? And you ordered them in size 20 instead of size 10. . . . Ginnie is half crazy. She called Mr. Brackett as soon as the dresses were delivered, but it was too late to do anything. So then he called me . . ."

"I ordered those dresses in size 10," said Willy, and her voice wasn't silky any more. Fergus shrugged and turned away.

"I looked up the order," he said. "You wrote it."

"But, Fergus—"

He turned back. "Listen, Willy. It just proves what I've said all along—you're not cut out for business. Darling, listen to me. You need to be taken care of. Please, Willy—I've been in love with you since the first—"

"I don't care whether you've been in love with me since the flood!" Willy said suddenly, and I have never seen Willy white with anger in my life before. "I understand you, Fergus, and I despise you. You *like* me to be incompetent and dumb—yes, you do! Because then you seem such a great, big, wonderful man by comparison—"

"Willy, you're talking nonsense—"

"I'm not! It's true. You couldn't stand it when I proved I had a brain—you went right off after Ginnie—the boss' niece! It's so transparent—"

"Willy, please—she doesn't mean a thing—"

She whirled away from him, and saw me standing there like an idiot. I just shot into the bedroom and shut the door. I was nearly out of my mind. I had thought I was being so clever, such a psychologist—

Well, I can't remember how I got dressed nor who took us to the Roman Room. All I know is that when I came to, we were there.

We were all sitting at a big table on the edge of the floor, and we were terribly gay and laughed a lot, and Sid left the orchestra between every dance and joined us.

Then Ginnie came.

I will say for her that she made as good an entrance in an evening dress she'd worn all fall as she could have in something that Hollywood had designed for her. She stood there for a minute, while we all talked to her at once. Then she slipped off her little sable cape and sat down. "Darlings!" she said. "You don't know how I need your moral support."

That was all she said, but as she said it she smiled a brave, amused little smile, and everybody looked uncomfortable for a second. It was perfectly clear that they all had been told exactly what Willy had done to her. Willy just sat with her chin up, looking sort of white.

"It must have been awful when those dresses didn't come," I said right out. "I bet you thought you'd have to come in a sandwich board with something printed on it—something like—"

Willy gave me a terrible kick under the table.

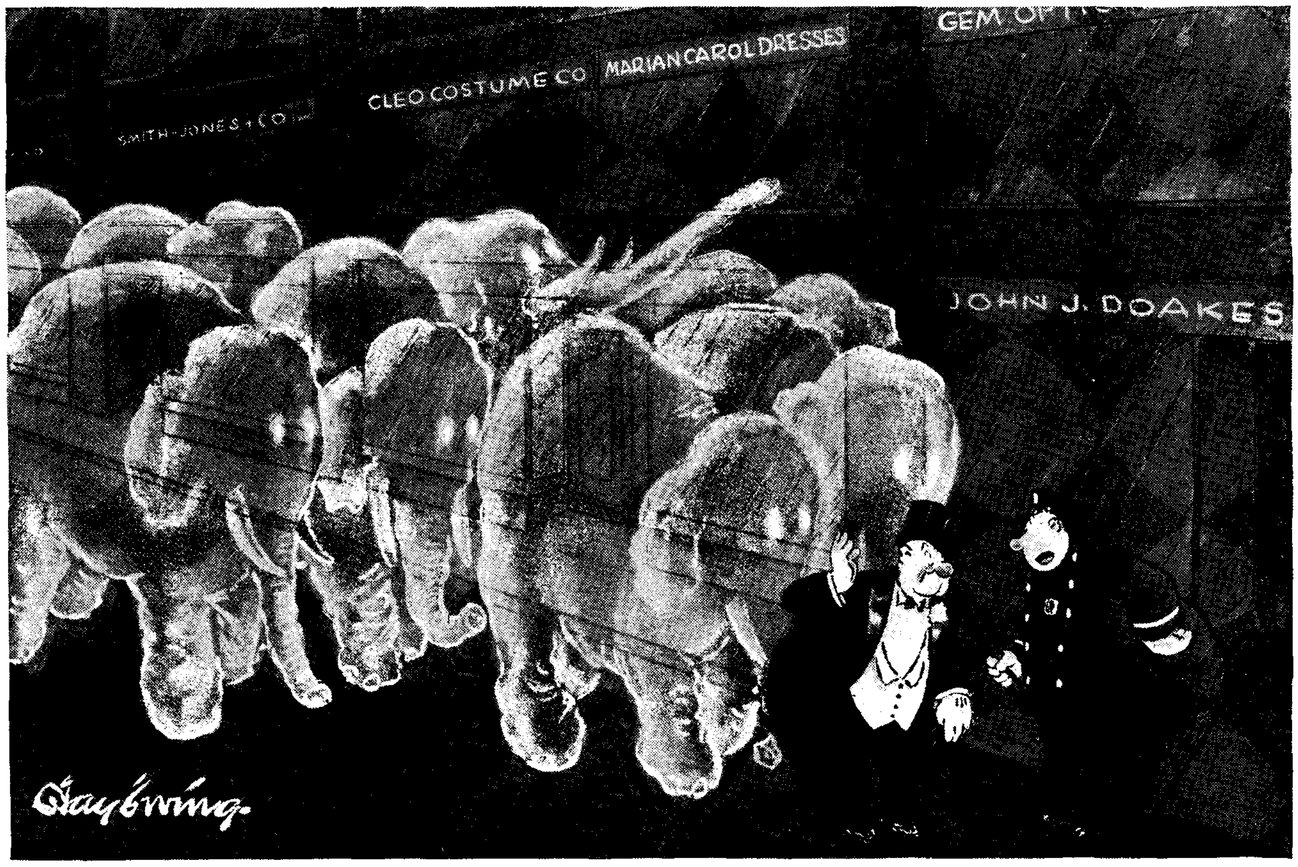
And then all of a sudden, all the lights in the room sank and died, and you could see the fog of cigarette smoke in the dim blue path of the spot that was turned on Sid. He stood there, black and white, like a camera study, and I never heard a word he said until . . .

". . . Miss Ginnie Patterson!"

And then she was walking across the floor, and everybody was clapping. She turned around and faced the room, smiling, and Sid lifted his hand. . . .

WELL, of course, the whole country can whistle those songs now. For weeks, no radio program was complete without High, Wide and Handsome or Dancing in the Streets or Crazy Little Hat. But that evening the one they all went crazy over, and the one I have always loved the best was My Young Man of Promise. They wanted it over and over, and Sid played it and Ginnie sang it, and by the third time people at the tables were singing it, too.

Then, finally, Ginnie came back to our table and sat down, with the room still roaring with applause. We pounded her on the back, and everybody thought the



"You got a permit for a parade?"

JAY IRVING

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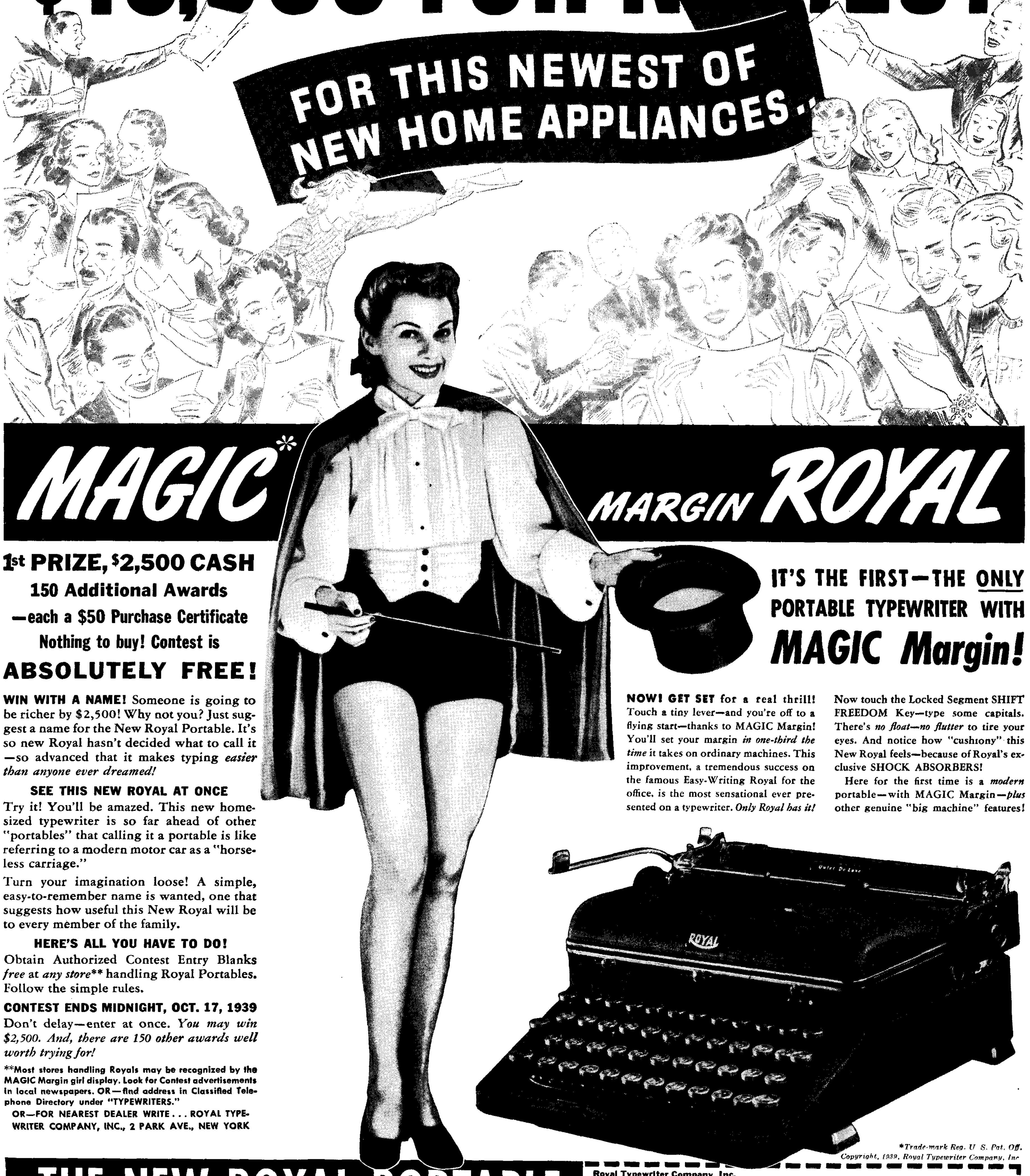
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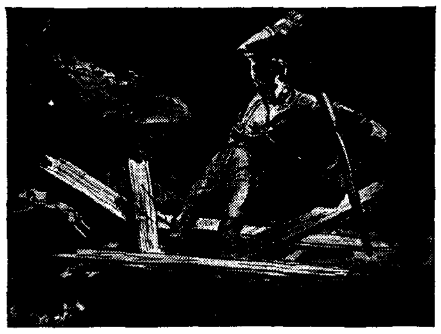
1. "With my hound Jep, I had bagged seven 'possums and was heading back for bed," writes James Kidwell. "I was cutting through the yard of an abandoned hilltop house, when the hound gave a frightened yelp and lit out for home.



2. "I chuckled, for superstitious folks down our way regard this as an ill omen. The next moment, rotten timbers crashed under me—I felt myself plummeting downward!

3. "I landed at the bottom of an old well. It was impossible to scale the perpendicular walls. I retrieved my flashlight from the icy water. She still worked.

4. "My only chance was to keep shooting the beam upward, hoping that it would be seen and that the batteries would last. My luck was good—two boys going home from town saw the strange flashes, and investigated. Those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries positively saved my life, as I would have died of exposure, if help hadn't come. You've got to be in the predicament I was before you really can appreciate the value of *fresh* batteries.

(Signed) James Kidwell"

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lights would come up again. . . . But Sid raised his hand for silence, and after a while he got it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "thank you very much for your enthusiasm. We're glad you liked Miss Ginnie Patterson"—some more scattered applause—"and I think perhaps you'd like to meet the composer of the songs you've just been listening to, a composer who is new to the musical world, and—I think you will agree with me—destined for fame. Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Miss Willy Nicholas—"

I think only three people sat perfectly still from shock—Fergus, Ginnie and I. Willy was standing there in the spotlight, smiling that little-boy smile, and people were cheering. You know how it is on an opening night. I could hear Sid through it, saying:

". . . Has just signed a radio contract. . . . Wish her the greatest success. . . ."

And then he and Willy were shaking hands, and the lights came up again, and the orchestra burst into My Young Man of Promise and the floor filled up.

WHEN we finally climbed out of the taxi in front of our apartment, Christmas morning was lightening the sky. I staggered into the lobby and turned around to speak to Willy—just in time to see Fergus kiss her as thoroughly as I have ever seen it done in the movies.

"Just to show you how much I hate to be proved wrong," he said in a wobbly voice. Willy gasped and put one hand to her lips.

"Fergus darling, you left your hat on," she said, also in a wobbly voice. "It's not respectful to kiss ladies with your hat on."

"I only respect incompetents," said Fergus. "Like you."

I had my shoes off, and was in a state of complete collapse on the sofa when Willy got upstairs, some time later. We just looked at each other. Then I said: "Pet, I'm so proud of you, I could explode. So that's what you were doing all these weeks—working in Sid's studio!"

Willy grinned feebly and lay down on the floor. "I was dying to tell you, Babby, but I couldn't, somehow—even you. It meant too much."

"You're friends with Fergus again, I take it?" I asked delicately.

Willy blushed; then she sat up weakly. "Babby—he had to fire me. Do you know what I did—about Ginnie's dresses? I simply can't understand it. I could have sworn I wrote the right size on those order blanks—"

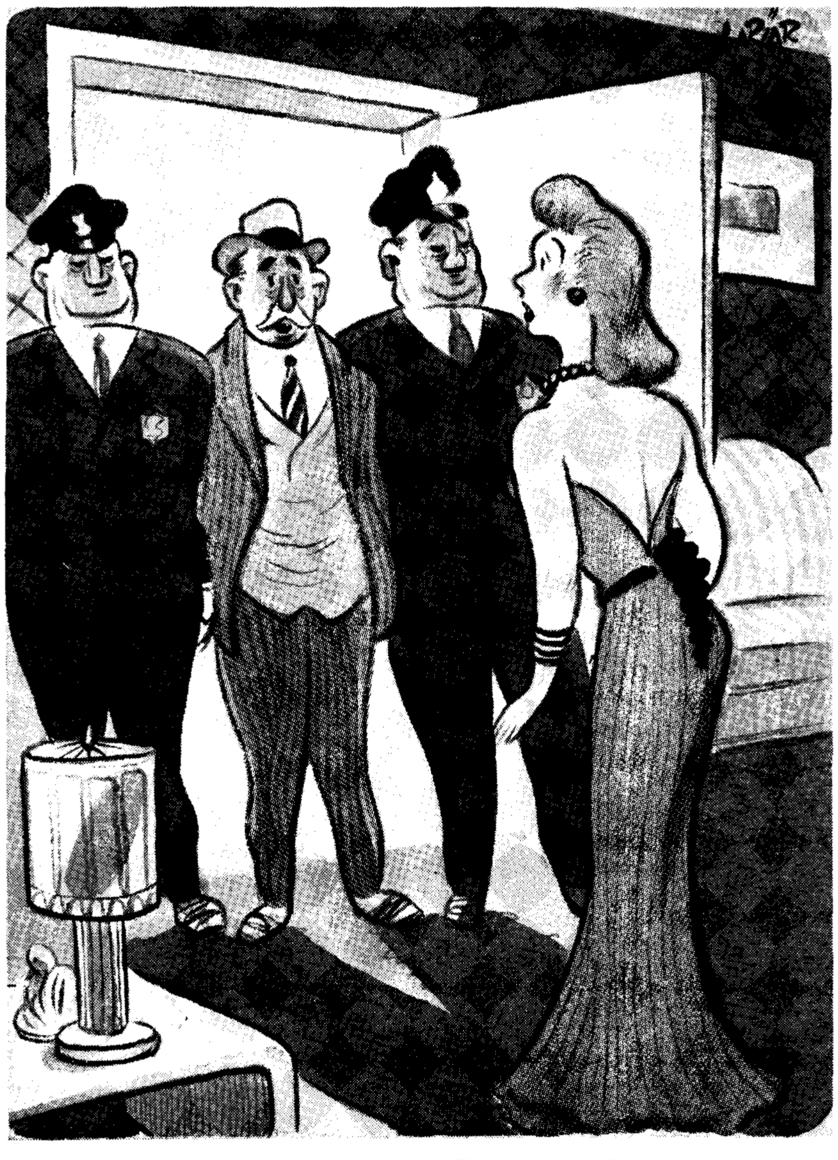
"You did," I told her. She stared at me.

"Babby! You don't mean to say—"

"I do. I thought I was being terribly smart. I knew Mr. Brackett would fire you when he found what you'd done to his darling little niece. And I knew that if he did, Fergus would come back. And I knew—at least I was pretty darned sure—that you wanted him back. All very, very clever. Only I forgot that fine Dutch pride of yours. You thought Fergus came back out of pity—and if it hadn't been for your mad success tonight, you'd always have thought so. It frightens me when I think how nearly I came to ruining everything."

Willy suddenly began to giggle. "Then you're the person who should have been fired!"

"Oh, no," I said. "Mr. Brackett fired you for criminal carelessness. I wasn't careless. I've never made a mistake like that in my life."



"Myrtle, there's something I've got to tell you!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

McLaughry and Son

Continued from page 21

John," Tuss says gloomily. "My dentist bills were too high. Yes, he's the boxing champion of Brown now but I could lick him until a couple of years ago."

"I bet you used to carry him along to make him look good," I said to John.

John grinned and winked at his father, "Sure I used to carry him."

John was captain of his team in his senior year at Moses Brown and still Tuss didn't know if the kid could really play. It was inevitable that John attend Brown. By now he was throwing the hammer terrific distances and he was tossing the heavy shot around as though it were a snowball and he was doing a bit of boxing on the side. He played freshman football and still Tuss hadn't seen him play. The freshman coach told Tuss that the kid was good but Tuss only grunted. He figured that they were giving John a break because the kid was his son.

Then one day the freshmen came to scrimmage the varsity. Tuss admits now that he was a little bit excited. It was a vicious scrimmage. The freshmen had the ball in the beginning. They made some nice gains and Tuss couldn't help but notice that the gains were made possible by John's great blocking.

Tuss stormed at his varsity ends, "Don't let that kid block you out of the play. Use your hands on him."

Then the varsity took the ball. Every time a man got through the line there was John, big and burly now, and vicious. His tackles were teeth-shaking affairs. The scrimmage got rough. The varsity team wasn't in the habit of being held by a bunch of kid freshmen. It got real rough.

Denny Myers, the varsity line coach, said to Tuss, "Look at John. The kid's hurt."

Tuss blew his whistle and walked over to John. John stood there breathing easily, his hands on his hips. There was blood on his face. Tuss took a look and he said, "John, your nose is broken."

John didn't move. He just said, "That's right, coach."

Tuss turned to the freshman coach and growled but there was a hell of a lot of pride in that growl, "This kid hasn't sense enough to know when he's hurt. Take him out and have him fixed up."

The Answer to a Coach's Dream

Tuss knew then that his son was a football player. He didn't know until the next year that his son was the answer to a coach's dream. He was a player who didn't care about carrying the ball. He loved to block. He still loves to block.

"It's fun," John says, "to outsmart a man you have to block out of the play. There's a lot of tricks to blocking. It isn't just brute strength. Yeah, I love to block."

John started his varsity career in 1937. Tuss had him on the second team in preseason practice. He gave the kid a real going-over. He kept him there until the other coaches protested. He was the best blocker on the squad, they told Tuss. He could punt, he was a deadly defensive player. So Tuss put him in his varsity backfield and in eight of the nine games played that year, John was in there for sixty full minutes.

He started off unfortunately, too. On the kickoff against Dartmouth in the second game of the season, his nose was slapped by someone's knee and was broken again. It was broken, bent way over to the right. But it didn't bleed and no one knew it was broken except John, and John isn't very talkative. He played through the game and then on the very last play he was kicked again. This kick snapped the nose right back where it belonged.

"Pretty lucky for me," John says. "I didn't even have to have it set."

He played for the rest of the year encased in a heavy helmet Tuss had designed. To some extent it protected the injured nose but it couldn't have been much fun. He played well too, and during the winter he practiced throwing the hammer and he boxed. Last year John came into his own. Last year he was a great football player. He didn't get the headlines much because he played the Number Two back position and the Number Two man is primarily a blocker. The Number One wing back and the Number Four tail back are the laddies who are supposed to carry the mail. John called the signals too and Line Coach Denny Myers says (Tuss would never admit it) that John never called a wrong play all year.

A Natural Player

When the season ended, John was elected captain for 1939. Meanwhile he had won the university heavyweight boxing title. He had won the New England Intercollegiate hammer-throwing title with a record-breaking heave. In another meet he tossed the sixteen-pound hammer (which really isn't a hammer at all but is a round hunk of iron) 180 feet, 11¾ inches. That is the fifth greatest throw ever made by an American. Only the giants of old, Pat Ryan, John Flannigan and Mat McGrath and one modern, the Olympic Champion Fred Tootall, ever surpassed that mark. Today, in perfect form, John is probably the world's greatest hammer thrower.

McLaughry and Son are fairly confident that 1939 is going to be a Brown year. Brown, as always, is pitifully weak on reserves, which means that John and his teammates will, for the most part, have to be sixty-minute players. That doesn't bother either of them.

"There's no reason why a boy shouldn't play sixty minutes," Tuss says, "except in very hot weather. By the time the season starts they're in perfect condition. And they all love football."

Tuss sounds a bit like a martinet but actually he isn't. Tuss isn't the hard-driving type of coach. His players swear by him and he is loyal to them. Sometimes, after a beating on Saturday, they've reported for Monday practice in fear and trepidation only to be met by a smiling Tuss who congratulated them on their fine play.

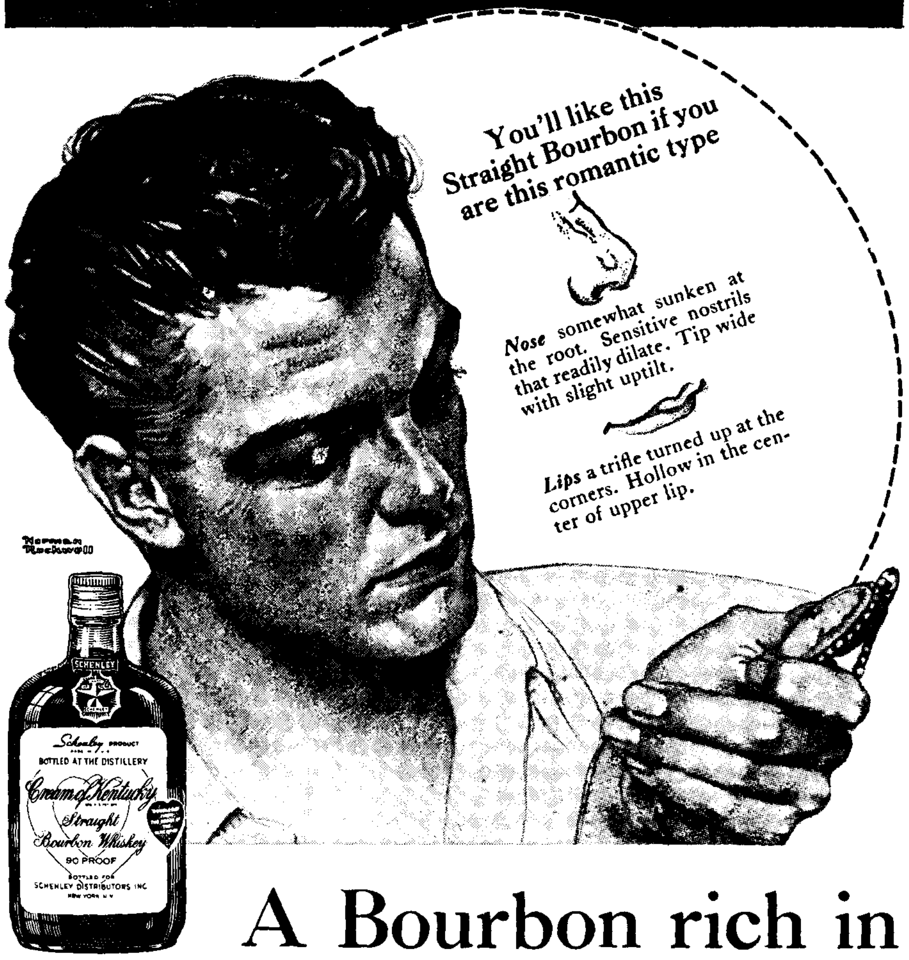
"You can't win them all," Tuss smiles, "All I ask the boys to do is to play their game. If they do that and lose, well, that's the coach's fault or it's because the other team is just too good for us."

There's another McLaughry in the incubator. That's Bob McLaughry now at Andover. He was awfully good at Moses Brown and has been football captain the past two years.

"He's a natural player," John says with animation. "Much better ball carrier than I'll ever be. He's faster, too, and can tackle. On the track team he did everything. Now there's a real player."

Tuss said cautiously, "I've never seen him play."

However, until Bob comes along, McLaughry and Son will have to carry on. Meanwhile Mrs. McLaughry, who is still a bit nervous about football risks, has one consolation. Her son is playing for one of the best coaches in America and for one of the finest gentlemen. No mother could ask for anything more.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We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 17

She said, "Mr. Kincaid has probably been held up at the office. I can call him if you like—"

Ben Wood looked at her a rudely long moment before he answered: "No. He isn't in his office. I'll wait. I don't mind at all."

Laconic, that, with no hint of the reason he was here. Paula's uneasiness grew. It had become important that she know what this man wanted. And yet when she tried to ask she was afraid.

She went to the window and a few moments later she saw Peter on the street below. She must have gasped, for Ben Wood was quickly beside her, touching her arm.

"I want no trouble," he said. "Be quiet."

Paula looked up to find his hard eyes upon her. She nodded. Her throat was closed to words.

Ben Wood drew her out of line of the door. His hand was still on her arm. A moment, and Peter's key was clicking in the lock. The pressure on Paula's arm tightened. The fingers hurt.

Peter called, "Hi, Ugly!"

PAULA was about to speak but Ben Wood stopped her. She could hear Peter open the closet door, and then his slow steps came toward them. Ben Wood stiffened. His hand dropped to a hard bulge in his coat pocket. Bright fear welled into Paula's throat.

"Dear God," she thought. "What has he done?"

Peter was well into the room before he saw them. Surprise lifted his dark brows. "Paula! Why didn't . . . ?" And then the words died on his lips. His eyes clouded. His smile slipped away.

Ben Wood left Paula's side. He moved without haste, and yet there was a controlled tension in his movements.

"Peter Kincaid," he said, "you're under arrest."

Peter stiffened and glanced at Paula. Hurriedly he looked away. There was no surprise in his eyes, and Paula's fear became painful.

Peter wet his lips. "Tell me why."

"Sure," Ben Wood's voice had a dry, patient sound. "You know a man named Joe Hicks?"

"Yes."

"You met him at the Stanton at five-thirty?"

"Yes."

"Then you know what happened."

Peter Kincaid drew a deep breath and let it go. "I hit him," he said softly. "I knocked him down."

"You knocked him down," Ben Wood echoed. "That's good. That's very good." His eyes were amused.

He said, "Boy, you killed him. . . ."

STRANGE how still a moment can become.

Paula saw Peter's hands, long-boned and strong, closing steadily, crushing the brim of his hat. She looked up. His eyes were wide and hot. He did not look at Paula.

But presently, he would speak to her. He would grin and then it would be all right again. This was only a joke he had planned to make her laugh. There was laughter in her throat now. Strange laughter. She fought it desperately—and lost.

Peter was close to her then. His hands hurt the flesh of her shoulders. He shook her.

"Stop it, Paula!" His voice was oddly distant. "Paula, do you hear? Stop it! Stop . . ."

And after a long moment she did stop. Perhaps the strength came from Peter's arms, from the warm solidness of his body. And then her cheeks were wet, and the salt of her tears was warm upon her lips.

Peter's voice was still a long way off: "I didn't mean to hurt him, Paula. If the man is dead it was an accident. Believe me, Paula, I—"

"But, Pete! How could you—?"

And he told her then how the thing had happened. Told her in words that blurred and ran together, that begged her to understand. But the words did not matter, she heard them only vaguely. There was pleading and there was fear. And she grew strong in that moment, with all the fine, stanch strength of a woman's body, for his fear was not of the law's reprisal, but of her. Something deep in him reached out for support; was afraid she would turn away. She gave with a breast that ached in giving. There was a trembling thankfulness in his lips against her own.

Ben Wood's voice rasped softly in the quiet room: "That's enough, Kincaid. Come on. . . ."

Paula said, "I'll go with you. I'll get my coat."

"No." Peter caught her shoulders. "I'd rather you wouldn't, Paula. It won't be nice. They'll set bail tonight or tomorrow and I'll call you as soon as . . ."

"Tomorrow," said Ben Wood. "Not before."

Paula nodded. "Okay." Her eyes were oddly bright. "Tomorrow morning. I'll have breakfast waiting."

"Good girl." Peter turned away.

And then they were gone, Peter and that hard, bitter man. And the room was empty and still.

THE police garage was in the basement and it was cold there, though the white walls sweat. Ben Wood said, "Come on, let's get it over," and their heels struck hollow echoes from the floor. A rubber-booted attendant looked up as they passed the wash rack, and then, whistling, went back to work. The elevator door slid open.

The big tenth-floor room was the same —and yet it wasn't. Donald James was there, waiting at the desk sergeant's counter. The air was thick with the same strange smells; heavy with whispering. A reporter laughed and Peter Kincaid flinched at the sound.

Donald James said, "Sorry, fella. I know how you feel."

"He socked a guy. He killed him." This was Ben Wood—small and bitter and ugly.

The desk sergeant said, "Manslaughter?"

"Open charge," said Donald James.

The desk sergeant's pen made a scratching sound. He didn't look at Peter Kincaid as he said, "Got a knife? Any money or valuables you want to leave at the desk?"

"Ain't you got hands?" Ben Wood asked. "Frisk the guy! Why be so damn' nice?"

"Go away," the desk sergeant said wearily. "I been doin' this for twenty years, an' when I need help I'll send for you."

Peter Kincaid pushed his hat away from tired eyes. "How about bail?"

"Not till morning," said Donald James. "The hearing will be at nine. Any time after that." A brief smile touched his lips and was gone. "But it won't be bad. There's nobody in the hospital. We're going to put you up there. All right?"

There was anger in Ben Wood's face. "Why so fancy? Anybody else'd go in the tank. Why not him?"

Donald James said, "Pete's a friend of mine."

"Fine friends you got!" Ben Wood stood quite still, looking up, and his eyes were shiny with some dark thought. "Wrap him in cotton, it's all right with me. But don't get too close. He killed one guy with his fists tonight."

And then he was gone, striding away toward the door, and Donald James was saying, "Damn that man! One of these days I'm going to swing on him. He . . ." He brushed at his lips. "Silly, but he gets under my hide."

Peter Kincaid said, "I'd like to phone."

THE desk sergeant looked at James and then shrugged and said, "Sure. Why not?" Donald James turned away.

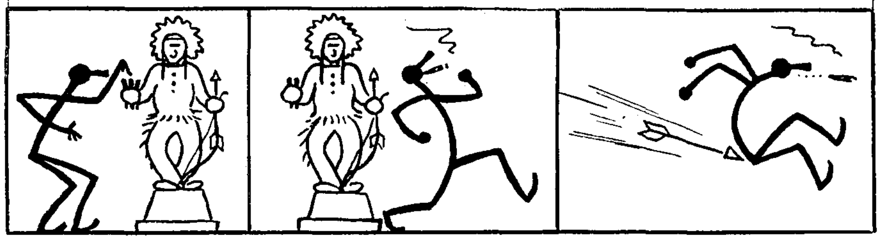
Peter Kincaid moistened dry lips as he waited and at the quick, thin sound of Paula's voice he found gentle words: "Paula, I won't be home tonight." And there was silence, save for the quiet hum of the wire and a whispering something that could have been Paula's sigh.

"Don't worry," he said. "Don James is taking care of me. I'll get bail first thing in the morning. But I think you'd better call Dad and tell him. . . ."

Paula said, "I have called him. He's driving down."

"That's fine." Peter swallowed and went on huskily, "I guess that's about all. I'll see you in the morning."

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

"I love you," Paula whispered.

Peter said, "I feel the same way," and was ashamed that he lacked courage to repeat her words.

The police hospital walls were white. The beds were white and high, and there were two in each small room. The door had no inner handle. The one small window was barred and when Peter Kincaid switched off the light the shadow of those bars fell long across the bed.

"Jail," he said aloud, and tried to laugh. The walls threw back the torn sound.

And in the morning the jailer brought a package. "James sent this," he said, and tossed it on the bed. "A shirt and a razor and what not. He thought you might want to shave before you went down to court."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks. I did."

"I brought you a decent breakfast too. I got it from the restaurant across the street."

"I can't pay you now. My money's at the desk."

"The hell you can't." The jailer grinned. "You can write me an order and I'll get it."

"Yes," said Peter Kincaid, "I can do that. . . ."

Nine o'clock was but twenty minutes away when Peter followed a uniformed cop down a dark-walled hall and into Donald James' office. Paula and his father were there, and James was not. Paula got quickly to her feet and the cop said, "I'll come back after you," and closed the door and went away.

Paula was in his arms. "Pete, I'm scared!"

"You can stop worrying. Everything is going to be all right." He kissed her once, lightly, and went across the room to take his father's hand. "Hello," he said, "a nice mess I've pulled you into."

"Paula called me, and I drove right down."

T. Stanley Kincaid was tall, with a thin, stooped tallness; his hair was gray. He wore a dark suit and a collar that was starched and high. His hands were good, large and white, and there was a nice preciseness about the way he used them.

"You'd better tell me about it," he said.

"This Joe Hicks tried to bribe me," Peter said slowly. "I threw the money in his face. He lost his temper and threatened me. I hit him—and here I am."

T. Stanley Kincaid's eyes brightened. "A bribe," he murmured. "Can you give me the details?"

"Joe Hicks offered me three thousand dollars to let Freddy Bascom go to jail. This Bascom lives across the hall from us, and when he was arrested his mother asked me to take his case. He's supposed to have robbed a grocery store, out in Rosemont. I saw Bascom at the time of the robbery—and he was twenty miles from Rosemont. He did not rob that store!"

Stanley Kincaid said, "There's more."

"Only this," said Peter. "The robber got thirty dollars from that grocery store—only thirty dollars. It strikes me as damned odd that Hicks would pay three thousand to cover a thirty-dollar crime."

Paula's hand was small and cold and she made a fist of it to push lightly at Peter's chin. "You've got the best lawyer in the state," she said. "The very best."

"I know," said Peter Kincaid.

And then the door opened and the big cop said, "Let's go. We haven't got all day."

THE police court convened at nine o'clock. The room was big and a little shabby and the flag upon the wall was thick with dust. Sunlight fell pleasantly through tall windows.

There was a small man before the bench when they came in. The judge said, "Sixty days. Next case," almost in one breath, and a cop led the small man away. The judge leaned back in his chair.

Stanley said, "Steady, son."

And that was funny. Peter Kincaid wondered why there should be that in his father's eyes that held him yet a child. And why the lines about his father's mouth were deeper now, as though cut there by a whip.

Donald James was speaking swiftly to the judge. The words were old, but for Peter's name, and had a flat, unimportant sound: ". . . did willfully strike one Joseph Hicks and thereby cause his death . . ."

And even then it wasn't real. It *couldn't* be real. And yet—

Peter Kincaid turned to look at Paula. She was sitting just outside the rail. Her face was drawn and pale and when she tried to smile it was but the jerking of lips pressed thin.

The judge said, "Let's get on with this."

"Yes, your honor," said Donald James. "Dr. Williams, will you please take the stand?"

The doctor was a big man in rusty

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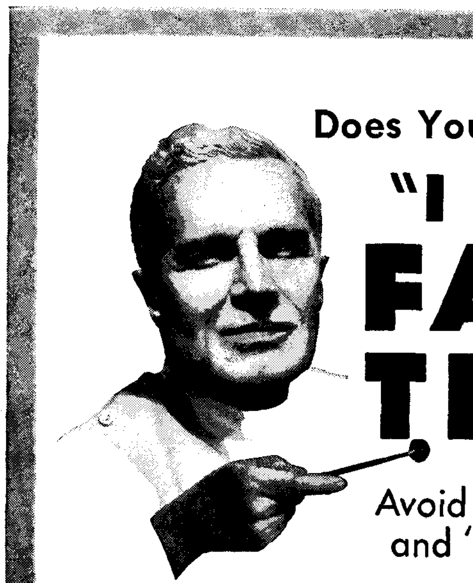

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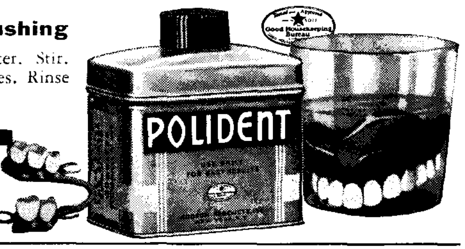

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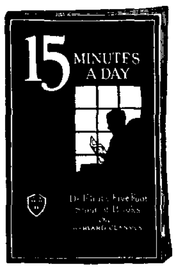

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gray. He had trouble with his teeth and he looked at the floor as he talked. Under Donald James' prompting he made neat statements, as medical as the iodine stains upon his fingers. And in the end he'd proved what everyone already knew—that Joseph Hicks was dead.

Donald James said, "Max Sandstrom, please."

A wave of whispering broke over the room as Max Sandstrom rose. Stanley Kincaid said, "Peter, you didn't tell me he was in this."

"I didn't know he was," replied Peter.

THERE was the droning of the oath and James' crisp, "Will you tell the court, in your own words, exactly what took place in the taproom of the Stanton Hotel between five and six o'clock last night?"

"A friend and I were having a cocktail there," said Sandstrom. "We were in a booth, the last in a row of a dozen or more. We had been there only a few minutes when Hicks and Kincaid came in."

"Did you see them?" asked Donald James.

"Not at that time." Max Sandstrom's voice was even and low. "I knew they were men because I heard their voices. I didn't know who they were."

Donald James nodded.

"They took the booth next to ours. The seat walls are quite thin and I could feel the pressure of someone's back against mine. They were apparently having trouble, an argument of some kind, for they were talking very loudly."

"Can you tell us what they were fighting about?"

"I cannot," said Sandstrom. "I made it a point not to listen."

Donald James said, "You may proceed."

"One of them—I'm not sure which—shouted, 'You can't get away with this!' And when I looked out of my booth they were standing very close together. Something more was said, but I missed the words. Hicks was pulling at Kincaid's arm. Kincaid hit Hicks in the face and knocked him down."

Donald James' face was thoughtful. "What happened next?"

"Kincaid walked away. I ran to Hicks' side and saw he had struck a booth corner in falling, and was bleeding badly from the mouth and ears. I shouted at Kincaid. He looked back, but he didn't stop."

"Thank you," said Donald James. "That's all."

There were other witnesses—a barman, a waiter and a hotel detective, who had come at Sandstrom's cry. Their stories were much the same, and the detective said, "I run out after Kincaid, but all I seen was a cab pullin' away from the entrance. I didn't worry. I knew he'd be easy to find."

The rest took only a moment. Then the judge's gavel smacked down, putting a wooden period to his dry, "Bound over for the grand jury. Next case."

The same cop took them back down the hall. "James said you was to use his office till you get bail," he said. "No use you goin' upstairs."

"Did they set bail?" Peter Kincaid asked.

Stanley Kincaid opened the door. "They put it at five thousand, Pete. Didn't you hear?"

Paula touched his arm. "Pete! It was terrible!"

"Don James was just doing his job," Peter told her quietly. "He gets all the small stuff and the preliminary hearings on cases like mine. He was really decent, Paula. You should hear him when he's out for blood."

Paula said, "I still don't like it."

"I've got an idea." Peter Kincaid's eyes were shiny with thought. "And I think it's important."

Stanley Kincaid said, "Sandstrom?"

"That's right," said Peter. "Look. Freddy Bascom told me he'd been given a package to deliver to an address that didn't exist, just at the time the grocery store was robbed. He swore that was why he had no alibi, and that he'd been framed." Peter Kincaid spread his hands. "I've heard a million stories like that, and so've you. I thought he was lying. I was wrong! Bascom *was* framed!"

"But, Pete," Stanley Kincaid said, "how . . . ?"

"You'll see what I'm getting at in a minute. I took Bascom's case because I was his alibi. Freddy doesn't know this, but I saw him twenty miles from the store—just two minutes before it was robbed. I could clear him and I know I could. I said as much."

"Who did you tell?" Paula asked.

Peter Kincaid's brows came down. "Donald James, for one. I wonder . . ." He shrugged. "That doesn't matter just now, but this does: Max Sandstrom offered me a job a couple of days later, and to take it I'd have had to drop my practice. You see? I'd have had to drop the Bascom case!"

"You're just guessing, Pete!"

"Joe Hicks began trailing me just after that, remember? He was trying to bribe me to drop the case when I hit him."

"Conjecture," said Stanley Kincaid, "and very hard to prove, Pete."

"Right," Peter snapped. "But Max Sandstrom is in this up to his thick neck. He's got to be, don't you see? Why else would he be at the Stanton, in that particular booth, at that particular time?"

"Accident?" suggested Paula.

Peter Kincaid lifted one hand. "With odds a million to one against it? Not much. Max Sandstrom had a reason for being there."

THE door opened and Donald James came in. His smile was white against the thin brownness of his face. "I had a chance to look in," he said. "I thought I'd see if Pete had any hide left after I got through with him."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks, guy; you were swell."

"There have been days when I liked my job better," James confessed. "And I'm sorry about the bail. Five thousand seemed a little steep."

"We'll manage." A grin plucked at Peter Kincaid's lips. "And those were nice witnesses you had."

"Strictly upper crust."

"Who was with Max Sandstrom?" Peter asked.

Donald James' smile became strained. "Sorry."

Peter Kincaid said, "Forget it. But I would like to know how much time we'll have before the arraignment."

"I'm not sure, but I'd guess about two weeks."

"That soon?"

"It's just a guess."

A silence came into the room then, thinly drawn, restless. The clasp of Paula's purse made a bright sound as she turned away from the window. Donald James snapped a cigarette lighter into flame. His eyes were tense above the wavering point of yellow.

"I'm glad my part of this is over," he said carefully. "And I'll be glad to do anything I can to help. You know my number, Pete; all you've got to do is call."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks, Don."

Donald James stopped near the door. "I'll tell Myer Rosen you want to see him. All right?"

"That would be fine," said Peter Kincaid.

And Myer Rosen, the bondsman, came a few minutes later. His clothes were of some cheap dark cloth, rumpled and shapeless and gray with the ash of many cigars. He smiled, as he always did, and each line of his moon face deepened. His eyes were as hard as his colorless voice.

" 'Lo, sweetheart," he said. "Want to see me?"

Peter Kincaid nodded. "About my bond."

"They got you jammed up, huh? Five thousand bucks is a lot of anybody's money."

"I've got to go to the bank before I can pay you," Peter Kincaid said. "My money's in baby bonds, and I've got them in a safe-deposit box. You can send a man along with me if you like."

"For five hundred," Rosen said, "I'd go myself."

Stanley Kincaid's mouth jerked. "I'll give him a check, Peter. There's no need . . ."

Myer Rosen grinned. "Don't get mad," he said, and silent laughter shook his thick shoulders. "Me an' Pete know each other. We kid around. Anyway"—he pointed one finger at Stanley Kincaid—"your check ain't any better than his word. I don't know you." He laughed again. "You can send the dough down. I won't start worryin' till noon. You ain't goin' no place."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks, Myer."

The fat man spread his hands. "It's business."

A WIND that was gusty and sharp with the tang of autumn met them on the street. The round trip to the bank took an hour. They were in front of their apartment building when Peter said, "I should be back for lunch."

"Aren't you coming in?" Paula asked.

"I've got a couple of things to do first."

"What things?"

"Business." Peter forced a crooked grin. "And if I'm not back for lunch you're not to worry."

Stanley Kincaid's eyes were grave. "Still thinking about Freddy Bascom, son?"

Peter nodded, and Paula said, "But, Pete—haven't you enough trouble without . . ."

"This isn't trouble." Peter tipped Paula's head back and kissed her. "Now beat it and don't worry."

Paula hesitated and for a moment her eyes were dark with concern. Then she said, "Be careful, Pete," and left the car.

Peter Kincaid found Freddy Bascom in a tavern on Twenty-third. Freddy was leaning across a pool table when he first saw Peter. The grin died on his lips, and his eyes became suddenly afraid. He straightened without completing the shot; racked his cue, and followed Peter Kincaid to the street. His voice was quick, sharp:

"What's the matter? Somethin' go wrong?"

"No," said Peter Kincaid. "But I'm in a kind of jam and I need your help. Okay?"

"All you got to do is name it, Mr. Kincaid."

"My car's down the street."

THEY had reached the car when Peter Kincaid brought out his cigarette case. Freddy Bascom took one quickly. He squinted at Peter through the smoke and tugged at one ear. "What's the lay?"

A tight grin lifted the corners of Peter's mouth. "The lay," he said, "is this: I've got to know if you lied to me when you said you were hired to deliver a package the day that grocery store was robbed."

"Look!" Freddy's tone was pained. "I know it sounded screwy as hell but that's the way it was. An' why would I lie to you. You're my lawyer, ain't you?"

"I had to be sure, Freddy. And you said you could find the man who hired you. Right?"

"I said I thought I could. I seen him around."

"Recently?"

"Not since I got pinched."

"Would you recognize him?"

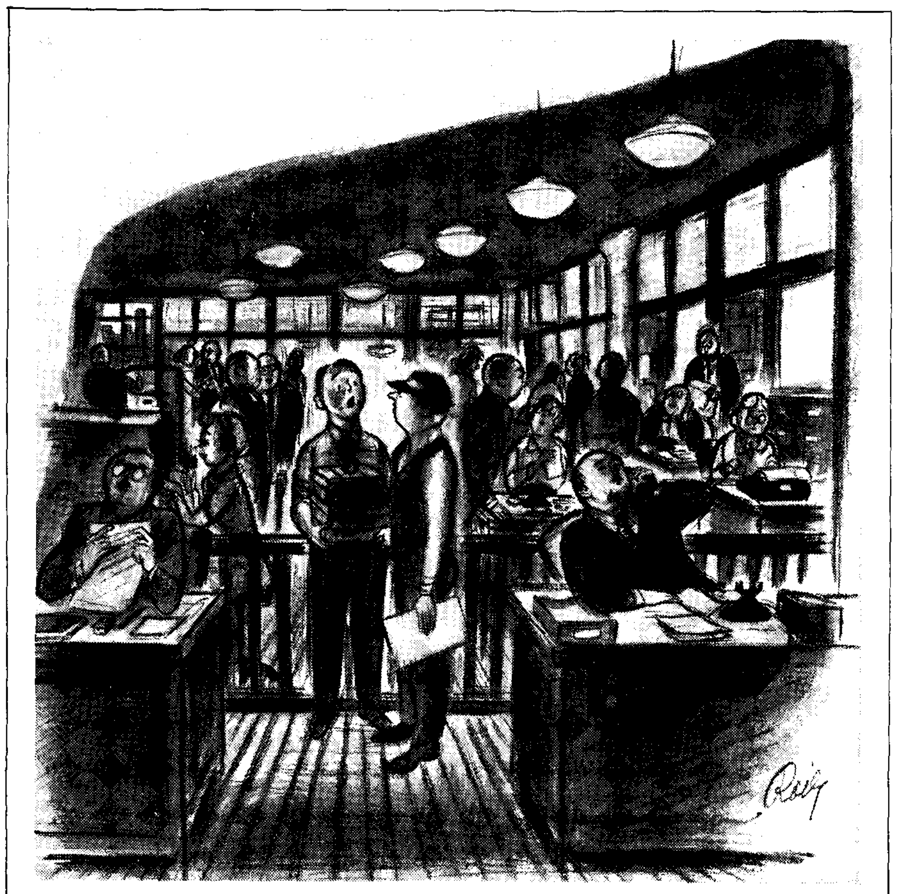
Freddy Bascom's face twisted into a thoughtful frown. "I think I'd know the guy. It all depends."

Peter Kincaid threw his cigarette away and started the car. "Let's hope you can."

Freddy Bascom said, "Did you find him?"

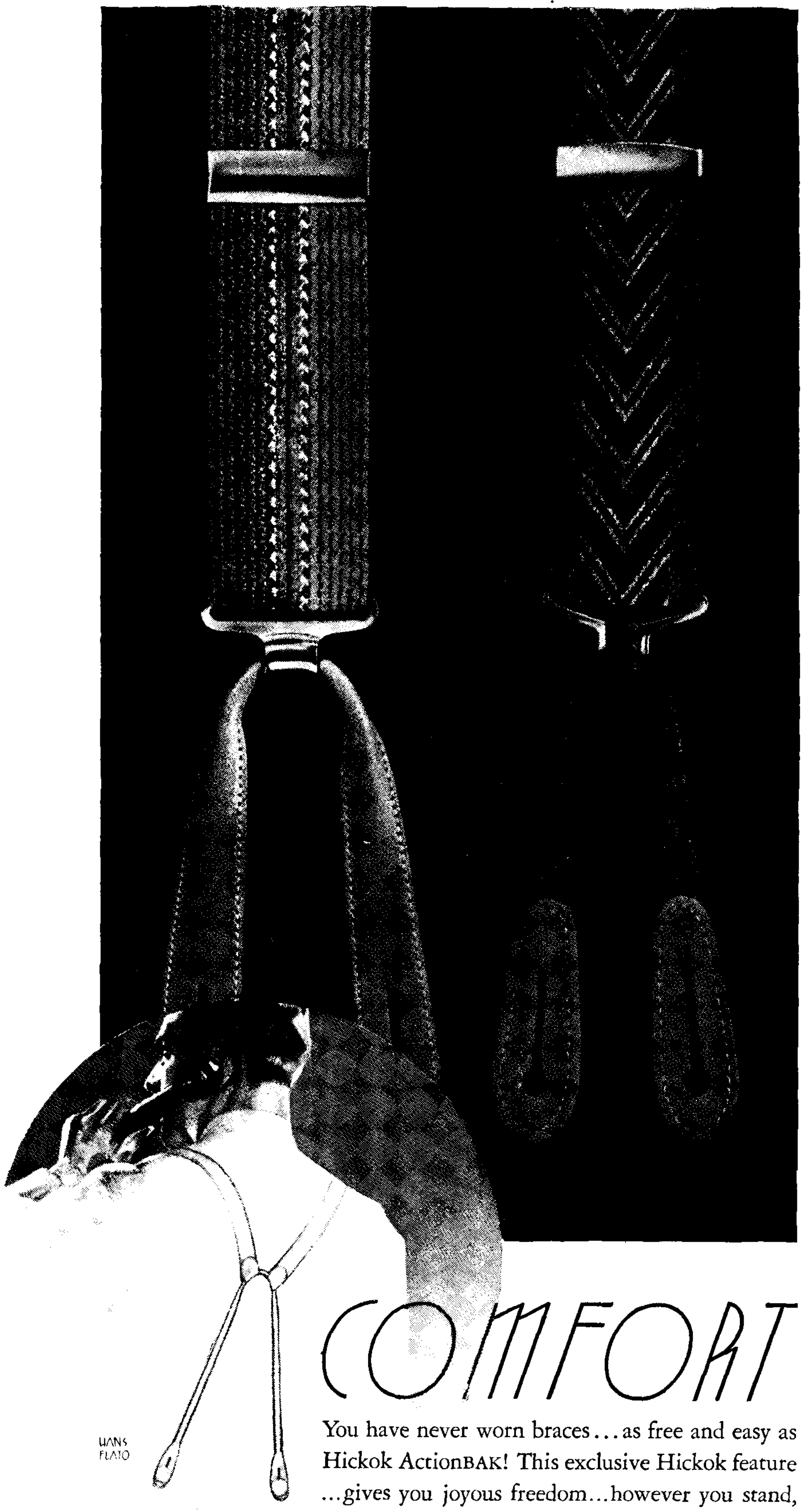
"I wouldn't be surprised if I had."

(To be continued next week)



"I'm new here—whom do you ask for a raise?"

I. ROIR



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Hiawatha's Bride

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Disillusionment of an impetuous young woman who discovered the truth about married bliss—and learned to like it but with considerable difficulty

HAVEN'T you ever met Kitty? I'll write and tell her you're coming and to look for you." Jean Billings recalled these words precisely as she folded the two telegrams she had just received, lit a cigarette and sank onto the couch until she could regain her equilibrium.

She was responsible for it—dear Lord, she herself! And her reason—she reread the telegrams—her reason for asking Sam Troy to look her daughter up when he went to the Cape was anxiety lest Kitty should be contemplating something like this.

She had begun to worry over Kitty's letters. In the child's wake was always a confusion of boys, about whom she wrote nonchalantly; but this summer her writing had taken on a serious tone. Jean couldn't remember the man's name, and it didn't matter now anyhow. But she had been worried enough to appeal to Sam when he said that he was going to spend his vacation swordfishing around the Cape.

She herself had to stay in New York painting portraits for a face-cream campaign; Sam was one of the executives at the agency handling the account, so she felt no hesitancy about asking the favor. "You're perspicacious," she told him without flattery. "Maybe you can find out what's what. She's in Provincetown studying drama and doing walk-ons in stock." He promised to take time off from his fishing to look into it. Sam was a man with grave blue eyes which gazed at her from considerable height.

It was only a week ago that he had left. And now this.

Two telegrams, one from Kitty announcing that she had eloped. The other an apologetic one from Sam—as apologetic as a man could be, considering that he was on his honeymoon and apparently quite pleased with it.

How it had happened she could only guess. She supposed you never could tell what a man would do when he was on his vacation and relaxed. As for Kitty, Sam must have looked picturesque harpooning swordfish.

The day they were due back Jean went to the steamship dock to meet them. She had somewhat recovered by now, recalling that she herself approved of Sam.

He was smiling, not at all abashed. Kitty was dashing around, shaking her black curls, and enjoying herself so outrageously that Jean, when she got her alone, felt it her duty to remark: "Darling, marriage has its serious aspects too. A great many adjustments—"

Kit's large dark eyes became dreamy. "Oh, we're sure of each other."

"Well, the honeymoon is over."

"Our honeymoon is going to last forever."

So there was nothing to do, Jean concluded, but let Kitty work it out. And she finished the face-cream paintings and went to Mexico for the winter.

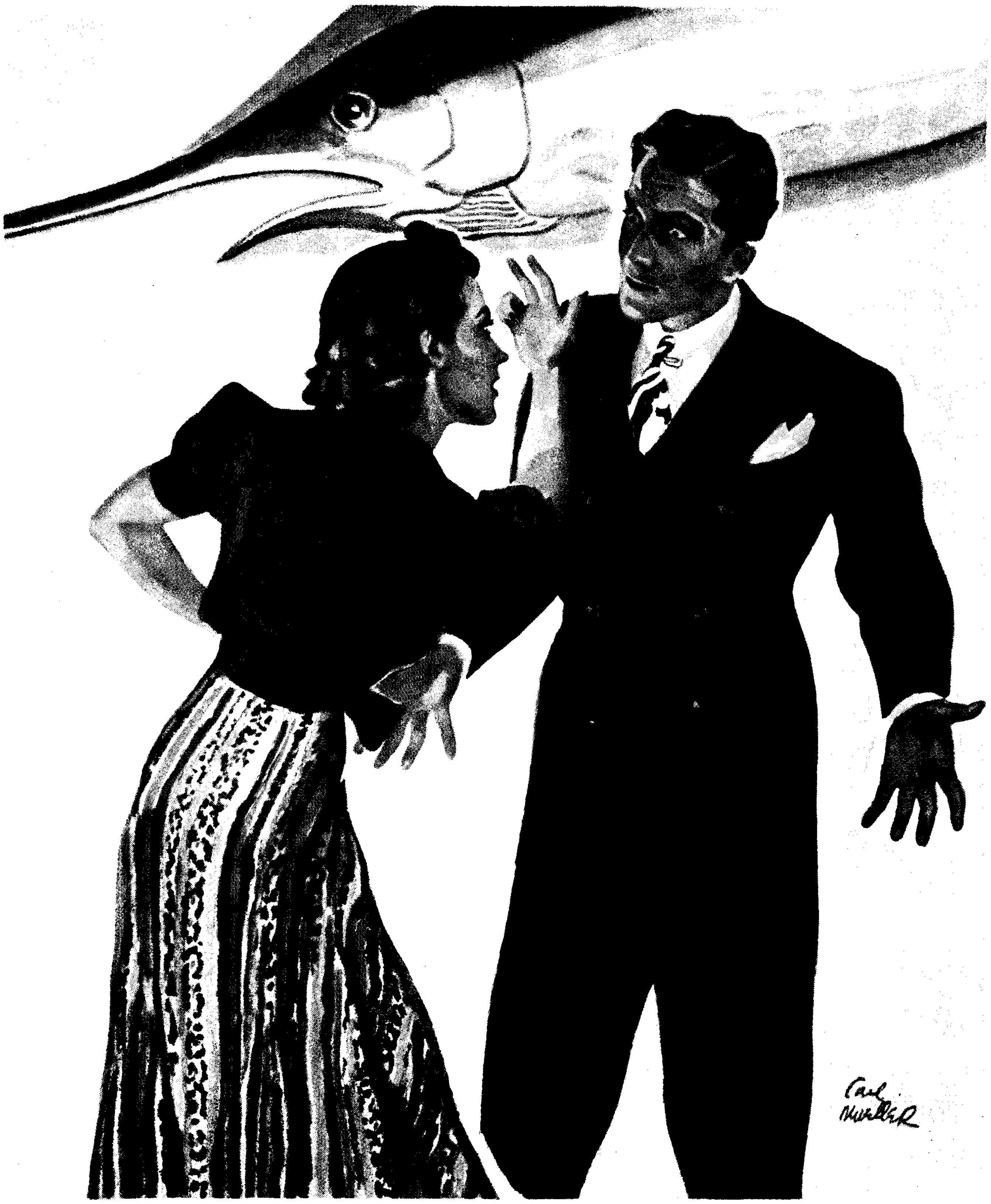
SAM TROY had few doubts about anything he did. Having been a bachelor for thirty years, marrying Kit a few days after he met her was probably the most impetuous act of his life, but that was not to say that he had any misgivings. He bought a house in Ridgevale, in the Jersey suburbs, where he could have a cellar workshop and room enough to raise bird dogs some day. And transplanting the trophies of rod and gun that had decorated his bachelor apartment, he settled down in perfect contentment.

Oh, he and Kit had a few squalls over trivial things. She objected, for instance, to his swordfish being hung over the fireplace.

"Why, it just fills that wall space," he pointed out reasonably.

"It—it's just too much fish."

But the idea of having it mounted was



"Why, it just fills that wall space," he pointed out reasonably. "It—it's just too much fish," she protested

TIME FOR A MASTER STROKE

A MASTER STROKE is required when the situation is critical, whether in a friendly game of golf or in the more serious business of living.

If your family should ever have to go along without you, would they be forced to get back on the fairway of life the hard way — or would they have the dependable help and "follow through" of life insurance to lift them out of a difficult situation?

There is a John Hancock plan especially designed to meet such an emergency. It is called the readjustment income plan, because it carries dependents smoothly through the readjustment period. It is the master stroke which gives them the income that they need while they plan to get along without the full financial support of husband and father.

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY

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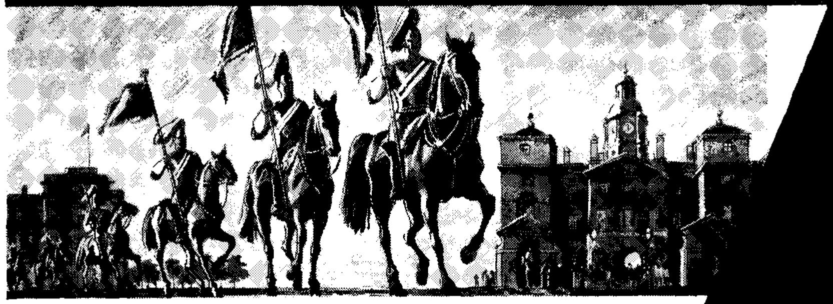
OF Priestley's NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH



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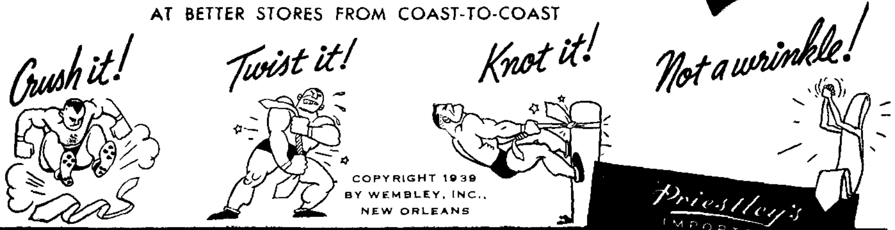
AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST-TO-COAST


Crush it!
Twist it!
Knot it!
Not a wrinkle!

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To be sure it's a NOR-EAST tie look for this label

Priestley's IMPORTED NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH

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that it was large. It was a record catch off Block Island! Kit, however, had got herself worked up. "I loathe it," she cried, and her chin began to shake.

A few quarrels like that. He handled them tactfully, recognizing that Kit's was the kind of temper that flew off unexpectedly but was of little consequence.

That fall he shot ducks, woodcock, pheasants, a few partridge and a deer, which absorbed his week ends. He was going to spend his winter evenings making a greenheart casting rod, tying trout flies, carving duck decoys. And before he knew it he was smelling the damp, fresh earth, got his waders out to see if there were any leaks, and soon was whipping the roiling streams for trout.

One morning late in the spring, puzzled, incredulous, he sat in his office and stared at a document that he had received with his mail. It was an anonymous typewritten note that inquired, "What kind of rehearsing do you think keeps your wife out?"—which he would have torn up angrily but for the second line: "Take a look-in at Jimmie Flynn's tonight."

If he didn't believe the insinuation he could go see for himself. What the devil could it mean—who could have written it?

The first line presumably referred to Kit's activities with the Ridgevale Players, an amateur group that she had joined several months back. His mouth fell open. She had said she wouldn't be home for dinner tonight. "We're rehearsing, we'll have sandwiches at the club. Hatty will get your dinner for you." He had kissed her and rushed off to catch the morning train, and had only at this moment recalled it.

He must concentrate on some copy for an airplane account—new account and vital. But the poison ate into his thoughts, gnawed all day, leaving him no peace. Now that he considered it, since Kit had joined the Ridgevale Players she had been out frequently and until late. If she actually had been cheating—damn these incredible thoughts—with whom was it? Invariably this Milton Brenner called for her and brought her home. Was it he? Sam had hardly exchanged a dozen words with him. His only reaction to him had been one of slight amusement; the kid apparently took himself so seriously. He was going on the stage, Kit said. Brenner . . .

He stood at the window scowling down at mid-town Manhattan, deep in his wretched thoughts.

A conference kept him late at the office. Afterward he telephoned Hatty and told her to go home, ate at a restaurant, without any appetite, and took the subway downtown. There was only one Jimmie Flynn's—in Greenwich Village.

ONCE a speak-easy, Flynn's had a floor show, hostesses in white satin and a band, but none of this interested Sam, who stood at the bar holding a Scotch and soda that shook convulsively in his large, usually steady hand.

All he could see was the top of her dinky little hat and the dark halo of her curls, because she was half hidden by her companion. Brenner, that's who it was. He recognized the pale, intent profile, the head of wavy hair.

Sam dreaded scenes in public places, and, oddly, he dreaded facing Kit, surprising her. He suddenly lowered his head. They were standing up; they were leaving.

This suited him better because he could confront them on the dark street. He would give Brenner just time enough to get his hat, then he would overtake them outside. Kit was looking up at Brenner and laughing as they vanished through the door at the other end of the bar.

When he got to the small lobby a party was coming in, two hilarious couples who blocked him in the narrow entrance. He shouldered his way through in time to see that the cab that must have brought them had picked up Kit and Brenner and was speeding down the street. Frantically he looked around. No other cab in sight. He ran half the length of the block, stopped, gasping for breath, as they turned into Sheridan Square, weaving and disappearing into the traffic.

Some hours later he let himself into the house in Ridgevale, hung up his hat, and struck his fist so violently against the back of a chair that it hurt. Massaging it, he paced around the living room.

It was the kind of room to warm a man's heart. From the swordfish to the pheasant on top of the gun cabinet in the corner, to the sporting prints, the large painting of mallard over a marsh, the framed lithograph of a pointer decorating the walls. But tonight he was oblivious to all of it. He could only see a taxi disappearing in Greenwich Village.

He sat down and tried to think about the airplane account. Keep his mind on it until she got home. Needed something dramatic in the copy—such as "this winged world." He swore, got up and stalked down to the cellar and felt the fresh varnish on the greenheart casting rod. He couldn't stand this—he'd go outside and walk up and down the street.

AT a small and raucous place on Fifty-second Street Kitty kneaded her fingers and gazed unseeingly at the man at the piano who was accompanying himself in The Bells of St. Mary's. For an instant in Flynn's, when she had seen Sam standing at the bar, she had been panic-stricken. And although this was exactly as she had planned it from the moment she had typed the anonymous note to her husband on his own portable typewriter, she had had a wave of remorse. But she was in it, up to her ears. She wouldn't back out. Sink or swim.

The tenor was swinging The Bells, and Milton lit a cigarette. Kit put her chin out. She reminded herself grimly how she had tried to decorate and furnish their house in a modern manner. She reminded herself how his swordfish, stuffed fowl, sporting prints, fishing tackle and shotguns spoiled every effect. And *these* were his interests. His wife—oh, something dimly discerned in the background. She was thinking of week ends he had spent duckhunting, wading brooks, stalking birds, according to the seasons.

Once she had told him she thought she must have married Hiawatha, and he had taken it as a compliment.

She was suddenly aware of Milton clutching her hand. "It's so senseless," he was saying huskily.

"What?"

"Our going on in this—this frustrated way when you know how deeply I care for you."

It was the fourth or fifth place they had been in since Flynn's. Kitty had kept moving to discourage this sort of conversation, and now she drew her coat around her shoulders and gazed through him. "It's time to go home."

"Oh, gosh—home!"

The voice of the tenor followed them out to the street. Milton, who had been too absorbed in her to see Sam back in Flynn's, had now assumed an air of sardonic silence. She didn't care. She was thinking of the crisis she would presently be facing at home.

They had driven in from Ridgevale in his roadster, using taxis around the city; the car was in a parking lot. . . .

The scene, which she would dominate, was already outlined in her mind. She would listen to Sam's accusations haughtily, and then inquire: "Would you like to know what has driven me to it?" Then she would tell him. How he was so wrapped up in his hobbies and his job. How she resented the attitude that she was a slightly unreasonable woman whom he must treat with tolerance. That was what had stymied her.

Milton's roadster was thundering along toward Ridgevale. When Milton was not talking he practically festooned himself in silence.

She felt only a twinge of shame over the way she had used Milton. She suspected that Milton was invulnerable, considered himself a philanderer, and even believed that he had thought up this clandestine evening himself. Well, he had a lot to learn about women.

If she had not been so preoccupied she would have realized that Milton had not once broken his silence. . . .

THEY were on her street, pulling into the curb.

At the instant they stopped she discerned the outline of Sam's figure beside the shrubbery.

"Good night," she said hurriedly, and opened the door.

But Milton caught her arm. She tried to pull free, tried to quell him with her look.

"Why don't we tell him tonight?" he demanded in a firm voice.

"What on earth—?" she whispered.

"That we love each other."

Kitty was frozen, stricken dumb.

She was aware of Sam stepping out of the hedge's shadows. "Oh—hello!" she stammered.

But he brushed past her, jumped on the running board and started pulling Milton out of the roadster, until she clutched the back of his coat and cried, "Sam—let him go!"

"Do you want to wake the whole street?" he said between his teeth.

"I'll start screaming," she threatened. "Sam—I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you—and Brenner. All right, we'll go inside."

"I can walk, I don't have to be carried," said Milton.

On the porch he took off his hat, straightened the brim, and put it on again, seeming to regain some dignity. Sam was holding the door open, waiting for her. With as much hauteur as she could muster, she swept in, but without stopping kept right on up the staircase, until Sam shouted, "Where are you going?"

She turned, one hand resting on her hip and her shoulder lifted: "I refuse to be cross-examined."

Sam's flushed and baffled face and Milton's pale one comprised the vision that she carried with her to the second-floor hallway, where she paused, out of sight. Maybe she should have stayed. Maybe she should rush down and tell Sam that it was all idiotic. But she couldn't go back now with any dignity.

Off their bedroom was a sun deck. She ran out and leaned over the railing, and as the voices of Milton and her husband floated up to her through the open windows of the living room, listened.

Wrathfully, Sam looked at Brenner. "I want to know what you meant outside."

"You — you wouldn't understand," Brenner managed, lighting a cigarette.

"Wouldn't I? Well, damn it—"

Brenner was regaining his composure. "You wouldn't understand a devotion to an artistic ideal which—which lifts two people above the ordinary—" He ran his hand over his hair, a gesture to show the futility of trying to explain it. "Ordinary rules of conduct."

"Can we help it if we have come to care for each other, impelled by something so deep—our art, our mutual aspirations?" Brenner waved his hand impatiently. "Oh, I don't expect you to appreciate it." His upper lip curled. "Ours and your interests are different."

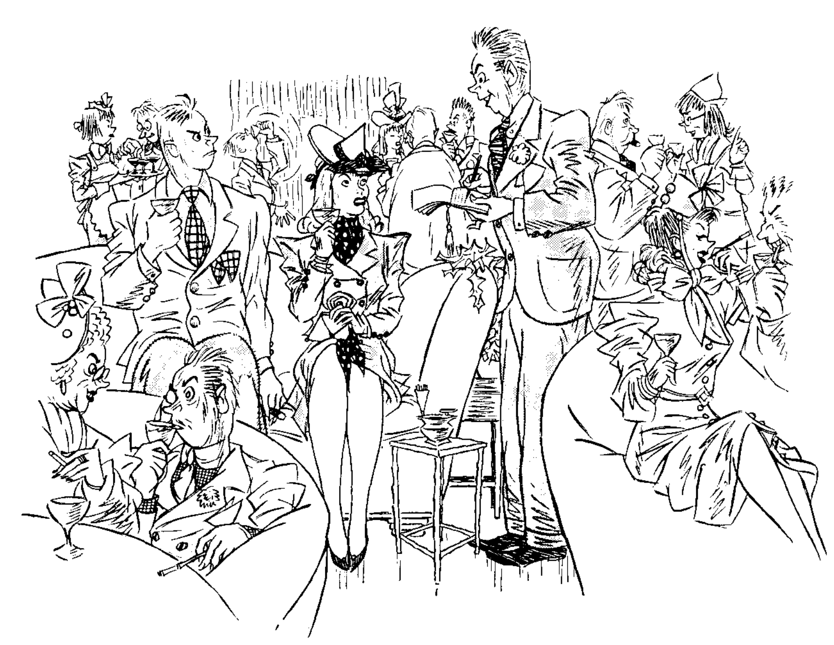
"Hmph!" Sam grunted. He took his fists out of his pockets and said, "So that gives you the license to take my wife to dinner. That's right, I saw you—I went there — because someone apparently knows all about this and tipped me off to it." Brenner's eyebrows lifted. "I would have followed you but there wasn't a cab. So I came home and waited, and then heard you tell my wife—now, young fellow—"

SAM stopped. He slowly unclenched his hands, jerked out a handkerchief and wiped his face. He scowled at Brenner, for the first time really seeing him, not merely measuring him for execution. Brenner was smirking.

Sam folded the handkerchief back into his pocket with elaborate care. Was he making a fool of himself? The kid was enjoying this.

He began to see an attitudinizing young man with a craving for dramatics. Kit still puzzled him. Her manner was somewhat that of a child who gets into mischief to attract attention. But his immediate concern was Brenner. What should he do about him?

He would dispose of him quietly;



"Miss Spink, may I have the pleasure of the fifth cocktail with you?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Aunt Jemima's own Legend of her Secret Recipe

Folks comes from miles aroun' to taste my DEE-LICIOUS pancakes...JES' LIKE DEY DID WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED MY SECRET RECIPE!

Cu'nnel Higby—bless him—always was a mighty partic'lar eater! An' I decided I'd happify his appetite like never befo', wif some pancakes dat would beat all for 'licious flavor!

'Twas evenin' when I started fussin' aroun'. De sun was goin' down, paintin' de clouds red, an' de mockin' birds was singin', an' I could smell de honeysuckle through de window!

I tried all sorts! Finally I mixed four different flours wif other specially good things to eat an' some tricks o' my own, an' I say: "Dat's got it!" An' sho' nuff, it did!

Nex' mornin', I gives Cu'nnel Higby de pancakes, an' when he taste 'em he is plumb tickled. I never seen a man so delighted! He smack his lips, an' he say: "Aunt Jemima, you is a genius!"

NO WONDER FOLKS GO WILD ABOUT THESE PANCAKES!

AUNT JEMIMA'S ARE MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST!

WE'LL HAVE THEM MORE OFTEN! WITH AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE, READY-MIXED, IT ONLY TAKES A JIFFY!

Easy as 1-2-3 to fix! Simply add 1 cup Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix to 1 cup of water or milk, and frisk on the griddle. Costs less than ordinary cook-book recipes. Enjoy Aunt Jemima's Pancakes and Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats for breakfast, lunch or supper. Waffles, too.

TODAY is Aunt Jemima Pancake Day

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX FOR PANCAKES

IN THE RED BOX

WAFFLES TOO!

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES

An' enjoy my ol' fashion' buckwheats, too!

GET BOFE PACKAGES FROM YO' GROCERMAN AN' SERVE TURNABOUT

IN THE YELLOW BOX

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

P.S. To Mother: You will agree that Aunt Jemima's Pancakes are the best-tasting and easiest you ever made, or we will gladly refund your money!

When you say "PENNSYLVANIA"

a song-writer thinks of ***STEPHEN FOSTER***

a careful Motorist thinks of VEEDOL

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL
100% PENNSYLVANIA
ITS FINEST

STEPHEN FOSTER, to millions, means, "My Old Kentucky Home", "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground", and other lovely southern melodies. Yet, Foster was not a Southerner, but was born in Pennsylvania, in 1826. And today, his songs belong to the whole Nation...to the entire world.

From the earliest days of motoring, America's finest cars have been safeguarded by Veedol's "Film of Protection"

IN THE 1879 diary of an old Tide Water oil man is written, "At evening, after a hard day of pipe-line work, we sang Foster's 'My Old Kentucky Home', and 'Oh, Susannah'."

Today, that same pipe-line which those pioneer Tide Water men battled to construct from the Pennsylvania fields to the coast, *still* carries the world's richest crude oil into the world's largest refinery of Pennsylvania lubricants, where Veedol Motor Oil is made. No other crude oil has ever been found to surpass this Pennsylvania crude from which Veedol Motor Oil is refined. Special processes increase the oil's fluidity so that it reaches even the most inaccessible motor parts . . . yet retains all of its unique "oiliness" and heat resistance.

Try Veedol, and you'll soon discover that its famous "Film of Protection" means a quieter, smoother, safer motor. When you need motor oil, think of Pennsylvania . . . and ask for Veedol!

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL . . . *a product of Tide Water Associated Oil Company . . . makers of Tydol and "Flying A" Gasolines*

though he wasn't an actor himself, Sam played poker.

"Have you a job?" he asked presently.

Brenner looked uneasy. "May I ask—"

"I imagine my wife wants an immediate divorce," Sam said, noting the slightly astonished look that met this announcement. "'A Reno divorce, traveling expenses, fees, establishing residence would cost upward of a thousand dollars. I won't contest it, neither will I put up the cash for it. That will be up to her—and you. She has a small personal bank account, if she hasn't drawn on it recently."

BRENNER, who had pressed his fingers to his forehead and was peering through them, suddenly lighted another cigarette. Sam shot him a glance and walked to his desk. He was beginning to enjoy *himself*. This was something out of a book or play—the whole thing was theatrical—but he might as well fight fire with fire. He picked up a sheaf of papers. Being an orderly person who paid his bills on the fifteenth of every month, he had them clipped together ready for the occasion. He held them in front of him.

"This is a personal matter; I trust you to respect my confidence, but these are debts contracted by my wife during the past month." He turned them over. "Milliner, $16.30; Symonds & Company, for dresses, $59.89; an item of $160 for a winter coat; beauty parlor—low this month—$13; garage—I use the car myself about once a week—gas and oil only, $21.40; bridge prizes, $5; caterer—"

The ash had fallen off Brenner's cigarette into his lap.

"Caterer, for a luncheon bridge, $28—oh, well, there's the picture. A little extravagant, but it's what she's used to." And Sam tossed the bills back on the desk.

Brenner had risen and was pacing the floor. "Oh!" he groaned. "How despicable! What a despicable role I've been playing. I'm despicable!"

Sam shrugged. "Heel" was the word that came to mind. "I thought you ought to know what you'd be getting into—"

"Oh, these rotten little bills! It's the realization of how I've trespassed on another man's happiness, allowing myself to care for another man's wife. I should have gone away, anything, when the madness first came over me. I had better go—forever."

Jean told Sam later that she thought the last line was from A Doll's House. The most dramatic reply Sam was able to make was: "Yeah, you better."

He watched, fascinated, as Brenner, with a bitter expression on his young face, marched to the front door, opened it and walked out. Sam took a deep breath and went upstairs.

Their bedroom was dark. He turned the light on and saw only the top of her head on her pillow. "Kit," he said. Her face was hidden, she did not move, and he said, "Kitty."

He knew very well she wasn't asleep. He shook her shoulder and a hand darted out, clutching the covers and holding them tighter around her neck. Her head burrowed farther into the pillow.

All right, she didn't want to talk. He unbuttoned his shirt thoughtfully.

JEAN was interrupted at her breakfast by her daughter storming into the studio in the middle of the morning and announcing, "I can only stay an instant, because I've got a lot to do. Well, Sam is going to divorce me."

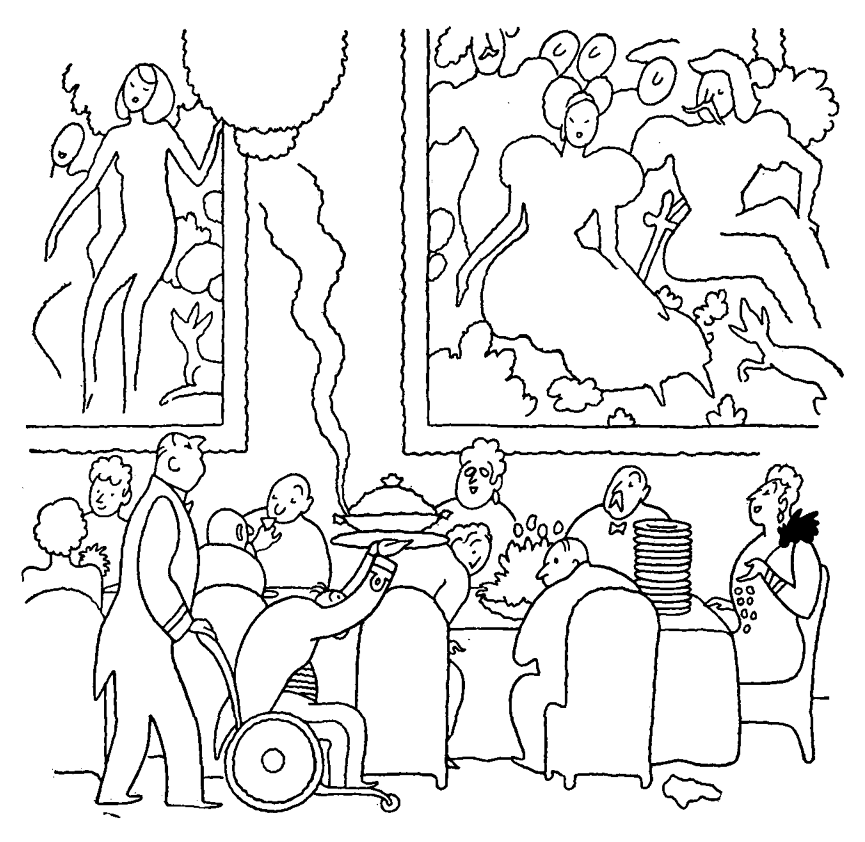
Then she poured out the whole story. Sam had left for the office when she waked up this morning. She had taken the next train into the city. Jean gazed at her ruefully. To give her credit, though she tried to justify it, Kit admitted all her duplicity.

"Why didn't you have it out last night?" Jean demanded.

"I was in bed with all my clothes on. I wasn't in a strategic position."

"No. But I don't think Sam is going to divorce you. He doesn't discuss his serious ideas so casually."

"Well, I'm furious. I didn't spend a penny last month on clothes. I never gave a luncheon bridge and I wouldn't have had a caterer. My Persian lamb is as good as new; I'm not even thinking about a winter coat. Sam uses the car as much as I do. Those bills he must have been waving in front of Milton



"Jarvis has been with the family so long, we feel we owe it to him"

GARDNER REA

were the electric, gas, telephone . . . He's rotten!"

"Baby, the poor man was only scaring Brenner. He had to make up something, and I think he was quite clever, considering that he's so much in love with you that he doesn't see your real faults."

Kitty was pulling on her coat. "Clever!" she sniffed. "I've got a lot to do. I'm going."

"For instance," Jean persisted grimly, "speaking of your shortcomings—your emotions are immature. You're a coquette, with the creature's willfulness. You can't take it. Last night you couldn't take it. You're stupid enough to play games—writing anonymous letters and such—with what your husband, I know, considers a solemn matter: his marriage.

"You haven't any patience. You're a mixture of sentimentality, selfishness and vanity—for which I am partly to blame because I spoiled you—" Jean broke off to peer quizzically at her daughter, whom she loved.

"Isn't a woman's interest being noticed, being thought about, being loved?" Kitty was demanding.

"Her principal interest ought to be her husband."

"And you just hope your love will be reciprocated but you can't be sure. Your reward will be in heaven."

"Oh, you get a reward before that. A contented and devoted, if preoccupied, husband is actually a treasure. As for love, dear, you will learn that husbands may have a quiet, almost stealthy way of showing it, but it is love. I don't say there isn't some justice to your grievances, but remember that Sam will sooner or later find out he didn't marry an angel, then it might be as well to have something up your sleeve for a compromise."

"Did Pop ever hunt and fish, did he think he was Hiawatha?"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," Jean said. "Your father played golf. You're lucky."

But Kitty had gone.

SHE was tapping her foot at the slowness of the elevator. She had a great deal to do. Her mind was like a ledger upon which were written carefully remembered figures.

Sixteen dollars and thirty cents for hats. . . . She took the subway downtown and walked over to Fifth Avenue.

Sam, the clever man, ought to see her a few minutes later surrounded by hats and disgorged hat boxes. She picked out three, at a little under the figure but she would make it up on dresses. "Charged and sent," she ordered. "Mrs. Sam Troy. . . ." A saleslady in the dress department flew up to her. "Let me see some afternoon dresses first," she commanded, and in less than an hour, for a little over sixty dollars, she had a lovely number for afternoon and a dreamy chiffon creation for evening. "Charged and sent," she instructed.

She needed a new coat about as much as a cat needs two tails, but an advertisement in the morning papers of a sale at Dunn & Dunn's, up the avenue, had given her an inspired thought. She hurried along the street, now a little breathless. One hundred sixty dollars! Sam had set the figure, hadn't he? Dunn & Dunn—she entered, and into the dignified and expectant silence said, "I'd like to see your silver-fox evening jackets. . . ."

The lady stood off to get the effect, like an artist, rapturously patting the shoulders of the beautiful little jacket while Kitty pirouetted.

"You could not have anyzing so wonderful for twice it—only $179.95, ma'mselle. *Madame,* pardon. Your husband see it and say, '*A merveille,* that is swell!' Madame is just the slender, perfec' figure for it. With the dark hair the complexion so delicate, the man-ner . . . You are so lucky to have a husband who will buy it for you, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Qu'est-ce? Pourquoi? Why does madame fling the jacket off, give her such a look, snatch up her purse—*miséricorde*—and rush out? Out of the surprised hush of Dunn & Dunn.

Madame was out on the sidewalk, bumping into people unseeingly.

Yes, he'd buy it. That was it. He would pay every single bill without a murmur. He always had. He was that kind of man.

A TRAFFIC policeman was waving his arms and shouting at her. She backed up onto the curb while the traffic hurtled past. What was it Mom had said about her? She had hardly listened, but now she was remembering and it all must be true. She was a spoiled, contrary, horrible character. She stood there, wretched, with no self-pity, only self-condemnation.

Until she was galvanized into action. The lights had changed. She ran across the street. She would send all the stuff back—maybe keep the evening dress—no, everything. There was a cigar store on the corner. Sam had gone off without waking her this morning. She wanted a telephone; she had to tell him how horrible she was, and how much she loved him.

"Mr. Troy is not in just now," said his secretary.

"This is Mrs. Troy—"

"Oh, Mrs. Troy, he tried to phone you. He's gone home."

Home! She hung up before she thought to ask if Sam was sick, if there was any trouble. She was already outside waving to a taxi.

Hatty opened the front door for her without any alarm in her black face. "Mr. Troy's in de cellar."

He was doing something at his workbench, and a little astonished as she rushed at him, took her in his arms and held her while she gasped, "About last night—forgive me—Sam, forgive me!"

"Oh, we'll forget all that business," he promised.

He didn't want any explanation. We'll forget it. It was more than she deserved. She gulped, and nodded. He apparently had been oiling fishing reels and sorting flies, which were strewn around his workbench. "I tried to call you from the office," he told her.

"Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right." Then he said solemnly, "We've made a mistake in letting our interests grow apart—don't you think so? Somewhat my fault—haven't included you in—in my interests. Started thinking about it last night. Figured we better take a sort of second honeymoon. I went to the boss this morning. The airplane account is all set to go—Fred can handle the details. I said I wanted a vacation now. Okay—" He stopped, looked at her in dismay. "The play—your part in the play—"

"I can get out of it, Sam," she cried. "It isn't so important. They can get someone else; they'll have to."

"Okay," he shouted. "We're off tomorrow—you and I—to Maine, to kill some salmon!"

Jean paid them a week-end visit after they got back. The first thing she noticed was the absence of the swordfish from the wall in the living room. She could hardly fail to notice it, for it had been a rather dominant note in the decorations. A salmon, which replaced it, looked much neater. She was examining this trophy when Kit strode in, jerked her thumb and said proudly, "How do you like that beauty? *I* killed it."

"Do you mean caught it?"

"Killed it," said Kit with the superior air of the initiated.

How I won the Jr. "World Series"!

1 **We had quite a run-in,** Bill and I, at our company's "World Series" between the factory and the office teams. Two out . . . last inning . . . and one of the old-timers hits a long, high one. Bill and I both thought we had it.

2 **We sure got together!** But when I get around to collecting my wits, I'm still holding the ball. "Yippee!" yells Bill. "He's out! We win the game . . . and no bones broken. That calls for a celebration."

3 **"You bet,"** I grin. "Seems to me we ought to Double Our Enjoyment with that rich, straight whiskey with No Rough Edges. And believe me, TEN HIGH and I both made a big hit with Bill!"

Double your enjoyment with

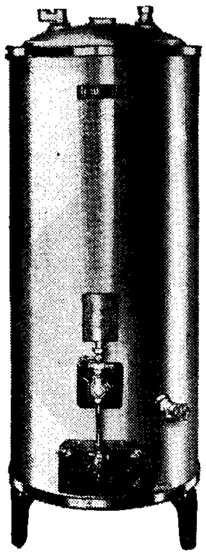
TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY ☆ STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

Hey, Pop WE'RE NOT ESKIMOS...
WE WANT A RUUD GAS WATER HEATER WITH A MONEL TANK



MAYBE the twins will grow up to be arctic explorers. But why put them in training so soon? Why not let a Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater make their daily tub less like Alaska—and more like a balmy South Sea isle?

Water from that Ruud Gas Water Heater is more than hot. *It's clean!* It comes from a Monel tank. Monel, you know, is the wonderful modern metal which is eternally rust proof. That's why this Monel tank is guaranteed against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion for 20 years.

Your gas company, plumber or dealer in bottled or tank gas will be glad to give you full information about Ruud Water Heaters burning gas, the modern economical fuel. Or write today for an interesting booklet entitled "Go Gas for Hot Water." The International Nickel Company, Inc., 73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

2/3 NICKEL + 1/3 COPPER = MONEL

Monel inherits from Nickel its finest qualities: strength, beauty and ability to withstand rust and corrosion. When you specify metals, remember that the addition of Nickel brings toughness, strength, beauty and extra years of service to steels, irons and non-ferrous alloys.

NOT ENOUGH MONEY?

IT'S almost sure to make folks unhappy. Wise girls and women join the Pin Money Club and turn their spare moments into dollars and cents. Our work is pleasant—it is easy—something the most inexperienced girl and woman can do. Think how nice it would be to have $5 or $10 to carry out some fond plan! Send for our free booklet.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 91, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Tested and Approved ★ 723 by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LAVORIS

Mouth and throat hygiene

Coagulates, detaches, removes objectionable matter

Finders Keepers

Continued from page 24

Paradise where, if you get sick, the nearest doctor is a thousand miles or more away."

Still, there is no shortage of boys for the jobs and there hasn't been from the first.

In 1935, Washington decided transoceanic commercial aviation was at hand and before other nations were awake to the situation the aeronautics bureau began to look for possible air bases. Once these were found the United States moved quickly and secretly to grab them and establish colonies.

Most of the islands that W. T. Miller of the aeronautics bureau picked were true orphans of the sea. They were barren, unproductive. No one wanted them enough to enter a claim. They are about as far from civilization as a man can get.

Twenty-four hundred miles west of California is Hawaii, an American territory. Southwest, 1,300 miles from Honolulu, lie Jarvis, Howland and Baker; 1,800 miles from Honolulu on direct line to the Antipodes lies Canton. Johnston, Kingman's Reef and Palmyra are supplementary.

We Begin Colonization

We have uncontested claims to Jarvis, Baker, Johnston, Howland, Kingman's Reef, Rose and Palmyra. Canton and Enderbury we hold jointly with Britain under a 50-year agreement. With surprising diplomatic initiative the U. S. has seized all the logical bases on the cross and up-and-down Pacific air routes.

The United States through its adventurous boys had its first three islands for months before word leaked out. Japan was chagrined. England wasn't exactly happy. The move was discussed in Diet and Parliament. But nothing could be done. After all, America had the islands and clearly intended to hold them.

Britain rushed a cruiser to her various island groups to reaffirm possession of them. When the Americans reached Canton they were met by a couple of British subjects. What might have been an international "incident" was quickly solved.

"Come up to the shack and have a spot of beer," was the Britishers' greeting.

"Fine," answered the Americans, "and after that a little poker."

The Britishers were penniless when their next supply ship arrived. But it took a year before the diplomats signed the 50-year joint-occupation agreement.

Once having decided to seize the Pacific's orphan islands, the United States had to find citizens who would fit most effectively into the equatorial environment. Hawaiians were the answer. They are of genial disposition, love the sun and sea, can care for themselves in a tropical climate. They have courage, stamina and resourcefulness.

The officials whose job it was to make this twentieth-century island-grabbing and colonizing foolproof went to Kamehameha School for their colonists. Students at this semitrade high school must be at least part native Hawaiian. They're the pick of the islands' youth, for enrollment is limited and the entrance tests, both educational and personal, are competitive and severe.

Among the first boys selected from Kamehameha was Carl Kahalewai. Carl served on Jarvis. One night a radio call came from there. Carl was ill and wanted advice.

Dr. Harold D. Lyman, U. S. Public Health Service physician at Honolulu, diagnosed the illness as acute appendicitis. Commander W. F. Towle of the Coast Guard swung into action. Honolulu radio stations broadcast calls for the cutter's crew to report on board immediately. Theater screens flashed the order. Physicians hastily packed kits. Two hours later the cutter was racing at 20 knots for Jarvis, 1,310 miles away.

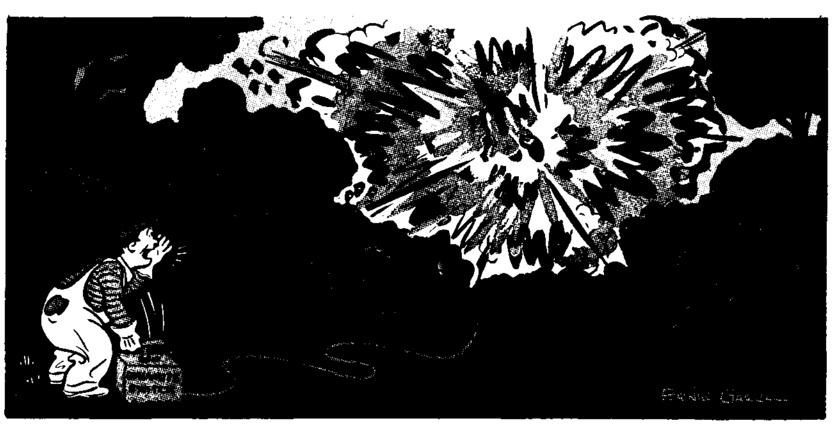
For 72 hours the ship bucked heavy seas. Once Jarvis was reached, doctors battled their way ashore through heavy surf. Carl's condition was too serious for treatment on the island. He was transferred to the cutter. His condition was such the doctors hesitated to perform an operation at sea and he died on the pitching, tossing cutter hundreds of miles from home.

Baker is a fair example of these "paradise isles." Your ship steams fairly upon it before the lookout sings out "Land ho!" The highest point of land is scarcely twenty feet above the sea. Unless you are peering closely, your ship might sail right on by.

Once you locate Baker, you see a long, barren stretch of sand. So intense is the heat that clouds often split apart, dropping their rain into the sea, but avoiding the scorched land. The column of terrifically hot air rising from the sand cuts through the moisture-laden clouds like a knife.

The heat intensifies as your ship stops. You're wringing wet with sweat, even in the shade of the ship's awnings. Surf pounds with violent fury on the low land. Your ship can't anchor, so deep is the water just outside the reef. You silently curse as you are ordered into a life jacket before stepping into the ship's small boat. You don't want to wear more than is necessary.

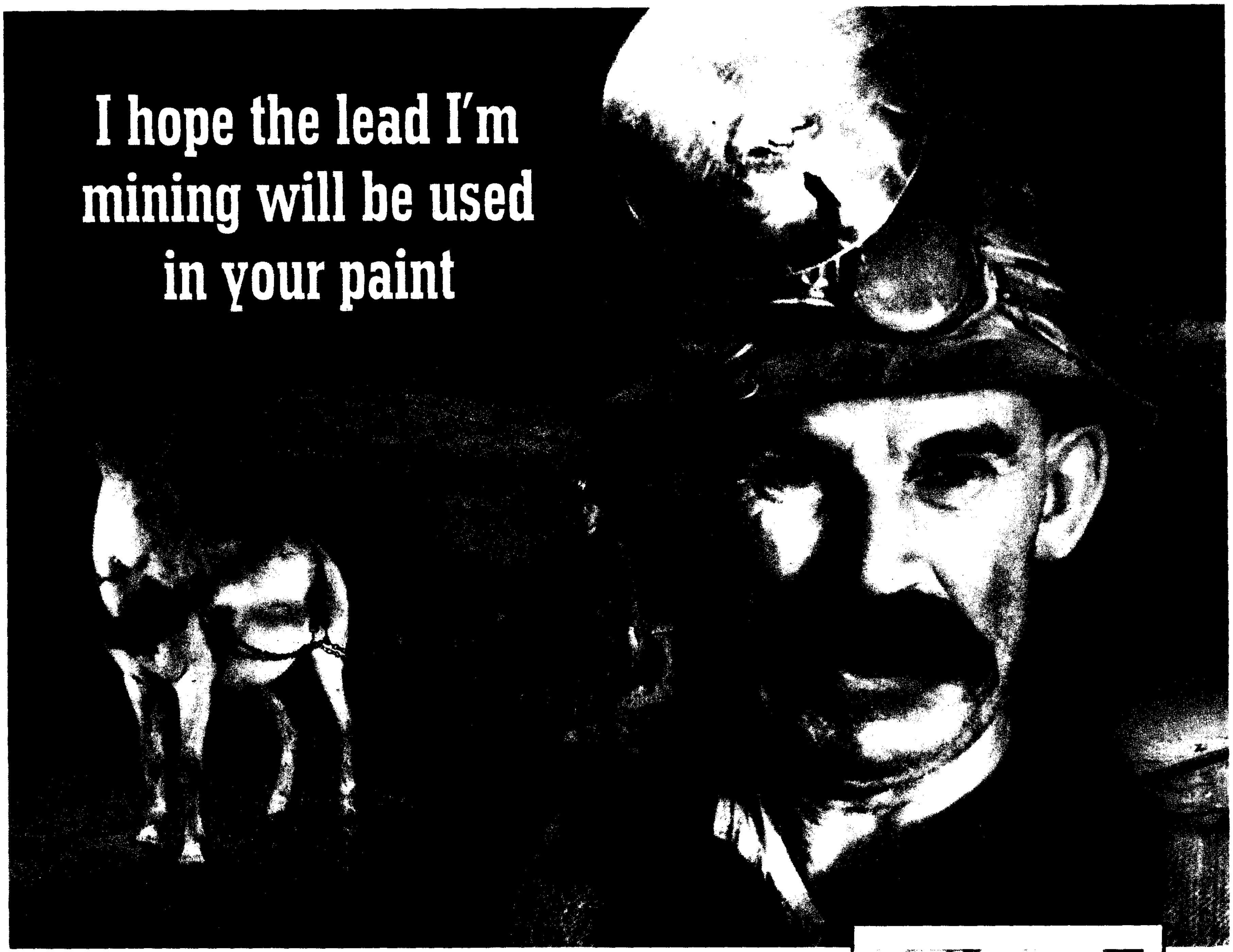
You are tossed about and drenched aplenty before you reach the beach, if you are lucky. If you are not lucky,



"Are you ready?"

ERNIE GARZA

I hope the lead I'm mining will be used in your paint



LEAD is a metal that handles a lot of tough jobs. You know that.

You know how it stands up against time and weather.

Well, paint has to stand up against such punishment too.

So it's only natural that good paint is made from lead.

And that's a fact. "White lead" is what they call it. It isn't the metal of course. But white lead is made straight from the pure metal, lead.

You can't use any other metal for making paint and get the same result.

White lead puts a tough, elastic coat on your house that sure can take it.

That's not just my idea. You can find out the same thing from any painter who knows his business. Most of them won't paint their own houses with anything else.

It's gospel truth that you're money ahead when you paint with white lead.

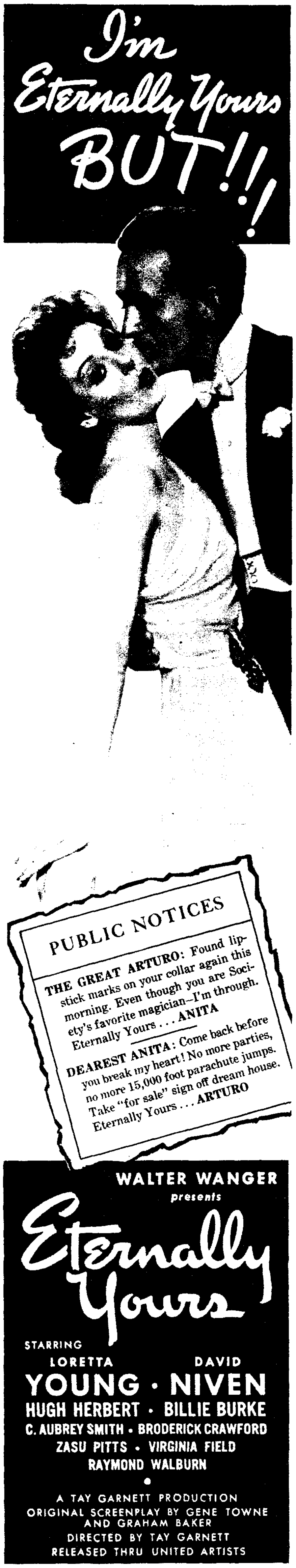
• • •

"What to expect from white lead paint" is the name of a book you ought to have if you're thinking of painting. Write for your copy today.

LEAD INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A good painter knows dozens of things that go to make up a good painting job. For instance, to be sure your windows are waterproof, he checks them over, applies new white lead putty where needed to exclude weather and make a smooth, even surface over which to paint.

You're money ahead when you paint with
White Lead



I'm Eternally Yours BUT!!

PUBLIC NOTICES

THE GREAT ARTURO: Found lipstick marks on your collar again this morning. Even though you are Society's favorite magician—I'm through. Eternally Yours . . . **ANITA**

DEAREST ANITA: Come back before you break my heart! No more parties, no more 15,000 foot parachute jumps. Take "for sale" sign off dream house. Eternally Yours . . . **ARTURO**

WALTER WANGER
presents
Eternally Yours
STARRING
LORETTA YOUNG · DAVID NIVEN
HUGH HERBERT · BILLIE BURKE
C. AUBREY SMITH · BRODERICK CRAWFORD
ZASU PITTS · VIRGINIA FIELD
RAYMOND WALBURN
A TAY GARNETT PRODUCTION
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER
DIRECTED BY TAY GARNETT
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

you may have bruises and a broken bone or two. Lieutenant Commander Frank Kenner of the Coast Guard got a broken arm and battered ribs for souvenirs of one landing.

Once ashore you rip off your soaked shirt to keep cool—and you scurry right back into it as the sun raises blisters. You look in vain for a shade tree. Nothing but vegetation and patches of sea grass. The squawking of thousands of birds beats in your ears.

You walk around the island. It doesn't take long. A mile in length, its maximum width is 1,500 yards. Daytime the birds are a nuisance; at night the rat hordes keep you company.

"Rats ruin every attempt to grow vegetables," a boy colonist tells you. "They eat the plants as soon as they appear. We trap them. We shoot them. We do everything to get rid of them. When I first came we had to put the legs of our beds in cans of sea water to keep them from running over us at night."

Food is a Problem

You want a cool drink, but the only water you can get is from a steel tank. It was brought in drums a thousand miles from Honolulu, months before.

Meanwhile, supplies have been beached, personnel transferred, and you're ready to shove off for Jarvis.

"I want a meal cooked by a cook," shouts 20-year-old George Kaahanu in greeting as you reach Jarvis the next morning. "Did you bring any bread?"

Cooking is a chore, the boys tell you, but instantly assert they have swell "kaukau"—Hawaiian for chow.

"At breakfast," continues George on his favorite topic, "we have hot cakes, bacon, canned fruit and coffee. For lunch we cook a big kettle of rice and use leftovers. For dinner we have soup, fish, canned roast beef, vegetables, canned cake and coffee.

"We tried to bake bread once but forgot you have to have yeast. The nearest yeast was a thousand miles away."

George West, 19, invites you to go fishing. "We don't bother with poles," he tells you. "We use this 'gun' made of heavy rubber bands. It shoots a spear. Just dive down, find the fish and pull the trigger. Some mornings we get 300 or so. Small ones we scoop out of holes in the coral. We've eaten so many lobsters we don't pick them up any more.

"Sharks? Sure, lots of them. See that break in the reef out there? They come through that into the shallow water. When we see their fins we wade out and chase them. We've tried to ride horseback on them, but either they are too tricky or we aren't good enough. You know, the Hawaiians really used to ride on the backs of sharks.

"No, they don't bother us. But over there on the north end of the lagoon is a school of giant ray fish. We've got to watch out for those devils. They raise hell every night, fighting among themselves. They churn the water and slap around and froth things up until you think the lagoon is boiling."

There are five or six species of rays down there. The most common is the "sting ray" or "whiptail." These are flat, with a spread up to eight feet to their batwing bodies; blue-gray on top, lighter underneath, and slick and slimy.

They are vicious, aggressive. The tail, which is a long barbed spine, is the business end. They snap it as an expert fencer uses a rapier; accurately, and too fast for your eyes to follow. It makes a deep, jagged, tearing wound, into which venom shoots from a gland in the barb.

The boys don't spend all their time eating and fishing. Meteorological observations are taken hourly during the day and every three hours at night. Readings are taken on wind velocity and direction, temperatures, barometric pressures, rainfall and cloud conditions. These data are reported nightly to Honolulu for transmission to the weather bureau and ships at sea.

Prize job of all, in the eyes of 18-year-old Joseph Kim, is caring for the chickens. Uncle Sam has given each group of boys a flock. They are probably the most carefully tended chickens in the world. Joe shows you his diary.

"Aug. 20. We witnessed a funny incident today. One of our hens was walking along and laid an egg standing up. First time we ever saw that happen. (Four eggs.)

"Sept. 7. We surrounded the school of fish. Caught 1,006. Cleaned them, and put them on rocks to dry. (Four eggs.)

"Sept. 9. Isn't it funny? Here we are Americans on this little island holding it for Washington, and yet only one of us has seen the mainland. Wish we could see Mount Vernon sometime. (Three eggs.)"

"We know we can't let ourselves think about being marooned here for months," Solomon Kalama tells you. "If we did we'd have arguments and fights. So we organize games to keep busy. We don't use the same partners in working or playing from one day to the next. We put our names in a hat and draw daily partners by lot."

Four boys are stationed on each of the five colonized islands. Each boy signs up for four months, which is the length of time between cutter visits. If, when the cutter arrives, he is found in good health and spirits, and the records show that he gets along with his mates, he can stay for a second four-month period, or even a third. But only in rarest instances is a boy permitted to stay more than one year without return to Honolulu for a rest.

Boys get $3 a day and keep. One of each group is a licensed radio operator and a member of the Amateur Radio League of America. Nightly contact is maintained on 10- and 20-meter phones with "hams" in Hawaii and mainland United States, after official reports have been cleared. The radio is the only social contact with the outside world.

Unfortunately for the hundreds of boys who want to live down there, the United States hasn't enough islands to go around. When you look at your map it seems the Pacific is fairly studded with them. It is deceiving. Islands which appear to be but a step or two apart may be 400 or 500 miles from one another! During the U.S.S. Lexington's search for Amelia Earhart, planes of the aircraft carrier, flying a mile apart, covered an estimated 500,000 square miles without a sight of land.

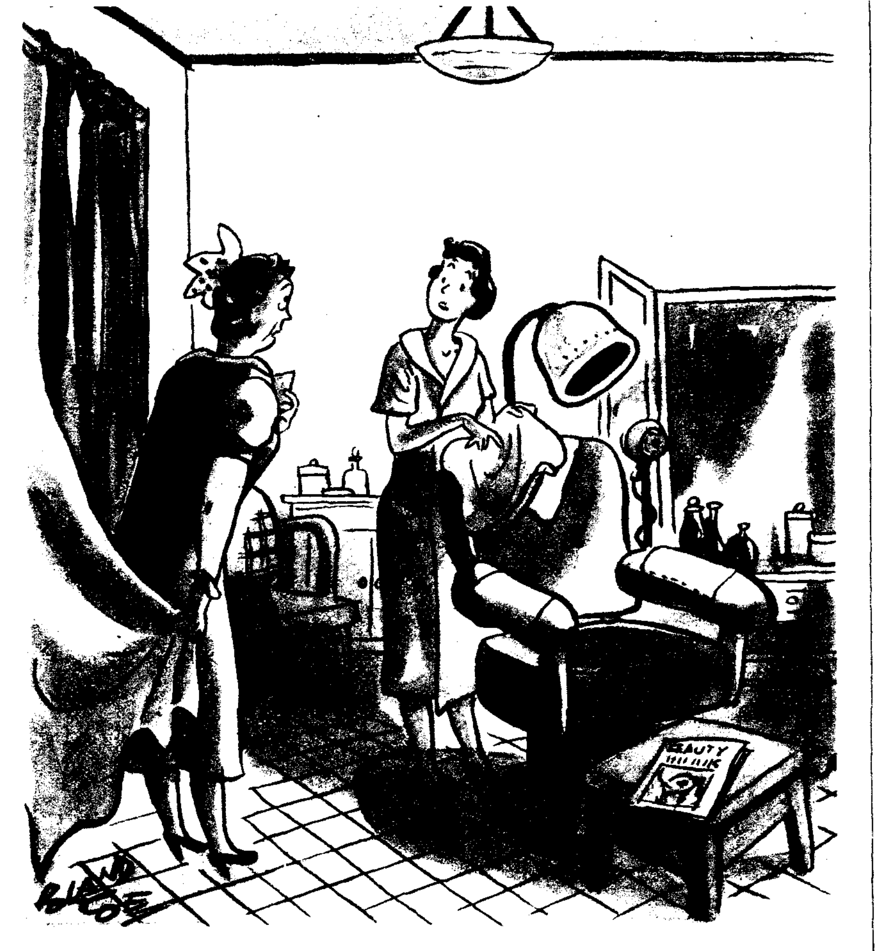
Hide-and-Seek Islands

In 1921, the U.S.S. Eagle 40 reported seeing dry land at Lat. 6° 23′ N. Long. 162° 18′ W. The Navy Department paid no attention to the report. A year later fishermen found land there and reported it to the Navy and State departments. The Navy failed to acknowledge the report. The State Department replied that "there is no land at the position you specify. You are mistaken."

Provoked, L. Fullard-Leo and Lorrin Thurston, Honolulu businessmen, sailed down there, went ashore and took possession of it in the name of the United States. It was not until Admiral Coontz four years later sent the U.S.S. Whippoorwill to investigate that the Navy accepted the report of the U.S.S. Eagle 40. The Navy then announced the finding of the island, plus a deep lagoon, nine miles long and from two to five miles wide. Now known as Kingman's Reef, it was used by the Navy fliers during recent maneuvers.

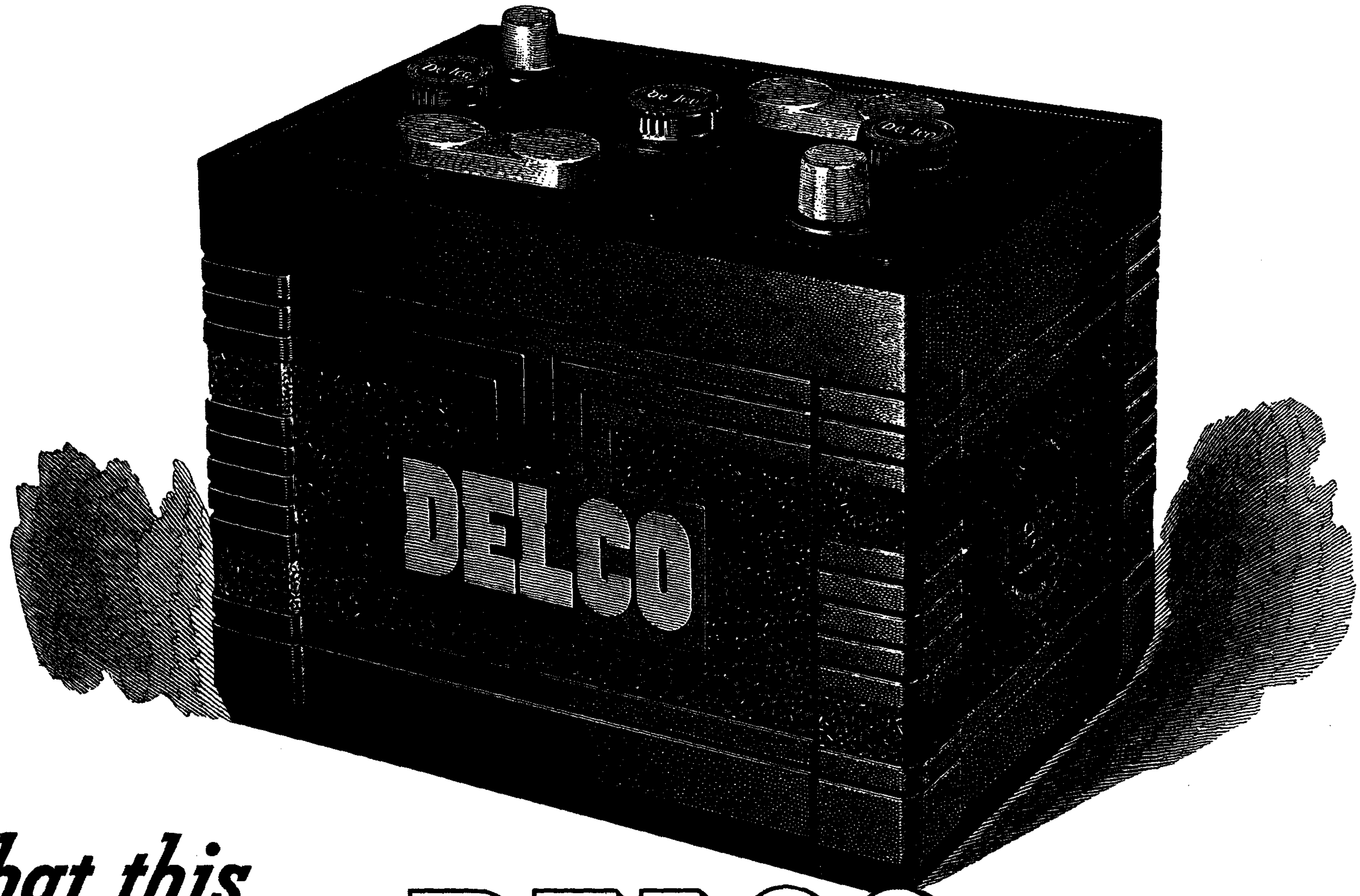
As your cutter pulls away from Howland, youngsters left behind wave goodby. The shore quickly drops below the horizon. Your final glimpse of this outpost of the nation is the American flag flying from its mast.

On Jarvis a small lighthouse sends its beams across the lonely waters. It is dedicated to young Carl Kahalewai, aged 19, of Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A., who died just beyond its beams.



"And when I awake in the morning my face looks slept in!"

ROLAND COE



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Serene Maureen

Continued from page 11

were not prepared for the actual young Maureen who calmly took her first view of the New York sky line, who got excited only when you mentioned the word "banshee," and who—because "they didn't ask about it"—failed to tell the New York news sleuths that she had been married just a few hours before taking ship from England.

Her family name is Fitz-Simon, but her mother thought that when daughter got going in films a careless public might get it mixed with Fitz-Simmons or a couple of other Fitz's, and that would never do for a proud Irish Fitz-Simon. Better just call her O'Hara, which surely nobody could mistake or mispronounce. However, she had no more than landed in America than her shocked ears heard people calling it "O'*Haira*" and she shuddered. "It's O'*Hah*-r-r-a," she insisted with a softly burred "r."

She was born in Ireland in the hectic 1920's when Dublin was resounding with bombs, shots and riotings, but she has no memory of them. Her father is the Irish manager for a British hat firm and, between six children, hats and histrionics, has had his hands full. Though this is her first professional appearance, she says she has been acting all her life, and her family will corroborate the fact.

Supernatural Finance

As a toddler she persisted in playing scenes with her slightly older sister and when two more girls and boys were born and achieved speech they were pressed into dramatic service. Sometime after this the six youngsters began to bring out a weekly paper on things theatrical and mother, father and all the relatives were obliged to buy it. With this money the children bought equipment and condemned the relatives to further durance by performing for them original one-acters as well as Irish classics, for which they charged admission.

But despite this high finance, the family stock company was often in the red. One time when Maureen was bewailing a lack of funds, her father, pointing to a small bowl which was decorated with figures of the "little folk," said, "And if you're needing money, why don't you ask the little people for it?" That night she did. The next morning she found just the amount she needed in the bowl. A rank heretic might suggest that her father had something to do with it, but at any rate, the money was there and the small Irish girl became convinced that the little people were a pretty good lot to know.

And today all you have to do to make the seemingly impassive O'Hara light up is mention a banshee. There is, she states, a great misapprehension about banshees. A banshee is not merely any wailing ghost or spirit. All of them are ladies. Only two in a family hear the banshee's fatal warning in advance of a death. One night, relates Maureen, when she and the other youngsters were upstairs rehearsing a play, she suddenly heard a terrible, wailing shriek. She clapped her hands over her ears and looked at her brothers and sisters. They had heard nothing. Then her father came rushing upstairs. "Did any of you hear it?" he demanded. Only Maureen. Downstairs the older members of the family and some guests had laughed at him when he abruptly registered horror at hearing the wail. Maureen and her father took the warning seriously. The next morning they got word that her grandmother had died that night.

She got through school as quickly as possible, being inherently averse to mathematics, chemistry and Latin grammar, and she did not appear in amateur school plays.

Then where did she get whatever training she had before she became Mayflower's pride at seventeen?

She left school at fifteen, but she has a certificate from the Abbey Players in Dublin to be a teacher of elocution. "I didn't actually play with them," she hastens to state honestly, "but they have a school of acting." Breaking into the Abbey school is an accomplishment in itself. You come up before a strict committee and do scenes of your own selection and then others that they spring on you without warning. When she finished the dramatic-school course, she was given the unusual offer of a leading role with the Abbey Players themselves.

She was also offered one of those vague film chances if she'd go to England. She didn't take a film test. "They just saw me," she states without any self-consciousness. So she and her mother went to London.

She had a brief moment in a picture that died a-borning. But a small cut from her scene came before the critical eye of Erich Pommer and Charles Laughton when they were looking at hundreds of tests of aspiring young girls. According to the testimony of both of them, her make-up was terrible and they went away entirely unimpressed. Then one day, Laughton said to Pommer, "I can't get that girl's face out of my mind." "What girl?" asked Pommer. Laughton suggested seeing the scene again. Once more they came away, deciding that Charles had a brain storm. But after a few days, Pommer said, "I can't get that face out of my mind either," and Laughton muttered, "Let's have a firsthand look at her."

Seeing her, they knew the right thought had been nagging at them. Visually the short film scene had been a gross libel. So, since her film experience was practically nil, they put her into a very small part in a picture no one was likely to see in order to get her used to lights and teach her not to shy when cameras came shoving in for close-ups. Then she reported for work on Jamaica Inn.

Just an Old Scene-Stealer

Everyone prepared to be nice and helpful. She'd probably be nervous, they thought. Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney, along with Laughton himself, made an all-star cast of kindhearted tutors. But, before the first day was done, they began taking each other aside and speaking through clenched teeth. "She stole scenes right from under our noses," reports Laughton, "and it isn't easy to steal from that crowd." At first, he says, they thought it was an accident, but every time they called for retakes she did the same thing over again and she went on doing it. Finally, the baffled veterans formed a sort of mutual protective society. They stopped calling her "the baby," and things like that. "Among ourselves," says Laughton, "we took to calling her 'The Menace.'"

Then a day of battle arrived. Miss Maureen was ordered to take off her dress while in a cave by the sea and swim in her underthings across a wave-lashed bay, accompanied by Emlyn Williams.

"No," said the little girl from Ireland.

"My daughter-r will take off her dr-ess in front of no camer-r-ra," asserted her mother in a ringing brogue.

And it was some time before they

could be made to see that the Eighteenth-Century undergown, which enveloped the O'Hara to her ankles, covered fully as much as any girl's evening dress and a good deal more than a bathing suit. Her smoldering reluctance is still visible in the picture, but it fits the scene and doesn't matter.

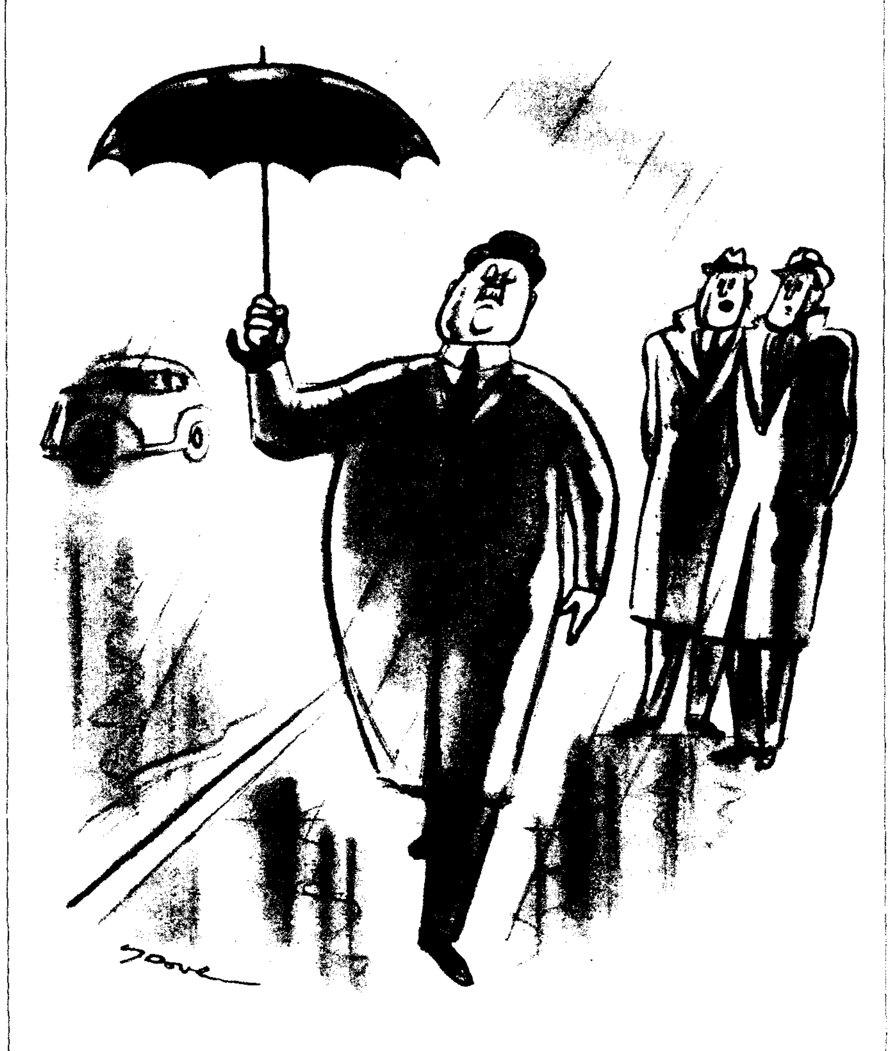
It is perfectly clear why Mr. George Brown, one of the unit managers for Mayflower, was stirred at the sight of her going through all the tortures that could be contrived by those two cinematic archcontrivers, Mr. Alfred Hitchcock and Mr. Charles Laughton. And Miss Maureen Fitz-Simon O'Hara, who had never bothered about love before, was in a strange land and in an emotional state of mind. Therefore in her free moments, while stabbings, shootings and hangings were going on, she and Mr. Brown were happily holding hands and exchanging confidences. Jamaica Inn was completed and some three months passed in which she was accoladed by the British press, and then just as she was about to board ship for America, she and George Brown impulsively signed names and ages to an application for a license and were married. Whereupon, the bride set sail.

Saying "I do" may have made her Mrs. Brown, but she still looked and sounded like young Maureen O'Hara when she got off the boat and it is understandable that no one thought to inquire if she'd paused at a marriage altar on the way to the dock. She said to us one morning, "When I have a home of my own, I hope I'll be able to keep my acting out of it." And on another occasion she volunteered that she wanted "a nice home and plenty of children." When a statistical soul asked, "How many?" she looked reproachful and a bit shy and then answered firmly, "As many as the good Lord sends."

This apparently was Mrs. Brown speaking, but it was the little deb from Dublin who sat at luncheon in one of New York's best restaurants and saw the most luscious Napoleon she'd ever looked upon. When the man who had ordered it noticed her eyes doing their best to eat it, he asked her to have one. She said no, that Mr. Pommer had told her she mustn't eat such things because Irish girls get fat too easily. The gentleman looked at her waistline, which anyone could encircle with two spread hands and, seeing her still optically devouring the Napoleon, offered the suggestion that she might eat just one end of it without serious damage—especially since Mr. Pommer wasn't there. She had it on her fork and practically in her mouth when she withdrew it. "No," she said disconsolately, "I mustn't. The 'little people' who've given me all the luck wouldn't like it if I broke my promise to a man who has been so good to me."

When The Hunchback of Notre Dame is completed, the Laughton-O'Hara contingent will return to London to make the postponed The Admirable Crichton with Maureen playing Lady Mary and the vivid Elsa Lanchester-Laughton as Tweeny, the little slavey who always tells Crichton off.

Having done some thorough research on the subject, we are pretty sure that Miss O'Hara from Ireland has no more idea of the difficulties she's missed than if she'd landed in London from Mars. Hers is not the questioning but the simple declarative type to which all things are logical. She wouldn't know an obstacle if she saw it, and therefore has no apprehensions, and she trusts the "little people" to stand by her. It's a formidable combination. What the effect of Hollywood on her will be remains to be seen, but her effect on Hollywood is something to look forward to. Also, we wish to warn you that something happens to the placid young lady when she starts acting and one look at her in action on a screen proves that not without reason have experts called her "The Menace."



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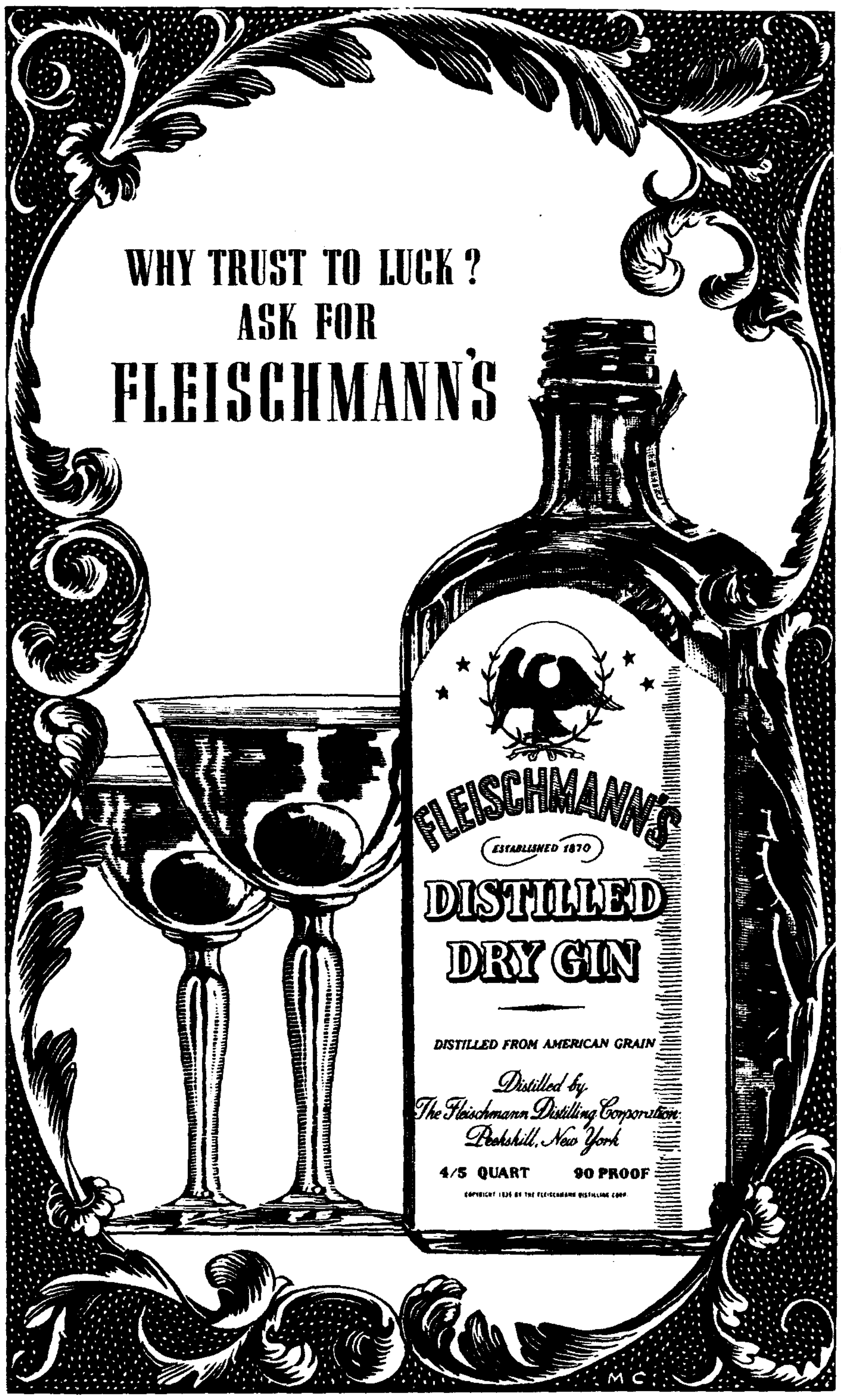

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Today's Battles

Continued from page 12

could be overcome an immense artillery, as well as an enormous expenditure of shells and much numerical preponderance in the assailants.

Fortified lines, to be effective, must be fully manned throughout their entire length by brave and well-trained troops. The idea that fortifications can be held by skeleton forces against a modern attack is absurd. Thus the main mass of the French and German armies have to face each other in their lines along hundreds of miles of frontier, and if either side withdrew too large a proportion of its troops the virtue of its defenses would disappear.

In September of last year, when war was imminent, the Germans, having mobilized forty-two divisions, sent thirty of them against Czechoslovakia, held four in reserve, and could spare only eight to guard the whole long frontier against France from the Alps to the sea. These eight divisions were of course utterly incapable of holding the German western front against a French attack. Eight divisions spread over nearly four hundred miles hardly amount to a picket line, and any heavy mass attack on a broad front would crash through them. The French General Staff considered that by the twelfth or fourteenth day their armies would have been advancing into Germany.

A Tank's Weak Points

The German position at that moment was one of extraordinary weakness. They had not sufficient superiority to overwhelm quickly in the east the Czech defenses and the well-armed Czech army, nor were they strong enough to prevent invasion from the west. Had the French attacked, the Germans would almost immediately have had to draw troops away from Czechoslovakia and send them to meet the French invasion. It is certain that Herr Hitler would never have made such a disposition of his forces if he had not felt absolutely certain that the French and British governments did not mean to fight for Czechoslovakia. His decision was taken on political rather than upon military grounds. Hitler's judgment of the psychology of will power of his opponents enabled him to pull off, on the whole, the greatest bluff of history.

Such an opportunity never again came to the Western Powers. The destruction of Czechoslovakia liberated at least thirty German divisions. The German army increased by two or three divisions every month that passed.

All European armies have developed large mechanized forces. A mechanized division consists of thousands of vehicles for carrying troops, all dependent precariously upon gasoline. Armored divisions consisting of fighting tanks and artillery that can actually fire from the tractor, instead of being dragged behind it, have become a prominent feature. It is, however, quite easy to construct defenses to delay and baffle the advance of the kind of caterpillar vehicle of which these armored divisions are mainly composed.

When we first devised the tanks in the World War in 1915 we had to face the problem of crossing the deep, wide trenches of the western front, and an engine over thirty feet long was required for this purpose. There are not many of these now. The later fashion has been to make smaller tanks with higher speeds. But concrete piles, railway rails, and above all a deep, broad ditch, will baffle these small or medium-sized vehicles effectively. The development of the antitank gun with its armor-piercing bullet should expose the tanks to far more deadly ordeals than they suffered in the last war.

In my earliest memoranda about tanks in 1914 the idea of using smoke clouds in conjunction with their attack was considered essential. It was a long time before this idea was adopted, and only at the end of the war were the tanks properly equipped with smoke-making apparatus, or their attacks covered by barrages of smoke shells. Nowadays the life and usefulness of a tank will depend entirely upon the clever tactical use of smoke, which will enable it to gain positions disorganizing the defense of the enemy. Otherwise, against the resolute, well-armed enemy with good artillery and antitank guns, a charge of tanks, however impressive to the eye and ear, will only reproduce in a later age the disasters of the mail-clad chivalry of Europe, when at Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, they came in contact with the English archers.

However, tanks will fight among themselves. One land fleet will be met by another and, with the prodigious expenditure of wealth and force, ground will be fought for by armored monsters as in the days of old.

Improvements in invention do not always produce the tactical results that might be expected to follow simply from the extra mechanical power. In the American Civil War it was remarked that the soldiers who had to load their pieces by the muzzle, ramming home the charge each time, often standing up to do so, were very careful to take good aim, and that consequently their fire was deadly; but when breech-loading rifles came into use the difficulty was to stop the soldiers from firing away all their ammunition. Nowadays every rifle is a magazine rifle, firing five or six shots and rapidly reloaded with a clip. From this we have gone forward to many variants of the automatic rifle or the small machine gun, worked by two men, which can pour out a stream of bullets.

But this facility may defeat itself. The modern fighter airplane can fire away all its ammunition in a few seconds. And how will it get any more? These conditions reproduce themselves on the ground. The difficulty is no longer rapidity of fire but the supply of ammunition to the actual firing lines. This is the new limiting factor that governs alike all forms of machine guns and magazine rifles.

Feeding the Firing Line

Anyone who has seen a modern battlefield while heavy action is in progress, or who has traversed the crater fields in which it has been fought, knows well the awful difficulty of carrying the ammunition boxes up to the fighting troops. The men, staggering and stumbling along, through barrage and bullet storm, carrying the heavy loads of cartridges, falling often, rising again less often, struggling forward through mud and quagmire, drowned sometimes with their burden, only a few eventually reaching the thirsty machine gun—those who have seen this will realize that it is no longer the mechanical efficiency of discharge but the relation of discharge to supply that constitutes the power of a firing line.

Therefore when we hear that there is a machine gun made that can fire 600 rounds a minute, and that every company has a dozen or a score of these, we need not suppose that many more shots will be fired than were fired in the battles of twenty years ago. As the Germans say: "In war everything is simple; but the simple is very difficult."

Of course this problem of feeding the firing line is quite easily solved by the defense. They merely accumulate heaps of ammunition in their trenches and pillboxes, and can go on firing freely until they are surrounded or destroyed. Thus we may see how important it is that a defense should be organized in depth. To put it in a nutshell, the art of modern defense is selling ground for blood. Sometimes ground is so precious that it cannot be yielded even if the heaviest toll is to be exacted. But in the large countries of the east of Europe the whole art would be to confront an invader with a continuous series of fortified positions, even, if need be, quite lightly fortified, to take every one of which he must pay an undue price. If a defense is well-organized in this way, the assailant is compelled to bring up ponderous batteries of artillery and to gather mountainous shell dumps.

Therefore, let countries that have to defend themselves from aggressions and are blessed with plenty of retiring room not think too much of holding particular places, or strong points, or prominent geographical features, but rather let them think of selling ground as dearly as possible.

Defending Your Native Soil

In modern war the topographical features count for far less than they did in earlier times. The strongest frontier is a good army and a good plan and, may we also add, a good general. It has been proved a thousand times that, under modern conditions, troops well dug in can hold out after their flanks are turned, or even at the bottom of the hills from which they have been driven. Large areas of flat ground can be defended just as well as noble mountain ranges or the banks of deep, broad rivers.

The aggressor will have a hard time, and travel a stony road if he is confronted with a skillful, determined defense, and if that defense does not sacrifice too much life for the sake of territory. Here is a very dangerous doctrine to preach, because men have to be told to die where they stand, while others retire to repeat the process farther back. But men fighting for liberty in defense of their native soil have often been capable of these supreme sacrifices. There must, however, be discipline, training and a firm comprehension of the general idea. A well-organized, completely conducted defense ought to kill and wound three to one for every ten kilometers of ground abandoned.

I remember being with a British divisional headquarters when the great German offensive of March 21, 1918, was launched. This was, on the whole, the greatest combined attack ever delivered in world history. On the front of forty kilometers a German division was lined up behind every kilometer, and a gun every five yards prepared their advance. Behind were massive reserves; in front skillful, valiant "infiltraters." Everyone knows what happened: the British Fifth Army under General Gough and part of the Third Army under General Byng were pushed or bent backward and the Germans advanced into a tremendous bulge, at the end of which they eventually came to a standstill, pending the building up of their roads in the rear. Thus, although they killed, wounded or captured a hundred thousand British soldiers and more than a thousand cannon, their thrust failed, and the initiative passed to the haggard armies they had driven so far before them.

But, perhaps, if Napoleon had been conducting the defense the attack would not have ended by simply petering out. A great military genius would have prepared beforehand a potential counterstroke on the flanks of the bulge, and on the second or third day after the main attack had been loosed upon him would have begun other large independent offensives against the flanks of the bulge. Here the troops would not have to face carefully prepared positions. Here they would cut in upon the vital life lines of the attacking army. Here was the possibility of making a real roundup, and a rent in the hostile front through which the avengers could walk as fast and as far as they could be fed. Something like this was actually achieved by Marshal Foch a few months later, and proved fatal to the German advance.

In all these thoughts, we have to remember the vast scale of modern war. To carry a million people out of town for a holiday easily and swiftly, and bring them home again in the evening is a feat that can easily be accomplished upon the intricate, intensely developed, permanently established road and railway systems of New York and London. In fact, three and a half million people go out of London on the morning of the August Bank Holiday, and come back to their homes at night, without any serious congestion or deadlock. But they take only their sandwiches with them or the children's spades for the seaside. To move a million soldiers, with all their apparatus and all their supplies, forward or sideways, is a prodigious task of a totally different order. The moment they leave the long-prepared permanent communications, if only they are opposed to resolute forces, they crawl like snails. Let no man therefore despair of the task of defending his native soil. With good arrangements and a good courage he ought to be able to make it not worth while for anyone to take it from him.

The air played a very minor part in the last war. To lose the command of the air for a few months was an inconvenience, but not a mortal stroke. The air will still be less important on the continent of Europe than the artillery, in this war. It will not be a decisive factor to overcome the resistance of a great nation. Nevertheless, it will affect the whole character of the war.

The Good Old Infantry

I have, in an earlier article, explained to the readers of Collier's what I conceive to be the limitations of air action, and how the weapon of terror upon the civil population will recoil upon those who use it. But now we must recognize that air attack will draw from the fighting fronts enormous masses of troops, guns, ammunition and life-strength, and disperse them over the whole interior of the country. Germany, for instance, we are told, has 7,000 antiaircraft guns for defensive purposes. In the last war these guns, or their equivalent in war power, would have been on the front. The same is of course true of France and other countries. Therefore, we must contemplate a position where the front lines will not be so strongly manned as on the last occasion, and where the resources of a nation will be spread broadly and thinly over a large part of its territory.

But let me finish these brief discursive notes at the point where war began. The brave, intelligent foot soldier with his rifle and bayonet is still the master of his country's fate. When mechanical devices have spoken their last word, a sufficiency of fierce men, eager for hand-to-hand fighting in small parties by night or day, if wisely led and conscious of their cause, will still be capable of preserving human freedom and of sustaining the honor of mankind and keeping open the portals of progress and survival.

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CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

The World is Like That

Continued from page 23

daughter to raise had appalled her. For a while she had visited cousins and aunts, but one by one these places of refuge had altered or disappeared. Finally she and Jocelyn had come back to San Francisco, drawn by the older woman's memory of happy younger days at the Presidio, and there Jocelyn had finished high school and gotten her first office work.

By this time Catherine Britton had been crippled with arthritis. Jocelyn's holidays had been spent in only brief overnight visits to her aunt's family in Sausalito. Between her father's sister and her mother there had never been sympathy, and the two older women were merely friendly, never intimate.

So Jocelyn came back from the office to read to her mother, to adjust hot-water bags, to discuss the trivial episodes of an invalid's day, and when she did escape for a night to "Maple Den," it was always with the promise to return at a certain hour, by a certain boat, and not to keep darling Mamma waiting. When her mother died, Jocelyn had grieved deeply and truly, but at that exact time she had been launched upon the perilous and thrilling friendship with the tall, handsome, clever commercial artist whose studio was a floor or two above the offices of Fordyce, Sawyer and Fordyce. Saddened by the ending of the old life, and tortured by the half promises and half hopes of the new, she had felt all her actual moorings gone, and now, as she soberly considered the immediate past, she realized that something of her moral moorings had been swept away with them.

She was already conscious of a wish that Kent Dunham were out of the picture, safely up in Portland with Lilian, explaining to her that he must have been mad to have talked as he had of change and divorce.

The whole thing had been soiling, somehow; Jocelyn wanted to wash it away as she might an earth stain from her fingers. In this fine old-fashioned house, playing duenna to a girl of sixteen, she knew that she might do so.

ALONE in the great place, except for the servants, all during the day following, she busied herself happily in getting her effects settled, in writing a long letter to her aunt and a brief one to Kent, and in much wandering over and investigating of Hill Acres. Acres they were indeed, she discovered. The bay-windowed, turreted, balconied mansion was so placed that from its lower porches no other habitation was in view; only the sloping gardens, the beautiful winding drives.

From the upper windows neighboring estates almost as imposing as this one could be glimpsed. High windows, red roofs, white gateways peered through the massed trees. But the gates at Hill Acres were a quarter of a mile from the house, and toward the west, behind the buildings of house and garages, barns and sheds and fences, the orchards stretched up almost to the Skyline ridge.

There were two tennis courts, being treated now by mysterious laborers with wheelbarrows and scrapers. There was an oval swimming pool. There were many terraces; wherever Jocelyn wandered she found some new group of shallow steps and overarching trees and tiled levels where summer afternoon groups might form themselves under big umbrellas for bridge games or idle gossip.

Inside the house there was the same evidence of the family's love of luxury and power to secure it.

Jocelyn had never enjoyed luxury before. Her grandfather had been a distinguished general, but his day had ended long before hers had begun. Her father had been a fretful and fretted person, humiliated in the exciting war years—the first years she remembered—by having the very men he had trained promoted over him, by having to consider his one-time lieutenants his superior officers. Sometimes there had been a cook in the kitchen of Captain Britton's home; oftener only an occasional helper to wash the dishes and sweep the porches.

And after her father's death she and her mother had shared the sort of poverty that helpless little widows on small pensions experience all over the world. Boardinghouses, and the timid exchange of financial confidences with other crimped little faded ladies of the same type. Jocelyn had known in her grammar-school years just what it cost to have a white coat cleaned, just how much more the Martins paid for their downstairs front bedroom than she and Mamma paid for their third-floor apartment.

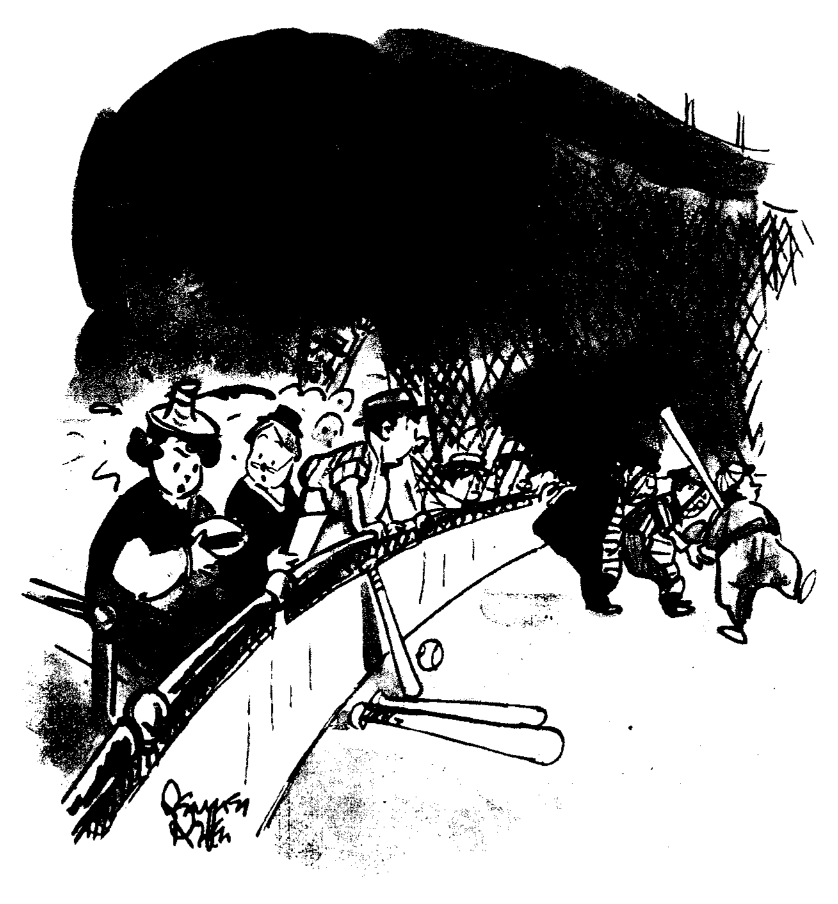
"No matter what these people expect of me, or what I have to do," she said to herself before she had been twenty-four hours at Hill Acres, "I'll remain here. That's *definite*. I can get a thousand things I want here, things I'd never get in an office the longest day in the world! If Norma studies French, I'll study French. If she rides, I'll ride. Thank heaven, I did do some riding when we were at Watervliet, and I can drive a car. The old lady may be feeble and troublesome, and Norma may be spoiled, but I'll manage them! I'm going to stay here from now on."

She was sitting at dinner on the third evening, beginning to get a little tired of solitude, when suddenly there was a certain confusion in the faraway arcades that concealed the front hallway, and immediately afterward, as she still faced expectantly in that direction, a handsome woman who looked about forty came in, flung aside a smothering confusion of silver and black fox furs, sank into a seat that was opposite Jocelyn and said impatiently to the butler: "Oh, Lorenz! Get me two old-fashioneds, right away. Where's somebody? That stuff in the hall is to go up to my room! You're—Phil said he couldn't get poor Miss Sanderson and I suppose you're the pinch hitter? Put the portable radio on the table, somebody."

THE last phrases were addressed to Jocelyn, who merely smiled feebly in reply. She had not the faintest idea who this could be, and found it hard to answer a person whose identity was so completely unknown. Lorenz placed a radio on the table and the newcomer instantly shifted the dials to some desired point. The roar and shouting of Madison Square Garden on a packed night filled the room.

"And plants a light left on the head of—Teddy Parsons," Jocelyn heard. The statement was followed by the somewhat remarkable phrase, "Boy, is stamina and endurance to do their work tonight? This is a—it's a left, and another, and Joe Rupetti—" the voice raced on breathlessly, "—wait a minute, he is counting—three—four—and he's up again, like he was last time—he's up, and he's going—he has landed a light jab, and another on Teddy Parsons' chin—"

"I'll bet there was a count while I was getting out of the cab, damn it, I could have held the taxi," Jocelyn's companion said in an irritated undertone. "You," she said to a trim little maid who had suddenly appeared in support of the butler, "go out and see what happened about five minutes ago in the Rupetti-Parsons fight. There must be someone



"I hate baseball—the mustard always drips off my hot dog onto my dress!"

REAMER KELLER

out in the kitchen who's interested. I'm going out to dinner, Lorenz," added the crisp voice, "but I'll have a cup of soup if he's got any—ah, here we are with round seven."

The fight continued for possibly six more minutes, when there was a knockout, and the lady relinquished the radio and had it carried away.

"I'm filthy," she said then. "I flew from Florida. I should have been here hours ago but when we came down in Reno I missed my plane. A friend came down to see me at the airport and raced me off to look at some Seel'yum puppies. Adorable, but we were minutes late. *Minutes*. You can't do it, you know; they won't wait. Lovely woman, Cecily Baker—the candy Bakers. Millions. You're—Phil wired me he couldn't get hold of Miss Sanderson. You're Miss—"

"Britton. You're—" Jocelyn was confused enough to add, "Norma's mother?"

"Norma's mother! Darling, how sweet of you," said the lady. "I'm Phil's mother. I'm her grandmother. He told you to say that, I suppose? No; I saw her mother in New York, but Janet never will come out here. Hates it. So you're Miss Britton? I can see how Phil—" She paused. Her voice died away into a speculative murmur. "Dear boy!" she said fondly. "And that reminds me that I must call up Sally McIntosh. And I have to go to a dinner, isn't that repulsive? I need rest. I've not been in bed before three o'clock for two weeks; you know what Palm Beach is. Could you come upstairs with me now and I'll dictate a few telegrams to you. You'd be a duck if you would. You can telephone them in, and it means I can sleep late in the morning no matter what happens. There's only one thing—if a Colonel Dinsmore should call from Boston, I'd like to take that call. Nothing else."

JOCELYN accompanied the mistress of the house upstairs, and inspected and was inspected in turn by the room maid and the personal maid. Mrs. Fordyce cast all her clothing about carelessly as she prepared for her bath, stepped into it unembarrassedly and proceeded to dictate telegrams as she soaked and soaped luxuriously in the hot perfumed water. Immediately afterward she was rapidly assisted into an incredibly small amount of spangles and chiffon velvet, and seated herself with her rather small amount of reddish-grayish hair in sticky, clipped confusion around her head.

"Stay and talk to me," she said, as curlers and creams began their work under the hands of Annette Burgier. Silken curls of gray and red were taken from a box; pins and bands were skillfully placed; presently a sort of mask of cotton and wire was removed from her face, and delicate pastes and powders were applied. Her brows were touched; her cheeks brushed lightly with peach color; her lips were carefully dyed and a dog collar of blazing diamonds was taken from a traveling case and clasped about her soft, almost unwrinkled throat. "Not bad for an old stager who had supper last night in Palm Beach and played three rubbers afterward," she said with an oblique glance at Jocelyn that was almost a leer.

Jocelyn said what she honestly thought, not without a consciousness that the other would like to hear it:

"You must be more than forty. But you don't look a day more than forty."

"When I was forty," said Mrs. Fordyce, "I thought I was too old to live any longer. I dreaded forty. I cried on my fortieth birthday. But what wouldn't I give to be forty again! Sit up for me, Annette," she added, "I'll not be late. You'll be unpacking anyway. Is Johnson there? Please telephone—perhaps you'd do that, Miss Britton? Please telephone to Mrs. Addington and tell her that I'm on my way."

A small fleet of cars had arrived at the garages that same afternoon, with two drivers in neat chauffeurs' liveries of black and gray whipcord. Jocelyn gathered that one of them was waiting, as the older woman swept downstairs and vanished into the night.

She went to her own room, just a little breathless, with her preconceived ideas somewhat shattered. She had visualized Philip Fordyce's mother as a gentle, beribboned and silk-skirted old lady, fine as porcelain and almost as breakable. To discover in her place this pretty, groomed, vivacious woman, with her beauty treatments and her interest in prize fights was something of a shock.

SHE was quietly reading at nine o'clock when there was a knock at her door. Jocelyn jumped with a moment's fright, for everything had been very still until that moment, but immediately she said, "Come in," and got up to meet her visitor, whoever that visitor might be.

A rather stern-looking woman of perhaps sixty faced her, a plainly dressed person unmistakably rigid as the ideas, morals and the corsets that supported her lean, erect form. Jocelyn half suspected who she was before she briefly announced herself:

"I am Miss Sanderson."

"Oh! Oh, how do you do? I'm Jocelyn Britton."

"You've unquestionably a great many qualifications for handling a girl as difficult as Norma, Miss Britton, or you would not have been so suddenly put into this position here."

It was delivered sternly and evenly, as if she had rehearsed the unfriendly little speech on her way to the house, as Jocelyn believed she had.

"I came straight to you," said Miss Sanderson. "Lorenz asked if he should announce me; I said I thought not. Announce me! I know my way around this house. I know this family, through and through. I taught Norma's mother."

"I know Mr. Fordyce was trying to get in touch with you," Jocelyn said mildly. The opening guns had been fired with such force that she knew an engagement was imminent.

"I was in Honolulu, and then with my niece in Glendale," said the visitor. "Yesterday I came up to the city and reported at once to Mr. Fordyce's office. He is in New York, and his stenographer believed that he had filled the position."

"He didn't hear from you," offered Jocelyn.

"I don't know how you're in a position to know that," said Miss Sanderson sharply.

"I was his secretary," Jocelyn countered neatly. Well, she had sometimes taken his letters, she thought. It was almost true.

"They tell me he is in New York. When does he get back? When does his mother get here?"

"His mother is here. She got back tonight. She's gone out to a dinner, and won't return, she said, until about eleven."

"I'll have Lena make up a room and stay here tonight," announced the other woman, after a second's thought in which she seemed to forget Jocelyn's presence entirely. "I'll see Mrs. Fordyce in the morning."

"Would you like me to ring for Lena?"

"I'll ring for Lena!" Miss Sanderson suited the action to the word. "It has always been understood that when Norma finished school I should be her companion," she said. And then, with the first sign of human weakness that Jocelyn had perceived in her she added, "What happened at the school in Florence?"

"She ran away. She climbed over a wall that had broken bottles on top of it, and cut herself quite badly. Now she's

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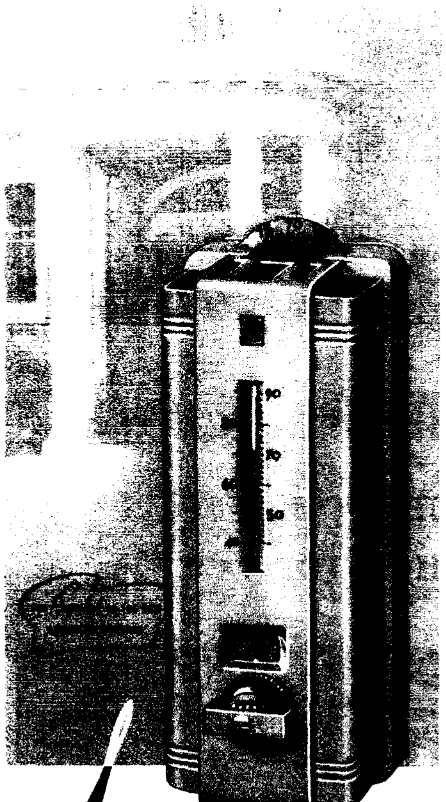

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with her mother in New York, and the grandmother has just come back from Palm Beach."

"I know all that," Miss Sanderson said scornfully. "I'm sorry the misunderstanding has arisen. I'll see you tomorrow, Miss Britton, and we can clear the matter up then with Mrs. Fordyce."

She went away in the wake of a somewhat terrified-looking Lena, and Jocelyn tried to settle down again to her book. But it was not possible; the disturbing thought that this formidable old woman and that other preposterously frivolous and youthful one might conspire to put her out of this position she was so much enjoying came between her and the words she tried to read, and she finally gave up the effort and went to bed because there was nothing else to do. She dared not take a walk through the unknown paths and gardens so late at night, and she had written what letters were necessary.

But she slept lightly and restlessly, more upset by Miss Sanderson's intrusion than she would have admitted to herself, and she roused into wide-awakeness when she heard the return of Mrs. Fordyce. It was a cheerful, audible return. Good nights were called loudly to the friends who had brought her home; car doors were slammed; house doors, far off and softened in sound, closed with bangs.

Jocelyn turned up her bedside light and looked at her watch. It was ten minutes past three.

THE next day was marked by a deathlike silence until eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Fordyce awakened and everything stirred into sudden life. Maids ran up and down; trunks were bumped upstairs; telephones rang; flowers arrived. By noon friends were coming in, women as beautifully groomed as their hostess sat in the dressing room and gossiped and laughed and drank cocktails. Bert, as they all called Mrs. Fordyce, was evidently in her glory; she loved company and excitement, and expressed herself as not having enjoyed a single instant since she had left home.

Miss Sanderson went back to the city at about two o'clock, and afterward Jocelyn was sent for.

"My son has gotten us into a horrible mess, and I'm afraid you'll have to be generous about it," said Mrs. Fordyce who was again alone except for Annette, and again being put through a pretty thorough course of beautifying. "We both tried to get hold of darling Sandy—she was my daughter-in-law's governess, you know, twenty years ago. She's marvelous, inasmuch as she simply doesn't permit anything, goes right along like a Gorgon and doesn't stand for any nonsense. We thought we couldn't get her—the poor thing supposed it was all taken for granted, and didn't take the trouble to cable. She hasn't any money anyway, that may have been the reason; she had a brother who drank it all up. She tells me he's dead, but that doesn't bring it back, does it? Well, she's much older; I confess I had rather a shock when I saw her, but after all, we did send for her, and she was Janet's governess. It makes it so awkward!

"I wired Philip on the train explaining that she was here and what should I do about you, and caught him at Omaha or Ogden or somewhere, and here's his answer. He says, 'Get rid of Sanderson or Spotty won't come home.' He's evidently told Norma, which is so ridiculous, because a girl of that age ought to have no say at all. You're sticking that right into my head, Annette! They'll both be here tomorrow morning, and so will poor Sandy; she's determined to hold her ground, and of course she feels that the way you look has influenced Phil, and no wonder. I love pretty people myself; I always have!"

At this point she paused for a few seconds to rub some injury to her scalp and whimper, and Jocelyn, who was sitting near her, and who had watched her quietly through this long speech, said amiably:

"There won't be any awkwardness as far as I'm concerned. But Mr. Fordyce said that his daughter disliked Miss Sanderson. And it does seem to me that even if she was the right person for Norma's mother, twenty years ago, she really isn't—it would be very trying for Norma—I can't see that she'd feel enough sympathy there to like it at all."

"Well, of course there's that to consider," the grandmother said on a long sigh. "But then what to say to poor Sandy," she continued pensively. "She did pack up and get on a steamer and it was quite pathetic to hear her saying that she'd get Norma out of smoking and all that. She evidently hasn't the slightest idea—! But then I was telling Mrs. Verrinder and Mrs. Kenworthy about it today," she went on, returning to her anxious tone, "and they said that she'd had the Foster girls and the Griscom girls and the little Yolander girl and been perfectly *marvelous;* she simply kept them in strait jackets! She's just been passed around from family to family—languages, you know, and all that. She speaks wonderful French. You speak French, I suppose?"

"Well, no, I don't," Jocelyn admitted.

"You see, there we are," Mrs. Fordyce said plaintively and helplessly, "we have to think of that. Sandy's wonderful at French and at German, too. She lived in Paris for eight years, and then afterward she had Janet there. Well! I wish Phil would get home, because I do feel that with all I have to do, and not having seen Norma for almost two years—"

"When they get here," Jocelyn said soothingly in the pause, "we can settle everything."

"Well, they're due tomorrow, some time after breakfast. I used to meet them," the older woman said, picking up a mirror and studying her face attentively, "but I've stopped that. The train or the boat or the plane is always late, and someone comes out and chalks it up on a blackboard, or else bawls it through a loud-speaker, and it's so dull! Then you decide to go uptown and have a cocktail, and while you're there the wretched thing comes in. I've never known Janet—when she was my daughter-in-law, that is—to do anything but come in in the middle of a bridge hand. You pick up a good hand, and there's a racket, and of course the opponents throw down their cards gladly, and there has to be a redeal."

"YOU had only the son, Mrs. Fordyce?"

"I had only Phil. I never wanted him to marry all that money although I knew Janet's family, knew her from the hour she was born, and I was terribly fond of the little wretch. I am still. She treated him abominably; she used to hurt his feelings and then laugh at him, but I don't think anyone's ever meant to her what Phil does. I believe she'd come back to him like a shot, but he'd never hear of it. She's been married twice anyway, and now there's some count—French or Italian—haven't you noticed that all the newspapers are hinting about it? I hope she doesn't. It doesn't sound any too good. I married again myself, but afterward I took my old name back; I never loved anyone but Philip's father. Married when I was seventeen, and of course a perfect little fool, and when he died I thought all men were like him—my heavens, here she is!"

The last ejaculation was in reference to a rush of feet suddenly audible in the hall, a voice calling "Granny!" in swiftly increasing volume and nearness, and the violent entry of a running girl, who

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stopped herself just short of collapse against Mrs. Fordyce, protected the beautifully arranged hair with a sudden respectful cupping of hands, planted a kiss with gingerly care upon the very top of the curls and, wedging herself closely against the older woman on the bench of the dressing table, burst into speech. Or rather, she continued more coherently the flow of words that had been pouring from her since her first footfall had been heard:

"Granny, you darling, you're too divoon—the hair-do—it's perfect—I met a beau of yours on the 'Forty-Niner,' I'll tell you all about him later! Are you glad to see me? Do you realize how much trouble I'm going to make for you?"

SHE had been eying herself in the mirror as she spoke, and hurriedly applying lip rouge and powder, and catching up a loose strand of her rich black hair; now she reached for a cigarette, lighted it expertly, and observing that it was "divoon" to be home, subsided into a near-by chair.

"No; but I mean it really is divoon," she said. "Phil asked if I remembered Miss Britton in the office, and I said of course I did; I remembered the hair. You'll soon find out I'm a perfect angel, Miss Britton, if I'm not shut up in some Italian or German place where every meal starts with macaroni or potato soup. I grew gross, positively gross. I really did, Gran. Where's the Sanderson? Have we killed her and stuck her body down a drain somewhere, or what?"

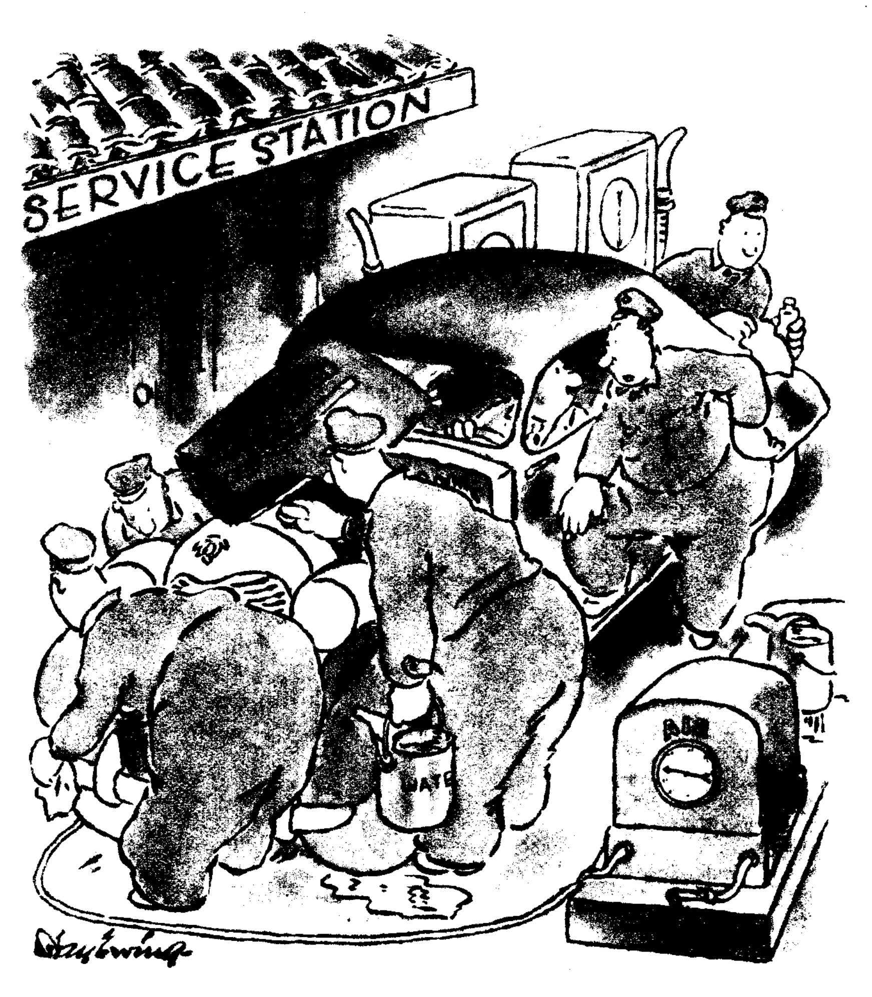
She was laughing; she was a little out of breath. But not perhaps as breathless as Jocelyn, who remembered this girl as a clumsy, big, already beautiful young thing of perhaps fourteen, on her last visit to San Francisco more than two years ago. She had been spoiled then, but in a simpler fashion. Jocelyn remembered office rumors that she had to have ice cream every day, and movies almost as often, and that she had been too fat, and inclined to laugh and cry too easily.

This girl was like that earlier girl only in her beauty; she had the same thick, ivory-smooth skin, the same black eyes, with black silky lashes shadowing them, the same rich smoky-black hair and stain of pure apricot on the cheeks. But she was slender now, her hands looked actually delicate and thin, her movements had lost all their old heaviness and had the swift grace of a bird's flight.

There was too much artifice in evidence for her sixteen years, or for any years; her hair hung in soft heraldic locks on either side of her face; it was curled slightly at the tips, and formed into tiny waves and feathers about her forehead. There was rouge on the cheeks whose natural color made it look thick and superfluous; her eyebrows were picked to a thread; her soft baby mouth was stiff with shining vermilion paste. Even her hands, that were still so childishly young, had been scraped and chalked and painted until they had an appearance of ivory claws tipped with wet blood.

And her clothes! Jocelyn had never seen, even in the smartest window of San Francisco's smartest shop, such exquisiteness of dress. It lay in no special thing; not in the tip of the furred little hat, nor the silky lightness and flexibility of the long fur coat she threw aside, not in the severe smartness of the brief silk sheath of her dress nor the foam of frail batiste and exquisite embroidery that could be glimpsed as she crossed her silk-clad legs. It was the sum total of all these and of a hundred other details that brought Jocelyn suddenly to the realization that here was actually one of the little princesses of the world, born to the purple, and wearing it with careless royal ease.

That painted little talon of a hand could write a check today that would mean comfort for some workingman and



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SOLE U. S. AGENTS Schieffelin & Co
NEW YORK CITY IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

his family for all time; write another tomorrow; write a third, a fourth, a fifth, and go on writing them for a month, and her great fortune would not be touched nor her bank balance seriously disturbed.

Unexpectedly, Jocelyn found herself desirous of being a part of Norma Fordyce's scheme. There was a fearful fascination in the mere contemplation of a life so unlike her own, so unlike that of most girls. There was an intoxication in the mere taste of it. She knew, even now, that it was neither an entirely safe nor entirely pleasant feeling, this reverence for money and for what money could buy, but all the world had succumbed to it from the very beginning of time, and one could not quite ignore it; one could not feel that it simply did not exist, that Norma Fordyce was no more important than some humble little Mary Brown or Betty Baker who might come into the office to register shyly for a possible position.

INSTINCTIVELY she smiled at Norma, the tolerant amused smile of an older woman who finds a mischievous child engaging, and Norma was quick to respond to it.

"Miss Britton thinks I'm terrible, don't you, Miss Britton?"

"I think you're all completely crazy," Jocelyn said simply. The girl laughed delightedly, and her grandmother said dryly:

"Crazy is quite right. Any girl who climbs over a glass-topped wall and gets herself into an Italian hospital—"

"Darling, the hospital was perfectly beautiful," Norma interrupted negligently, "and the nuns were so sweet I almost became a Catholic. And long before I was on my feet Mademoiselle showed up—she'd come from Paris—and then Count Coudeau showed up, and then the Drapers decided that they had to return unexpectedly to America, and Mrs. Draper was sure Marie Louise would be a wonderful companion for me, and so we came home in a brigade. And once again, Miss Britton, I was saved from a fate worse than death!"

"Your mother met you?"

"Mother met me, and took me to Matty Marchand's that very hour to get clothes, and her new beau—did you meet him, Granny? Count Spazzolari, nine years older than I am. He bought me a puppy. It's being sent. I don't think she'll marry him, I really don't, although it's practically announced and all that. He's revolting."

"Well, I'm glad you're safely here," Mrs. Fordyce said, now fully clad and ready to depart, "and I hope we'll be able to keep you happy and give you a good time. I've got to go to May von Bahren's luncheon; I want to sell her all that boiserie I brought home. It doesn't fit this house at all and it would be divine in hers. Now do you think you'll be safe in Miss Britton's charge, and will you let her know what you want to do, and if Miss Sanderson telephones tell her to get in touch with your father at the office? D'you happen to know if he's coming home to dinner?"

"I believe he is." Norma had gotten no further in her answer when a handsome woman walked into the room and said laughingly:

"I know he is. And so am I. I telephoned the office to see if he was back, and had a chat with him, and Ned Randall and I are coming over to dinner, and to take you on at bridge afterward, Bert."

"Nita, you nice child," Mrs. Fordyce said cordially. "It's so good to see you! I hoped you were going to be at Nonie's today."

"I can't be. I've people staying with me—I've sent them on ahead. I've got to give them a dinner, Monday or Tuesday, so hold them both until you hear from me. This is Norma, of course, but so grown up I'd never know her, and quite beautiful, too. Like Phil. Don't you think like Phil?"

"And Miss Britton, who's going to help us keep an eye on Norma," Mrs. Fordyce said, with a jerk of her beautiful hat toward Jocelyn.

"Yes; Phil told me that too. We'd all have taken on Norma and run her without any trouble at all, but perhaps it's better this way. You remember me, Norma?"

"Mrs. Royce," Norma said, very much pleased, as Jocelyn could see, with the newcomer.

"Or you can call me Anita, or Aunt Anita or anything you like. I'd like to carry you right off now, but we're playing bridge after lunch and you'd be bored to death."

"She's just in," the grandmother said. "She ought to have a bath and rest."

"She'll have a perfectly lovely season," said Nita Royce. "The younger crowd is having all the fun this winter."

SHE fell into a gossipy review of a great many personalities almost entirely unknown to Jocelyn. Jocelyn sat peacefully in her deep chair waiting for Norma to give some sign of wanting to go to her own apartment; she knew the talking women supposed her to be entirely uninterested in what they had to say. But even though she did not know the subjects of their chat personally, she knew something of most of them, and she liked piecing the pattern of the group together with this scrap and that.

Divorces, love affairs, scandals, deaths, the qualifications of this girl and the unattractiveness of that other, stories of bridge games and polo games and dinner and opera nights were all jumbled together in Mrs. Royce's fascinating talk, and Norma listened to it too, and occasionally asked a question about one of the friends she had left behind her two years ago.

"Meggy Brice is giving a big dance, and there's the Parkers' baby party," Nita said. "You should have had cards to about ten things."

"I imagine they're all upstairs," Norma said indifferently.

"Remember, you're not out, Norma, and don't accept things that will put you into the debutante class," said her grandmother. "Just the school vacation things. There's nothing so bad for a girl as to force parties too early."

"I'll remember." Norma shot a long-suffering glance at Jocelyn, and Jocelyn perceived, with rising pleasure, that they were conspirators already.

"It's impossible to think the child is only sixteen," Nita murmured. "She has all the manner of a grown woman!"

"Perhaps I've had a good many of the experiences of a grown woman," Norma said proudly.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't go on with your studies, settle down here and have your coming-out party winter after next," said Mrs. Fordyce definitely. "It's a lovely group here, and you'll get nowhere running around the world meeting new people."

"Nowhere at all," Norma agreed blandly. "But you know it wasn't my plan to stay in Florence," she reminded her grandmother delicately. "Nor to go to that school near Baltimore where we practically lived on horses. I hate horses!"

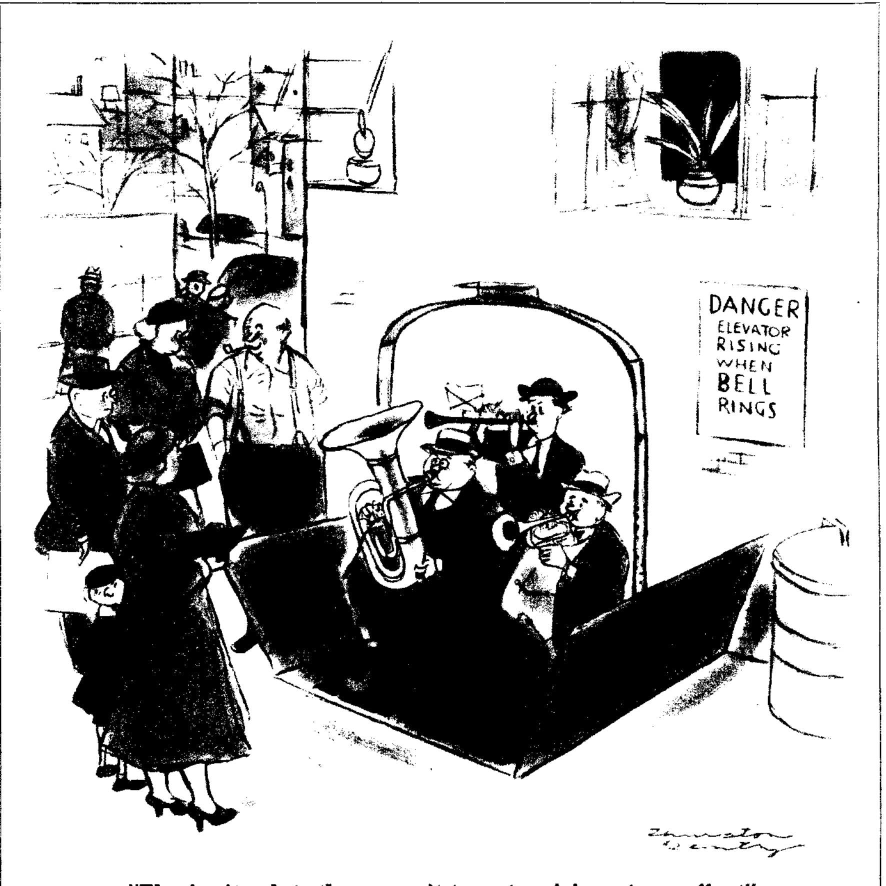
"What *do* you like, Norma?" Mrs. Royce asked.

"Talk, good talk," Norma said in her best grown-up manner. "People with some intelligence. On the boat a little crowd of us used to sit talking sometimes, after the orchestra went to bed, until two or three o'clock."

"Where was Mademoiselle?" Mrs. Fordyce asked quickly.

"She was there, darling, cracking her finger joints and yawning her head off. Any attack on me, by René Coudeau or anyone else," Norma concluded, yawning, herself, and getting to her feet, "was definitely out. I'm going up for a bath; will you come with me, Miss Britton?"

"Leave Miss Britton here for a minute; I want to ask her to be kind enough to send a few telegrams," Mrs. Fordyce said. But when Norma had trailed away, leaving her furs and other impedimenta just where they had fallen, she turned to Jocelyn with a hurried air of warning. "Will you keep a very sharp eye on the telegrams she sends?" she said. "I don't want her to feel that she's being watched,



"The janitor lets them use it to get a rising stage effect"

THURSTON GENTRY

but at the same time we can't have her inviting strange French counts to the place. Do the best you can with her. If she wants to go into the city to see a movie, or look up some old friend, you arrange it with one of the chauffeurs. There are two, and there are two cars, and she'll probably send for another car tomorrow!"

"You'll be back for dinner, Mrs. Fordyce?"

"Mrs. Royce here tells me I will, and Phil too, and that we're playing bridge. If you can get hold of anyone to amuse Norma, that's all right. I'll be back about five and if there's anything, come in and see me then."

Jocelyn went upstairs across the hall to Norma's suite. She had seen the beautiful, old-fashioned rooms before; weeks earlier an army of decorators had come down from the city to make everything ready for the daughter of the house, and Jocelyn had thought that even the Victorian stateliness and the outdated shape of the apartment had made it all the more attractive.

It consisted of three big rooms with a large dressing room, a bath, an enormous square bathroom that had evidently once been a small bedroom, and a bath and bedroom for the maid. There was a sitting room with tall windows looking down on the park and the trees, a bedroom primly ruffled in white-dotted swiss over pink, a guest room similarly treated in pale blue. These rooms were all in a southwest wing, and when Jocelyn went into them today bright afternoon sunshine was streaming across them, to lend an actually summerlike air to the gay colors and the masses of flowers that decorated them.

The sitting room was the largest; its windows were curtained with dark, rich, blue-lined velvet draperies that came down to the floor and touched the pure white velvet carpet.

Confusion reigned everywhere as Jocelyn came in, and Norma reigned over the confusion. Trunks were standing about, and out of them had come spilling enough glory to dazzle any woman alive, as it did Jocelyn, who had never seen or dreamed of such a display before. Frocks of striped linen; frocks of stiff checked taffeta; transparent batiste frocks finished with cunning scalloping of dark blue; evening frocks as frail as tissue and colored like rainbows. Hats broad-brimmed; tiny hats like birds with wings poised for flight; hats made all of velvety French flowers; hats as demure as Quaker calashes with veils and ribbon strings. Gauzelike stockings in all colors; shining little shoes of every shade and every material from alligator skin to pearls; underwear so beautiful, so carelessly heaped and piled in frothy, lacy, fragrant, beribboned whiteness and sweetness that Jocelyn could get no farther; she sat down helplessly with one hand on it, and presently began to assort it and fold it into something like order.

A slender girl had joined Norma; evidently a neighbor, for she could not have been summoned more than a few minutes earlier. Norma was trying to find one special garment in the general tangle; she kept tossing fresh miracles of beauty out onto the floor, and muttering, "Damn it, where is it?"

Her personal maid and two of the housemaids were hurriedly getting matters into shape; flowers were continually arriving; telegrams; letters; the telephone rang constantly, and Jocelyn saw her charge get into a rising fever of excitement, almost hysteria, as she was swept upward by the sense of popularity and the rush of welcome.

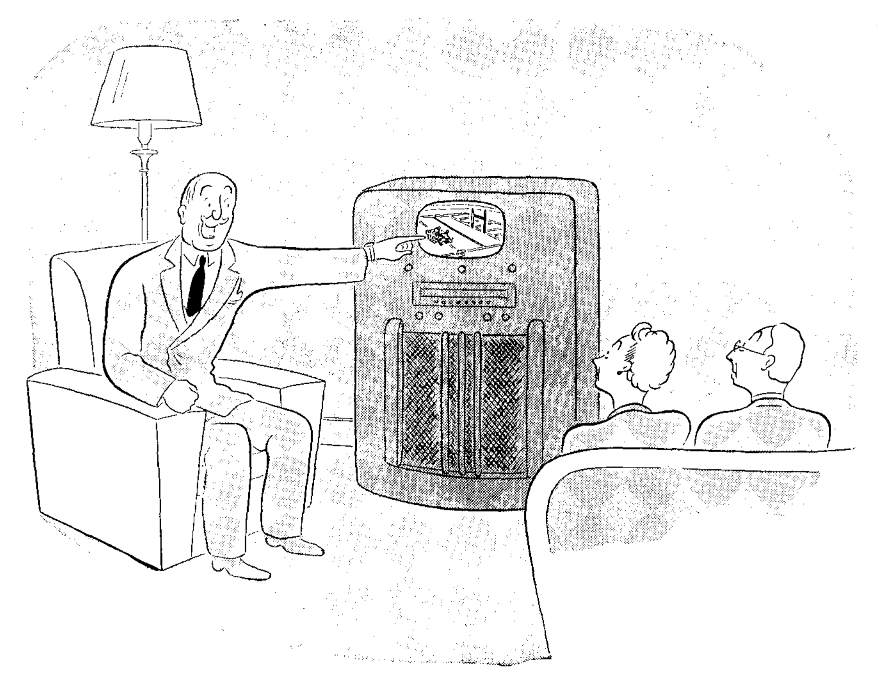
SHE presently found what she sought, a bellboy's uniform from a Paris hotel, and explained eagerly to her guest that she could wear it when she gave a cocktail party. She then introduced to Jocelyn the other girl—Jean Kimberley. She and Jean had been at Miss Abbott's school together two years earlier, and they had much to say to each other and laughed a great deal. Jean was a year older than Norma, and was to have a coming-out party next winter. There were engagements and house parties to discuss, and Jocelyn felt reasonably safe in leaving the two together while she went to telephone several telegrams for Norma. One to her mother; a few to girl friends; one to a dressmaker; and one to Count René Coudeau. This last one Jocelyn took the liberty of suppressing. Her heart beat the faster for it, but she did not hesitate.

Half an hour later she returned to Norma's rooms to find that the girls had planned to go to Jean's house for lunch, and afterward to "have fun somewhere."

"Then you'll have to ask me too, Jean," Jocelyn said pleasantly, in a tone that made no betrayal of her inward quaking.

"No, she won't," said Norma. "Because Mamma knows Mrs. Kimberley very well, and so does Dad."

"If your father's willing, of course," Jocelyn said. And noting that she had plenty of time as Norma was in her underwear, and that her maid was only



"There, that's my boy!"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

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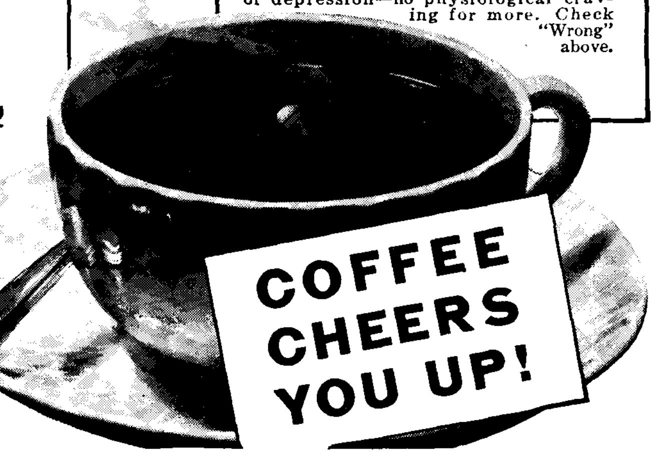

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now displaying various gowns for her choice, she went to her own room and telephoned Philip Fordyce in his office.

"Hello!" he said. "Nice to hear from you again. Norma home all right? Good."

Jocelyn came straight to her point. Was Norma to go where she liked? Was trusting her to go that far?

"Not to the Kimberleys," he said at once. "The girl's all right, but I don't like that outfit at all. Nope. She stays at home."

"Or I go along?" Jocelyn said.

"Yes, of course," he said in a brighter tone, as if he had not thought of that possibility. "If you'll go along it'll be all right. Tell her I said so."

"I can't very well do that. The daughter's right here."

"Oh, gosh," he muttered, laughing again.

"I might tell her that you're out of your office, if you'll step out for a moment," Jocelyn suggested, inspired. "Then I can say that I must go with her until I hear from you."

"That's the idea!" Relief was in his voice. "What d'you think of her?" he asked, as an afterthought.

"She's fascinating, and she's a beauty, and a few good lickings wouldn't have hurt her." Jocelyn added the last phrase also as an afterthought; she heard him laugh, and was smiling with excitement and pleasure as she went back to the girls.

"Your father isn't in his office," she announced, "so Jean will have to include me. Is that all right, Jean?"

She said it easily, smilingly, but she knew that a great deal of what the future held depended upon what happened right here and now, in these very first hours of her guardianship.

THE two girls looked at each other, and Jean said quickly, with a little laugh:

"There's nothing to be afraid of, I assure you! Mother and Countess von Sturnberg were in school together."

"I'm not afraid of anything," Jocelyn said amiably, and left it at that.

"You make me laugh," Norma said. But she was not laughing. "It's just for lunch."

"And afterward maybe we'll go to a movie," Jean added.

"You don't want to go back to boarding school, Norma. I'll not spoil anything," Jocelyn said mildly.

"The only thing is, whether Mothe expected even me back again," Jean said starting on another tack. "There's probably oceans of food, but I know Mother at the club and I'm not sure what we' get!"

"Stay here then," Jocelyn said cordially.

"That's no fun," Norma said sulkily

JOCELYN'S heart failed her for a moment. There were a great many hour of this day ahead, and a great many day ahead of this day, and she wondered how half of them—one tenth of them, would be filled.

"Why don't we go over to the country club," she suggested suddenly "You'd probably see a lot of your old friends, Norma, and there might be something going on—tennis or golf—tha would be fun to see."

To her intense relief, for she was beginning to feel that she was entirely inadequate to the situation, this plan pleased Norma. Jocelyn could see that she liked the idea of appearing suddenly at the club, having arrived from New York only that morning, stepping instantly into her place as one of the most interesting figures in the Peninsula group.

It was arranged instantly that Jean should take her car home, and Norma and Jocelyn should pick her up at her own gate in fifteen minutes, and Jocelyn telephoned to the club to reserve a table for Miss Fordyce, and by this time was more gratified than surprised at the obsequious attention that this simple request received.

"D'you know the Kimberleys?" Norma demanded, when they were in the big car, rolling smoothly toward Jean's gate.

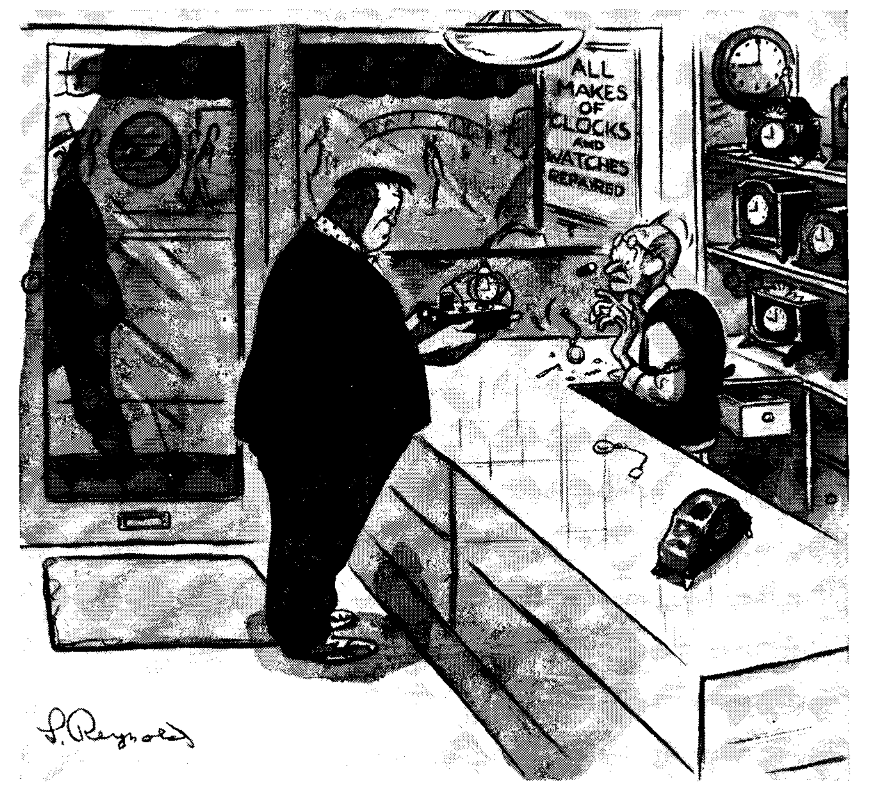
"Just the name."

"She's divorced, you know, and she's trying to marry my father. She's been trying for years," Norma said serenely, "and Nita Royce is after him too," she added. Jocelyn laughed out suddenly in desperate amusement.

"What's the matter?" the girl asked.

"Nothing. Just that it's curiouser and curiouser," said Jocelyn.

(To be continued next week)


ALL MAKES OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES REPAIRED

"Will you look at this timepiece? This bomb was set t'go off at five-thirty an' it didn't!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Moscow Party

Continued from page 13

and I'm having a little party. Would you care to come to tea? I want you to meet my husband."

"Are you married? I thought you were *Miss* Shukov."

"I've been married twice, and you will meet my first husband too, if you come tomorrow. That really wasn't serious, we had known each other always, and he was living in the same apartment, and in those days"—she shivered—"you know it was rather dreadful. . . . I'm sure you will like Peter, and he talks English too; we all did as children. But they sent him away for a year to a lumber camp, and he met there his friend's sister. He's married to her now, and I like her too. But in the meantime I found Ivan and that of course . . . Perhaps you don't know it, Mr. Wellman, but when you *love* somebody, well, then you love him. That's all; I can't explain it. He is older than I am, but with him, you know, it's different. I mean, like feeling you have been lost in a fog, and lonely, and then you *find* someone, and after that nothing else matters . . . except that he's with you and you're with him. . . ."

She talked the way Russians do, so easily and lightly that you never know if they are making conversation or telling you the secret of their hearts.

TO WELLMAN'S surprise the door, padded thick with felt against the cold, swung open at his first ring of the bell. There stood a young man, dressed like a chauffeur in a black leather coat and dark breeches, who looked at him inquiringly.

"Madame Shukov," said Wellman.

The man nodded and pointed to a door at the end of the hall.

Nadya greeted him excitedly. "He didn't stop you," she cried. "Did he say anything? But, wait a minute, this is my Aunt Tanya, Baroness Rosencrantz, and Peter Nikitin, my former husband—I told you about him last night—and his friend Alexei. My boss—that's the right word, isn't it?—Mr. Wellman. So now you know one another and Ivan will be here any moment. He has a government job, you see, and they don't care about Sundays."

The young man Alexei wore a loose blouse buttoned up to the neck, khaki breeches and high boots. The other, Peter, was dressed in coat and trousers of thick brown tweed, rather threadbare, and a white silk tennis shirt without a tie.

But the old baroness might have stepped out of a Punch drawing in the days of Queen Victoria. She sat stately in a black satin dress, with a lace scarf, pinned by a large gold locket, across her shoulders. Her yellowish face was expressionless and her pale blue eyes stared through him as she extended a plump, well-shaped hand—the back of her hand, for Wellman to kiss, not shake. He bent over it clumsily and felt his ears go red.

"In former days," she said coldly, "I would have received you in different fashion. This, you understand, was my dining room." She waved to the heavy mahogany sideboard and square table under the big glass chandelier. "But now . . . you can't disguise that brass bedstead nor the little brick stove near the window. Yet I think my niece and her husband are fortunate—my room is smaller still. You see, space is rationed in Moscow, like a number of other things." She spoke slow and correct English with a marked German accent.

"Yes, indeed," said Wellman uncomfortably, "these changes . . . it must be dreadful . . . and . . ." He turned to Nadya. "I don't understand what you mean. Who didn't stop me and why?"

"The man at the door, you saw him, didn't you?"

"There was a man but . . ."

"Oh, of course, you don't understand. You see, dear mister, I have to tell you that you have walked into a mousetrap." They all laughed loudly, but Wellman still felt himself outside them.

"Never mind," she went on quickly, "I'm very glad you came, very glad, and now let's drink some wine. Peter has found a stock of the most wonderful German wine, Marcobrunner, and brought me half a dozen bottles, because it's my name day, so you must drink my health."

He had tasted wine before but never wine like this, golden nectar to his mouth, hot brightness in his veins. "But what is the mousetrap?" he asked abruptly. "And why does it make you laugh?"

"We laugh because we are frightened. You see, it's a police trap really, and we are the wretched mice. Sit here on the sofa and I'll tell you all about it."

Wellman seated himself.

"It's one of the things they do," said Nadya, "the Cheka, you know; I mean the secret police. Not so often nowadays but . . . when they want to catch somebody. They put a control on the apartment and let anyone come in, but no one can go out until they say so. That's why we call it a mousetrap. Of course, you are all right as a member of the American Relief, and I don't think we have any cause to worry; in fact, I'm positive that it's the old man across the hall. I know he's been speculating in foreign money. They must be after him and the people with whom he deals."

Her tone was less sure than her words, and her face was flushed. She wore the same frock as the night before at the dance, but today there were some green beads around her neck.

"I hope you're right," said Alexei. "Of course, Mr. Wellman has nothing to worry about, and you, Nadya Lvovna, are working for the Americans, so I suppose you are safe too. And naturally the baroness." He bowed to the old lady. "But don't forget, Peter and I have been in . . ."

THE baroness raised her hand. "And why should I be exempt? Perhaps you are not aware that my late husband, General Baron von Rosencrantz, was officer in waiting to His Majesty the Emperor."

The young man looked confused. "I never—m-meant," he stammered, "to suggest for a moment that . . . But, as I was saying, Peter and I have been in prison and so . . . I don't much like it."

"You were in prison?" asked Wellman.

"We both were, and . . ."

"But yours was only two months," said Peter, "and mine was a year in a lumber camp. Just look at my fingers. All the manicures in Moscow will never make my nails right."

Nadya laughed nervously. "Now, Peter, don't be silly. You know you met Marusya there, and that's why he deserted me, Mr. Wellman. I cried all night when they took him away, and then I had no news for three months, and then there was a letter saying he wanted thick boots and heavy underwear, and I wasn't to be worried because he was all right. And not to forget the toothbrush and, if possible, some soap. I couldn't get the soap."

Wellman admitted that the Russians had him beaten. "You mean . . . " he

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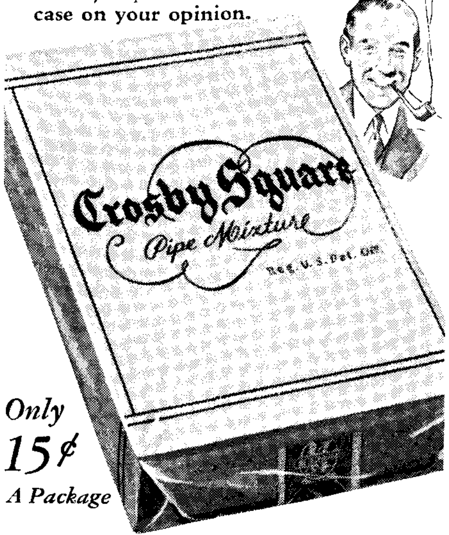

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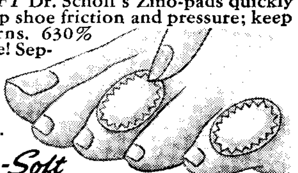

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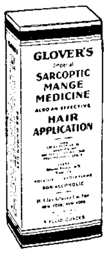

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"Off the bridge, you landlubber," *he yells!*

'Twas during one of those Northeast storms we have around here that Cap'n Ahab drives up.

"Ahoy, there," he howls, as I duck out into the storm. "Some gas for this infernal machine an' Oh! for the days of sail!"

"Didn't the 'Jennie Matthews' go down on a day like this?" I yells.

"That she did," he bellows. "An' a little oil on the troubled waters would've saved her!"

I know a fair wind when I feel one and I'm off—all sails set. "Skipper," says I, "on land or sea the right kind o' oil means a fair passage."

"None o' your steamin' tea kettles for me," he bellows. "Give me canvas!"

"Skipper," I tell him, "this Golden Shell Oil is tougher than the palm of a bosun's hand! An' it goes to work on your engine *fast*—faster than you could trim a stays'l."

"You're talkin' about speed now, son," he says.

"At 25¢ a quart it's a bargain!" I says, gettin' ready to drain an' refill.

"Off the bridge, you landlubber," he yells. "This oil of yours may be as smooth as your tongue—but you'll have to see the Chief Engineer!"

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P. S. The Chief Engineer is his wife, an' she sure recognized a bargain the minute I talked to her.

began, but they did not give him a chance.

"Look at my fingers," said Peter. "I tell you all the manicures—"

"And then," Nadya hurried on, "there was his friend Volodya, whose sister came to visit him, that's Marusya. And so the next letter I got was all about Marusya, Volodya's sister, and she *had* brought soap, and so . . . so, after that I was lost and done with, and Marusya was the world. It's too bad that she can't be here tonight, Mr. Wellman. She's the most delightful . . . and, of course, once Peter had met her, what could I . . ."

"Now, Nadya, don't talk like that," said the baroness abruptly, "you know quite well that you and Peter were children, nothing touched you then, not deeply. But with Ivan . . ."

The girl's face changed. "Ivan," she said, "oh, yes, that's different." She caught at Wellman's arm. "I so much want you to meet him, because he's rather like you in some ways. I mean, you know, Peter's a darling and it was perfectly dreadful of him to go and marry Marusya, leaving me all alone. But Ivan . . . oh, I can't say it . . . but he's everything and everything. I do wish he didn't have to stay so late at the office."

WELLMAN suddenly felt uneasy without knowing why, unless the girl's anxiety—yes, that was it, he was sure she was badly frightened. He turned toward Alexei. "And you were imprisoned too? I hope you don't mind my asking about it but, you see, to us Americans it's so strange. In America nobody . . ."

Alexei grinned boyishly. "Why should I mind? It happened to nearly all of us at one time or another; I mean to the 'former' people, as they call us now, the ones who had titles and property, or were officers in the army. They hated us, to begin with, and when the civil war began they looked on us as enemies and, you know, the Cheka is a terrible organization. It has spies and agents everywhere. They come for you at night and . . . But I was lucky. They only held me for a month, because I had two dueling pistols as a decoration on my wall, which they said was retaining prohibited weapons. The pistols were antiques and useless, but somebody must have seen them, and I was a 'social enemy,' so . . ."

Wellman stroked his chin. "It sounds amazing to me," he said slowly.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Alexei, "I could tell you scores of cases. There was a friend of mine in Kiev who managed to send his mother's jewels to his sister in the Crimea when the White Army was still there, and she escaped with them to Constantinople. Well, my friend was arrested and would have been shot except for the fact that his father had once helped one of the Cheka officials. But that's not the point. The point is that the first night my friend was examined in the prison they told him exactly what jewels he had sent and how much they were worth. Now he swears that no one knew that except himself. He says they couldn't have known, but they did know, somehow."

"And what about me?" cried Peter. "It happened two years ago, but I still don't understand it. . . ."

"I wish Ivan would come," repeated Nadya. "He said he'd be here at six and it's nearly half past already, and I know he wanted to meet you, Mr. Wellman."

"Oh, Ivan's all right," said Peter. "He probably had to wait for a streetcar. But I'd like to ask our friend from America what he thinks of my case."

He filled Wellman's glass. "As I said, I was arrested two years ago and I had done nothing against them except, of course, being my father's son, and going to the Cadet School in Petersburg. I was too young to serve in the war and as it happened I broke my leg out riding, and was hobbling around with a stick on our place near Pskov when the revolution came. So I took no part in any of it. Then I was in Moscow and stayed here in this apartment. You remember, Aunt Tanya, you were living here too, and Nadya and I were married and everything was all right, until suddenly I was arrested. And the second time they examined me the Chekist said, 'You have been engaged in activities against us.'

"I denied it.

"He said, 'Oh, yes, you have, because your name is on a list of young aristocrats who were willing to join Denikin.' "

"Was that true?" said Wellman quickly.

"Yes, and that is the funny part of it. Because, honestly, I had forgotten all about it. In the autumn of 1913, when I first came to Moscow, before I was married, I did agree to join a group to rise against the Reds if Denikin broke through."

"Wasn't Denikin beaten?" asked Wellman.

"Yes, of course he was beaten, and our plot, if you want to call it that, just ceased to exist. But there was a document, a list of names and instructions. My copy was Number 411, and when I was arrested some months later they shoved it under my nose and said, 'See, you have been engaged in counterrevolutionary activity.' So, for that, I spent a year in a lumber camp. But how they found out . . ."

"Ah," said Wellman, "that's what I'd like to know. You say there was a document. And where did you keep it?"

The Russian shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, just here in the apartment. You see, it was nonsense, and Denikin was beaten, so I never thought . . ."

Wellman was not satisfied with that. "But I want to know more," he said. "First of all, who had access to this document? Who could have seen it or found it?"

Peter smiled. "Well, anybody, I suppose, who came here, if he'd known about it, or been interested."

"That is what I mean: that is, we must consider this thing seriously. Anybody, you say, had access: your friends, perhaps your maid, and so forth. But what I am asking now is: Who, having access, also knew what the document *meant?* I may add that there is another question, which in American law we consider most important: Who could have a motive for giving this paper to the Cheka?"

PETER gaped at him. "Why, there were only three of us who knew, Nadya, myself and Aunt Tanya, but . . ." He checked himself abruptly, and Wellman could see the question growing in his eyes, could see too that he had begun to guess the answer.

"B-b-but, there were only three of us," Peter stammered.

There was a moment of silence and George Wellman felt how unreal this all was and how remote from him and everything he had known before. In America people were not arrested, ever, unless they had committed a crime. He had never known anyone who was arrested—oh, of course, driving a car too fast, or things like that—but being sent to prison, or lumber camps, in risk of your life. . . . He had legal training but he was still very young, without much experience. So he said simply, "Well, that narrows it down a great deal."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he would have given anything to recall them, because Nadya flushed from neck to forehead.

"Do you mean to say?" she gasped. "Do you think . . . ? Oh, Peter, you know it is not true . . . you must know I would never . . ."

Peter put his hand on hers. "Of course not, darling, of course not. But . . ."

She pushed him away. "Why talk about these things? It's horrible. Give me some more wine, Alexei . . . and . . . I know it's silly, but I wish Ivan would come home. It's nearly seven now; I can't understand why he doesn't come."

"Do you think that man would allow me to telephone?" said the baroness suddenly. "After all, Ivan is working in a government office. I don't see why it should not be allowed." Without waiting for an answer she walked to the door.

PETER drank his wine in one gulp and slammed the glass down so hard upon the table that the stem was broken.

"I see it now," he shouted; "you are right, Mr. Wellman, it *has* been narrowed down. Just wait until she comes back."

"Oh, Peter, you don't mean . . ." cried Nadya, and Alexei said, "Listen, Peter, you can't think . . ."

"Don't be silly," said Peter roughly. "I do mean, and I do think . . . and don't you, Mr. American?"

Wellman felt sick, but he knew the man was right. "I must agree," he muttered. "It's the only logical answer, but what in hell was the motive?"

"I don't care about the motive, but of course you see it too, it must be so. Then will you ask her?"

Nadya was twisting her beads, and Alexei sat fixed with a glass of wine in one hand and a cigarette in the other. But Peter was like some caught creature from the jungle, which can't stay still, must be always moving, to and fro across the room.

Wellman jumped as the door opened.

"He allowed me to telephone," said the baroness, "but there was no answer from the office, although"—her voice was soft and reassuring—"I don't think, Nadya, that you have any reason to be alarmed."

"Mr. Wellman wants to ask you something," said Peter, standing still at last, with his back against the sideboard.

"It can't be true," Wellman thought, "surely such a woman would never . . . and yet, I don't like her somehow. Besides, it's the only explana . . . I shall ask her and we shall see."

"It comes to this," he said and he put his fingers together, the way Professor Adams used to do at Harvard when he reached a subtle point of jurisprudence. "It comes to this, Madame Rosencrantz, and this is the question I must ask you. There were only three people who had access to that document, who knew what it meant and how it could be used. There was Nadya, and Peter, and yourself. And so I ask you this: Who gave that paper to the Cheka police?"

For a moment she looked at him calmly. And then her face changed disgustingly and she rushed forward, seized a bottle from the table and broke it on the floor. Her face was old and wrinkled, and her eyes, as they blazed at Nadya, were spears of hate and pain.

"Of course I did," she shrieked, "of course I gave them the paper, but whose fault was it?" She threw out her hand like a sword thrust. "It was your fault, and you know it. You . . . you . . . you had your husband, you had Peter, yes, you had him, but where was Sergei, Sergei, my son Sergei? They shot him, and you might have saved him."

She moved two steps nearer to Nadya, and Wellman's heart was chilled by the softness of her voice:

"My son Sergei, the child you played with, and I asked you on my knees . . ."

"But, Aunt Tanya," the girl's voice was broken. "Aunt Tanya, I couldn't . . ."

"Of course, you could. The man was mad for you. You know what I mean, that commissar. Yes, you knew it . . . and it would have saved his life . . . my boy's life."

SHE turned to Wellman as if he were God judging her. "Don't you understand, it was my son . . . and she could have saved him. But she did not do it." Her voice grew low and almost tender: "And so . . . first . . . I gave young Peter to the Cheka, because I thought she loved him. I was wrong, but now . . ."

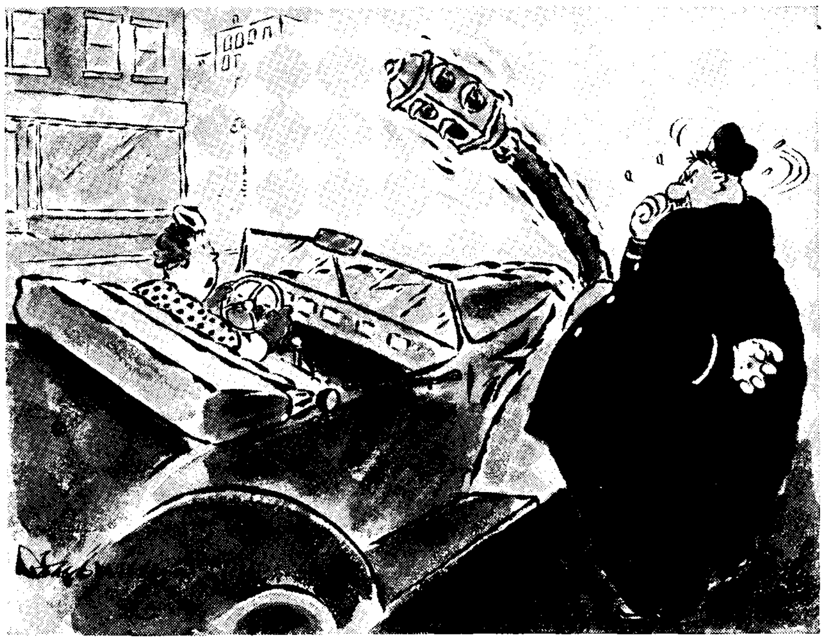
Nadya screamed and clutched at her own throat. "Oh, no, you don't mean that!"

"I do," said the old lady, in the same low, dreadful tone. "And why is Ivan so late this evening? Perhaps the streetcar . . . and the snowstorm . . . or perhaps Ivan has been telling secrets to the British agent here in Moscow, as you know and I know too."

The Chekist officer opened the door. "You are free to go," he said, "all of you." He looked at them coldly. "You are free to go."

"But my husband?" gasped Nadya.

"Ah, yes, your husband, Ivan Petrovitch Shukov. Yes . . . we thought he was coming here. But he has been arrested elsewhere, under Article 58—Communication of state secrets to a foreign power."



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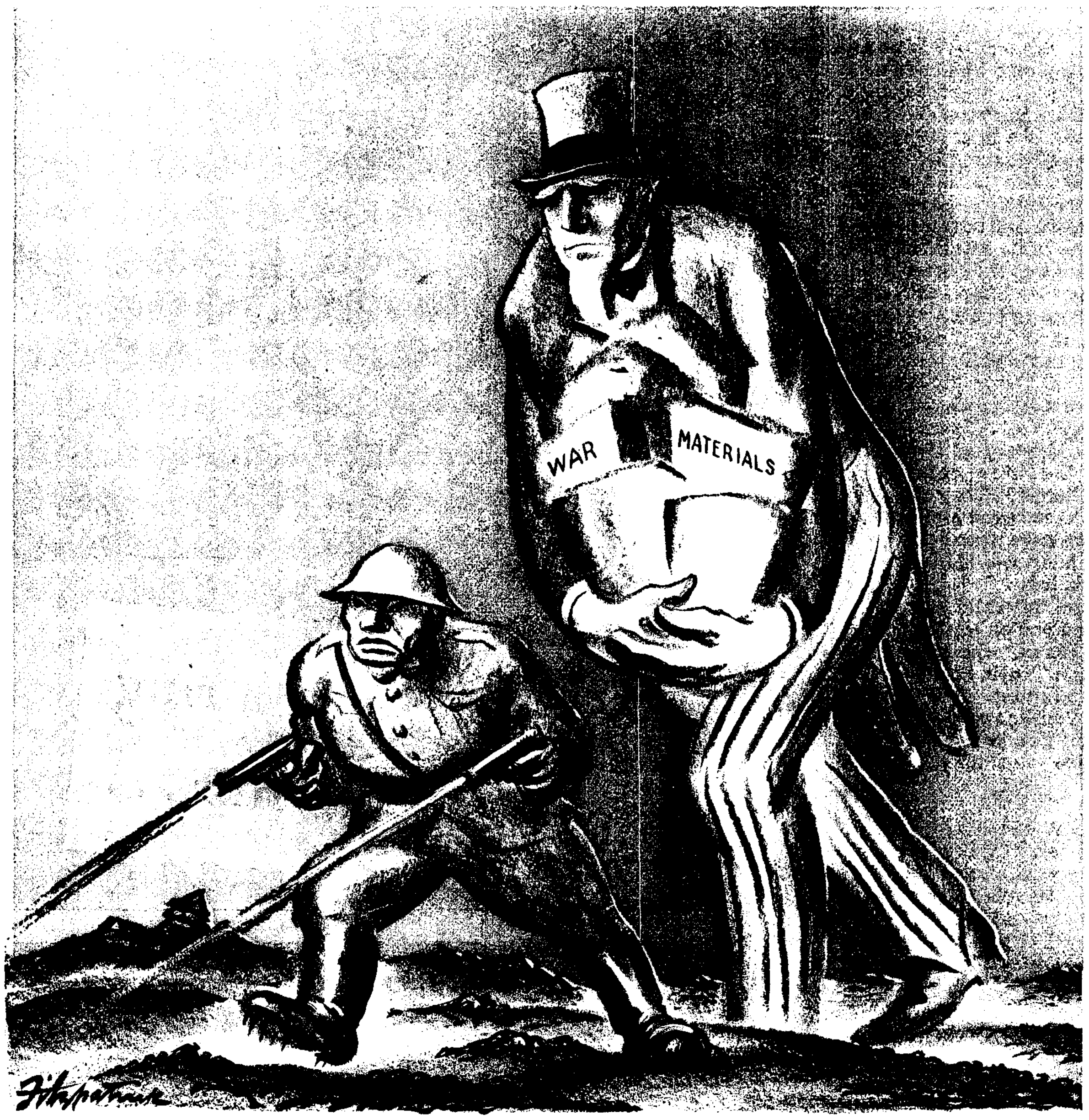

Collier's

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Blood Money

THE second European war's thunder by land, sea and air may have hammered out of a lot of Americans' memories the fact that on July 27th of this year the Roosevelt Administration denounced the United States' Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Japan.

Well, it did; and we're still glad it did, and we hope the Administration will carry through to the logical consequences of that act when the time comes if the reasons for the treaty's denunciation still exist at that time.

Those reasons were Japan's undeclared war on China, begun in July, 1937, and the things to which that war has led.

The denunciation of the 1911 treaty meant that six months later—about the end of January, 1940, and early in the next regular session of Congress—the United States would be in position to make any changes it might desire in its trade relations with Japan. Those changes could include a total two-way ban on all shipments between the two countries.

Japan's war on China has been a savage affair from the beginning. On the list of barbarities have been ceaseless Japanese air raids on open cities, unrestrained looting and rapine by Japanese troops, whose officers claim they can't control them, increasing disrespect for the rights of neutrals in or near the war zones.

When the Japanese climaxed their long series of injuries and insults to foreigners by blockading the British concessions at Tientsin, the President acted. We can't see that the essential rightness of his denunciation of the 1911 treaty was altered by the fact that the Japanese took to insulting Germans in China and shining up to Britons and Americans after Stalin and Hitler blew Tokyo loose from the Berlin-Rome Axis by signing that German-Russian nonaggression treaty.

The white man chiseled his way into China by gangster methods, back in the opium war days of 1842. He may have to get politically out of the Chinese treaty ports and concessions before long. Maybe he ought to get out of them.

But should he crawl out simply because some hijackers show up a century or so after his gangster act and tell him to scram? We know of nothing even in gangster ethics that calls for surrender to hijackers.

But what eats deepest into our consciences about the whole business is that the United States has been selling the Japanese gangsters by far the largest percentage of their imported war raw materials. Some figures:

In 1938, the United States sold Japan 56% of all the materials essential for war purposes that Japan bought abroad. The Philippines' contribution of 1% raised our total to 57%. Total value of these goods was about $170,000,000.

Major items: Oil and oil products, about $53,000,000; iron and steel (including ores, scrap, alloys and processed goods), $38,125,000; metal-working machines, $24,000,000; copper, $22,000,000; aircraft and parts, $18,000,000; automobiles, parts and accessories, $10,000,000.

Of all the scrap iron Japan bought in 1938, it bought 90% from us.

The United States, in short, has sold Japan most of the stuff with which Japan has made its savage war on China—a war that has taken an estimated 5,000,000 lives up to now.

From the best evidence available, the Japanese are dreaming of world conquest in case they win in China. World conquest would include our good selves, and most likely early rather than late.

If the Japanese military caste carries this war to the January, 1940, dead line laid down in the 1911 treaty denunciation, we move that the country stop all United States and Philippine exports of essential war materials to Japan.

We're idealistic-American enough to base this motion for a war-materials embargo against Japan chiefly on moral grounds. It is not decent, it is not right, at least by Western standards, for the United States to be selling the Japanese materials for the slow and merciless enslavement of a peaceable nation. This is dirty money.

Morally, we ought to leave that kind of trade to double-dealers and double-crossers like Mr. Hitler, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Cardenas—the last named being the Mexican president who pats Leon Trotsky on the back with his left hand and sells stolen oil to Fascist governments with his right.

But we are also intrigued by the practical aspects of this possible war-materials embargo against Japan.

It is probable that if we should clamp down now on these exports to Japan, a large and burly wrench would be thrown into the Japanese military machine in China—especially with Japan's European sources of supply disrupted by the European war.

Unable to line up other sources in a hurry, the Japanese war machine would at least have to slow down in China.

Or, still better, it might have to call off the Chinese war.

Or if best should come to best, the Japanese people might be moved to get up on their back legs and heave the military caste completely off their necks.

All these practical considerations look good to us, quite apart from the plain morality and decency of refusing, even this late in the day, to take any more dirty money from Japan.

On all scores, we believe the United States has had more than enough war-supply traffic with the gangsters who currently run the Japanese Empire.

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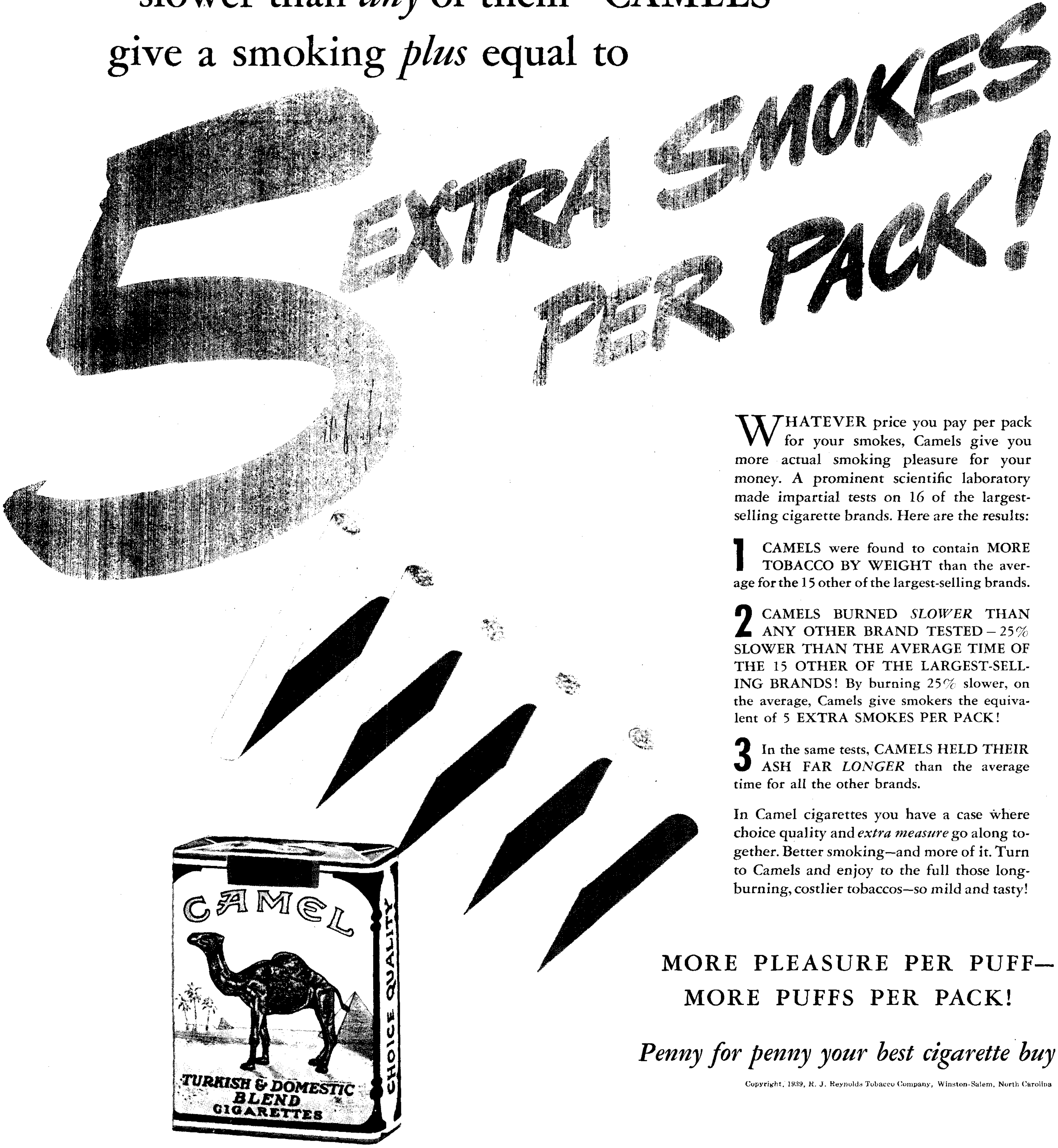

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